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THE
SATIRES
OF
DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS,

AND OF
AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY
WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

WITH
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

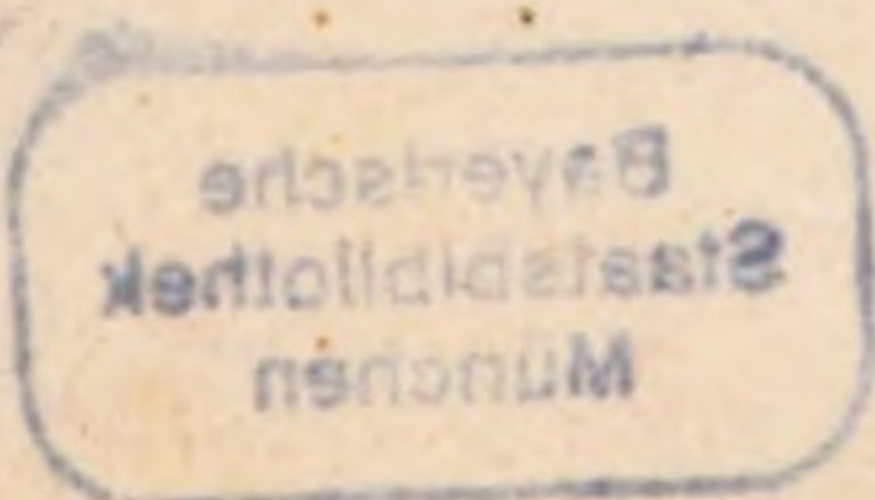
Juvenalis
2

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. NICOL; CADELL AND DAVIES;
AND R. H. EVANS, NO. 26, PALL-MALL;
BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW, ST. JAMES'S.

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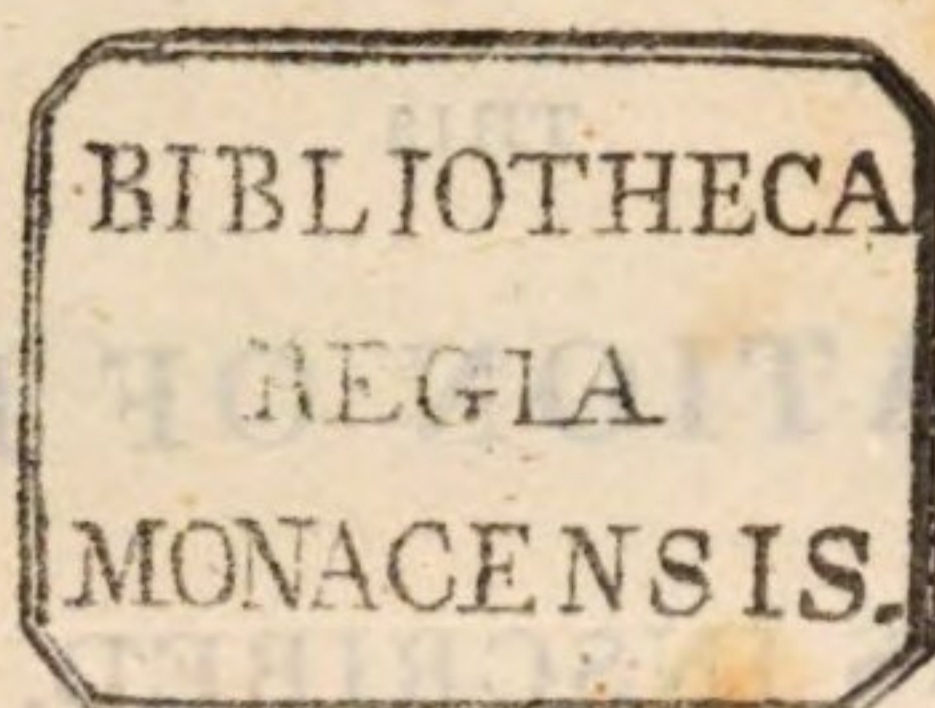
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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
ROBERT EARL GROSVENOR,
VISCOUNT BELGRAVE, BARON GROSVENOR,

THIS
TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS
IS INSCRIBED,
AS
A GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE TESTIMONY
OF
RESPECT FOR THE
LONG AND UNINTERRUPTED KINDNESS WITH WHICH
HE HAS HONOURED THE TRANSLATOR,
AND OF
THE SINCEREST ADMIRATION
OF
HIS TALENTS AND VIRTUES.

Oct. 1st, 1817.

TO
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ROBERT EARL GROSVENOR
VISCOUNT DESERVAUX, BARON GROSVENOR,



A GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE TESTIMONY

RESPECT FOR THE

LONG AND UNINTERRUPTED KINDNESS WITH WHICH

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THE SINCEREST ADMIRATION

OF

HIS TALENTS AND VIRTUES.

ON 1st 1817.

INTRODUCTION.

ILL health having driven me for two or three successive seasons to the Isle of Wight, I amused myself in that sequestered spot, with a pocket Persius, and, when the progress of recovery admitted of severer application, with turning favourite passages of him, into English verse. In this, I had no farther end than beguiling the sense of pain, and wearing away a few hours innocently and happily. By degrees the work grew on my hands, and I had nearly gone through the whole, before I was conscious to myself of the bulk of my labours.

At that time I entertained no thoughts of printing what was thus produced; although the republication of Juvenal presented an opportunity of subjoining it to that work: I continued however to fill up and correct the translation, at leisure; and now, when a third edition of Juvenal is about to appear, I have determined (with the approbation of my friends) to submit it to the publick.

I cannot affirm that a new translation of Persius is much wanted: we are already possessed of several; of various degrees of merit, indeed, but all

exhibiting strong claims on the public favour. Brewster is familiar to every scholar. I had not looked into him since I left the University; but the impression he then made on my mind was very powerful, and certainly of the most pleasing kind. I thought him, indeed, paraphrastick, unnecessarily minute in many unimportant passages, somewhat too familiar for his author, and occasionally ungraceful in his repetition of trivial words and phrases; but the general spirit, accuracy, and freedom of his version commanded my highest admiration,—which a recent perusal has not contributed, in any perceptible degree, to diminish. Dryden, of whom I should have spoken first, is beyond my praise. The majestic flow of his verse, the energy and beauty of particular passages, and the inimitable purity and simplicity which pervade much of his language, place him above the hope of rivalry, and are better calculated to generate despair than to excite emulation.

But Dryden is sometimes negligent and sometimes unfaithful: he wanders with licentious foot, careless alike of his author, and his reader; and seems to make a wanton sacrifice of his own learning! It is impossible to read a page of his translation without seeing that he was intimately acquainted with the original, and yet every page betrays a disregard of its sense. By nature Dryden was eminently gifted for a translator of Persius; he had much of his austerity of manner, and his closeness of reasoning, yet by some unaccountable obliquity, he has missed

those characteristick qualities so habitual to him, and made the poet flippant and inconsequential.

I scarcely know what to say of Holyday. His contemporaries praise him for the light which he has thrown upon an obscure writer; and in this there is some justice. What appears extraordinary is, that the man who seems, in his Juvenal, to have placed the chief merit of translation, in measuring line for line with the original, should, in his version of Persius, indulge in a diffusion at which Dryden himself, perhaps, would have started. Every thought is dilated, and the text runs perpetually into a laboured commentary. By this, much of vigour is lost, while little or nothing is gained on the score of harmony. Yet he has some pleasing passages, and the readers of his time must have been gratified by his labours; for Persius was then first rendered not only accessible, but, generally speaking, intelligible to them.

Much need not be said of Owen's translation. It is sensible and faithful; and this must be the whole of its praise, for it has neither the neatness nor the poetry of his version of Juvenal, and seems, indeed, to be a very hasty performance.

I come now to Sir W. Drummond. This is a work of great elegance; spirited and poetical, and polished into a degree of smoothness seldom attained. But Sir William Drummond declares, that his object was "rather to express his author's meaning clearly than to translate his words or to copy his manner servilely. How he wishes these

expressions to be understood, he has explained in a subsequent passage, which I shall take the liberty of laying before the reader.

“What Dryden judged too rude for imitation, the critics of the present day will probably think I have been prudent in not copying. I have *generally*, therefore, followed the outline; but I have *seldom* ventured to employ the colouring of Persius. When the coarse metaphor, or the extravagant hyperbole debases or obscures the sense of the original, I have changed, or even omitted it, and where the idiom of the English language required it, I have thought myself justified in abandoning the literal sense of my author.” pref. p. x.

I am somewhat inclined to suspect that Sir W. Drummond’s opinion of the “criticks of the present day,” is not altogether ill founded. In proportion, therefore, as he has gratified them, I shall be found to displease them; having freely encountered what he so sedulously avoided, and, with one or two exceptions merely, followed the original through all its *coarseness* and *extravagance*, and represented with equal fidelity, the outline, and the filling up, of the picture.*

But, it will naturally be asked, if a new transla-

* Two other translations of Persius have appeared, but as they were not published before the present version was finished, they do not come under my judgment. I may add, however, that the last of the two, by Mr. Howes, is a work of singular merit. The other, which I have not been fortunate enough to procure, is said to be a poor performance.

tion *be not much wanted*, why is the present intruded on the publick? I am not one of those who think that the happy execution of a work should totally preclude every future attempt to rival or surpass it; for this would be to introduce an apathy and dejection fatal to all progressive excellence. The field of literature happily admits of various species of contention; and to excel in the humblest of them, is to possess some degree of merit, and to prefer some claim (however slight) to the publick favour. He who cannot attain the richness and harmony of Dryden, may yet hope to surpass him in fidelity; and though the spirit and freedom of Brewster may not be easily outgone, his conciseness, and poetical feeling have not much to intimidate a competitor of ordinary endowments.

But to come closer to the question,—I endeavoured (I know not with what success) to translate Persius as I translated his immediate follower; I hoped that to a fidelity equal to that of the most scrupulous of my predecessors, I might be found to unite a certain degree of vigour, and to atone for a defect of poetical merit by conciseness and perspicuity. When I speak of fidelity, however, let it be observed, in justice to myself, that I carry the import of this word somewhat further than is usually done. I translate for the English reader, and do not think it sufficient to give him a loose idea of the original, but as fair and perfect a transcript of it as the difference of language will admit: at the same time it will, I trust, appear that I have not, in any in-

stance, fallen into barbarisms, or violated the idiom of my own country.

It has been objected that my lines run into one another, and that they would have pleased more had the sense ended with the couplet. I once thought the same; and in many a school-translation “rhymed and rattled” on very glibly, and very much to my own satisfaction: but I subsequently formed a different (I must not say, a more correct) opinion of the duty of a translator; and to that, notwithstanding the gentle admonitions which have been conveyed to me, I continue to adhere. It will be readily admitted, that I have not adopted the most easy mode of translation;—since, not content with giving the author’s sense, I have entered as far as it was in my power, into his feelings, and exhibited as much of his manner, nay of his language, (i. e. his words,) as I possibly could. Expressions which have been usually avoided as not *germane* to our tongue, are here hazarded, for the simple purpose of bringing Persius as he wrote before the unlearned reader, who may be assured that he will find, in few versions, as much of the original as in the present: for this of course, he must take my affirmation,—nor is this all, for I have given him no more than the original; all that will be found here, is to be found in Persius. If there be aught of pride in any part of this, it is of a very humble kind; since I have undergone no trifling degree of labour for the sake of those who can never be sensible of my industry. Scholars

indeed, can appreciate it; but to some of them it will be of little importance, and to others the mode here adopted will be less pleasing than a more splendid style of versification.

It is now time to come to Persius.

So much has been said in the Essay prefixed to the first volume, of the nature and end of Satire and of the most striking qualities of the three great masters of this species of writing among the Romans, that it will perhaps scarcely be thought necessary to revert again to the subject. A few words however, may yet be added on the peculiar excellencies and defects of the present writer; though it will be necessary to apprize the reader, at the same time, that in a path so often travelled, he must not look for novelties, or expect to have his curiosity often gratified by interesting and unexpected views.

It is observed in the Essay just mentioned, that “Persius somewhat mistook his talents when he applied to Satire:” perhaps my meaning would have been more distinctly expressed, had qualifications been substituted in the place of *talents*, for it was less in these than in the former that our youthful poet was deficient.

Under Augustus, at least under the government which immediately preceded his usurpation of the functions of the empire, young men of family were usually placed with men eminent in the forum and the senate, by whom they were initiated in the offices of the state, and taught to look abroad, and to

mingle in the business of real life ; but from the reign of Tiberius a portentous and fatal revolution in the mode of education took place. Merit became the object of dread ; and reputation either in eloquence or arms was regarded with a fretful and uneasy feeling which commonly terminated in hatred and aversion. What therefore could only be followed with danger, naturally ceased to be an object of pursuit, and youth were no longer trained by publick men amidst publick concerns. In lieu of this, they were now exercised in the schools of the rhetoricians, and habituated to debate on topicks altogether remote from common life. Thus they became, like the theological dialecticians of the middle ages, nice and subtile disputants ; but as the questions which they agitated seldom led to any practicable results, they could only be complimented after a course of the severest study, with being learned to little purpose, and wise to no profitable end.

In these disadvantages, Persius merely shared with the rest of the Roman youth ; but the infelicity was probably increased, in his particular case, by the debility of his constitution. He seems, indeed, to have been wholly educated within the paternal walls, till he had reached his twelfth year, when the necessity of better masters than Volaterra (the supposed place of his birth) was capable of supplying, apparently induced his friends to remove with him to Rome.

About six years before this took place, he had

lost his father : so, at least, we are told in that desultory narrative of the poet's life, which goes under the name of Suetonius, but which seems to be patched up from scholia of different degrees of authority. This part of the account, however, has been thought inconsistent with the poet's own declaration :

“ Sæpe oculos (memini) tangebam parvus olivo
Grandia si nollem morituri verba Catonis
Discere, non sano multum laudanda magistro,
Quæ pater adductis sudans audiret amicis.”

What, say the criticks, “ could a child of six years old have occasioned his father a sweating because he could not repeat Cato's dying speech ? ” — But the real inconsistency rests with those who persist in bringing forward the author on all occasions in *propria persona* ? It is one of years and gravity who opens the third Satire ; it is a preceptor who alternately seeks to shame, to alarm, and to encourage his pupil, and who concludes his admonition in a strain of indignant reproof which a youth could not with decency assume towards his fellows.* But this rage for taking the poet literally is almost universal. Britannicus affirms that he was also poor. “ There are some dates (he says) given by the writers of his

* The *unus ait comitum*, which has apparently misled the criticks, is ill rendered in this place, *one of my companions says*. It would be more correctly represented by our low and familiar phrase, *here one of my gentlemen exclaims* : and this, in fact, is its meaning.

life ; but as they do not appear of sufficient authority, I have rejected them ; but that he was in low circumstances, we know from his own confession—*tenuum opum se fuisse declarat illic,*

“ Quis expedit psittaco suum χαῖρε?
Magister artis ingenique largitor
Venter ! ”——

At Rome Persius was placed under the care of the most eminent grammarians ; and he must have studied with diligence and success, for every part of his works manifests an intimate acquaintance with all the niceties of the art. The house of his mother, who had now taken a second, or, as some say, a third husband, appears to have been a little academy, and frequented by many persons eminent for learning and virtue : they were however mostly of studious habits, and of the Stoick cast, and their conversation had its due effect on the youthful bard.

With such men and such studies he continued engaged till (at the age of sixteen) he took the *toga virilis*, or manly gown. He was now become master of himself, and it may be suspected, from the account which he gives of his wanderings, and which, from the previous seclusion of his life, was no unnatural or uncommon circumstance, that he somewhat abused the first moments of his liberty. This, however, was not of long duration. Like one suddenly brought from darkness into the glare of day, he appears, when the world first broke

upon him, to have been dazzled, confused, and finally intimidated. In this state of uneasiness he had recourse to Cornutus, a celebrated Stoick professor, and one of those who frequented the house of his mother. This excellent person took him under his especial care, and became the *guide, philosopher, and friend* of his future life. The poet felt his obligation; and antiquity affords few more pleasing pictures than that presented to us by the warm and affectionate gratitude of the youthful pupil.

It would therefore appear, that if Satire be taken in its largest and most legitimate sense, as a corrective of the besetting follies and crimes of society, Persius must necessarily have been deficient in many of the qualifications requisite to enter upon it with advantage. Educated with privacy, he was merely removed from one grammarian to another, till he finally fell into the hands of Cornutus, who brought him under the strictest discipline of the Stoick school. He appears,

——— for nature in his soul

Put something of the raven—

to have found not a little congenial to his feelings in the austerity of the Porch, and to have imbibed the lessons of his preceptor with all the frankness of youth, and all the zeal of a determined proselyte.

Et premitur ratione animus, vincique laborat.

Of publick affairs he scarcely appears to have heard. He has no references to the political events

of his day ; and the only transaction of the government, which he condescends to notice, is that of a triumph which took place when he was a mere child. He never adverts to the great culprits of the time ; nor appears to take any interest in the state of degradation to which his fellow citizens had sunk. He dreams of no freedom but that enjoyed by the followers of Zeno : it is moral not political slavery which provokes his rage ; and the tyrants with whom he delights to grapple are always those of the mind.

Thus we may, in some measure, account for the readiness with which he embraced all the dogmas of the sect. He evidently drew his ideas of mankind from the lessons of his preceptor, and looked upon human actions in the abstract, not modified and controlled by conventional circumstances, but (in the lofty language of his school) independent of all extrinsick influence ; in a word, not as they are, but as his books informed him they ought to be. Hence his ardent mind takes fire at the slightest aberration from the line of duty which he somewhat too peremptorily traces : and it is occasionally amusing to mark the vehemence of this youthful censor, and the simplicity of his amazement at not finding the oracles of his friend and instructor admitted as implicitly and as universally as those of Delphi or Dodona.

The education of Horace (for of Juvenal enough has been said) was different.—His father, whom he remembers as gratefully, though not as poetically,

as Persius does his preceptor, not only took care to give him the best masters, but inured him, from his earliest years, to look abroad, and gather rules for his conduct from the passing examples of virtue and vice offered to his notice. From short and broken studies, he plunged, at once, into active life; and when, as he says, poverty compelled him to depend on his writings for subsistence, he was already qualified for the task by long and unremitted intercourse with society. Before he became known to Mæcenas, before he was introduced to Augustus, he stood on terms of friendship and familiarity with many of the most eminent scholars and statists of the age. Hence he became wise in men; and hence we behold him, instead of adopting, with fond credulity, the specious fallacies of Cleanthes, encountering them with true Socratick spirit, and appealing from dialectick subtilties to the lessons of experience and the common apprehension of mankind.

What has been hitherto adduced, applies to the main object of satirick writing; but the range of this department of literature is wide and excursive; and many topics may be found in it, which though of a secondary nature when relatively considered, are yet of no light consideration in the economy of human affairs. For the discussion of many of these our poet, notwithstanding the shade and solitude in which much of his life was passed, was excellently fitted both by nature and education; and it will not be useless to examine with what success he treated

those objects which were open to his inquiries, and obnoxious to his anger or his mirth.

His first Satire possesses a very considerable degree of merit. It is lively, humorous, and severe; but it is chiefly valuable as presenting us with a most curious and apparently faithful view of a state of literature and taste almost peculiar to the times in which the author wrote. Some parts of it, and these probably the most interesting, are necessarily obscure to us, not from any confusion in the poet's ideas, or ambiguity in the mode of expressing them; but from our utter ignorance of the works at which his strictures are levelled. No one doubts that much of the humour of the *Frogs* is lost; and yet that piece is come down to us with the scholia of several ancient writers, pointing out a variety of passages which Aristophanes parodied, and recording many transactions both of a publick and private nature which provoked his satire; but Persius has been transmitted to us comparatively bare. We know not what authors he attacked, what poems he ridiculed, what passages he burlesqued. One of the longest of the latter is said by the commentators to be taken from a tragedy of Nero's: but, in the first place, there is no reason to believe that Nero ever wrote a tragedy; and, secondly, if he had, it is quite sure that the lines in question could not be taken from it.

In his second Satire, Persius has borrowed many of the sentiments from Plato. The plan of this

little piece is well laid, but the execution is imperfect: many of the parts are highly wrought; but the *callida junctura* will be sought in vain. It may not be an unpleasant or unprofitable task for the reader to turn to the tenth Satire of Juvenal, which is derived from the same source, and compare the poets. It seems probable that the compressed and jejune manner in which his predecessor had treated the subject did not escape Juvenal, who has certainly made a nearer approach to their common model, and by illustrating each of his topicks with striking and beautiful examples, given his poem an interest and a power, which that of Persius, notwithstanding its terse and polished severity, and its high tone of divinity, cannot hope to command.

In the third Satire our author is more original, and more successful. His topicks are chosen with skill, and his stoicism, though sufficiently austere, is neither extravagant nor impracticable. He is here both interesting and instructive in a very commendable degree; and it is almost to be regretted he had not shut up his Chrysippus, and applied his future leisure to the study of mankind: the cause of poetry perhaps might have gained something by it, while that of philosophy would probably have sustained no sensible loss.

The fourth Satire is a meagre and imperfect sketch from a finished picture by a master hand. It is not that the topicks are ill chosen, but that they are merely chosen,—scarcely has the satirist alighted on one fault before he is on the wing to

another. It appears indeed as if he had not settled his plan. A reproof of inordinate ambition in minds not prepared for power by experience, was the object which he contemplated at first ; but he wanders to vices and follies incompatible with the opening ; and we have strictures on low passions and mean feelings, excellent indeed in their kind, but so independent of one another, as to form a most incongruous whole,

The sixth Satire is more happily combined. It bears evident marks of a later hand ; and is indeed the most pleasant and practicable of our author's works. The fifth, however, is his most elaborate performance. It is a tribute of duty to his preceptor, and its commencement is as honourable to his heart as it is favourable to his reputation. It is, in fact, highly poetical and exquisitely tender. In the concluding part, in which he treats of pure liberty, he appears to less advantage. It is the grown school-boy reciting his lesson ; and labouring to shew his attentive master how fully he had imbibed his tenets, and how deeply and intimately he had profited by his instruction.

So much of this Satire, and, generally speaking, of all the rest, is founded upon the doctrines of the Porch, that it will be difficult for the reader to appreciate correctly either the moral or the poetical excellencies and defects of our author without some knowledge of its leading principles. To facilitate this attainment, I shall have recourse to a part of the portrait of the sect, drawn by the present

Dean of Westminster, who, in his "Paganism and Christianity compared," has comprized in an eloquent and spirited summary, whatever is most desirable for this purpose.

"To the portrait of this sect (the Epicureans) succeeds one of an opposite nature. Cicero observes, indeed, that the contention with the Stoics was of a more noble and exalted kind than that which had been maintained with the Epicureans. These were destitute of logic, and possessed neither acuteness in debate, nor profoundness in learning.— In both these points the Stoics were manifestly superior. A minute and anxious attention to logic, was a distinguishing mark of that sect. Indeed Zeno had placed this science at the head of all philosophy; and his scholars were well instructed in the management of their reasoning powers, and in every variety of disputation.—

"But together with their logic, the morals of the Stoics were of an higher cast than those of the Epicureans. Their *sumum bonum* was virtue, or, according to the favourite term of Cato, the *honestum*. And in the maintenance of this principle, they exceeded the Peripatetics themselves. These indeed gave the supreme rank to virtue; and this they asserted in a tone the most decisive. Yet they allowed, that, in addition to the goods of the mind and body, the conjunction of which was indispensable to the *summum bonum*, certain external advantages were also desirable, in order to leave no

reasonable wish of happiness unsatisfied. On the other hand, the Stoicks positively denied, that either the nature or the name of good was to be attributed to any thing but the *honestum*. This was the sole object of a life directed to a right end, and in this, without the concurrence of any other reputed good, consisted the true and proper happiness of man.

“ Thus far the Stoick appears to be superior to the Epicurean in the choice of his moral principle, and in the means of impressing it on the reason of mankind. But he soon forfeited the advantages with which he began, through the unbending and injudicious rigour with which he employed them. It was the peculiarity of his sect to push every principle to excess. And thus it happened, that they eventually injured the very cause of reason and virtue which they attempted to promote. The natural result of their study of logick, ought to have been such a lucid arrangement of their doctrines, and such a restriction of them within the bounds of right reason, as should convince their adversaries, and make objection hopeless. But labouring at demonstration with too much strictness, they clouded what might have been clear. Overstraining the arguments which promised to be most serviceable to their cause, they deprived them of their natural evidence ; and feeling, or affecting to feel, that the terms hitherto employed in philosophy, were not sufficiently exact to express the niceness of their conceptions, they became unnecessarily technical,

or grew obscure through an ill-judged attempt at a discrimination which knew not when to be satisfied.

“ It was still more to be desired, that the moral principles which they so loftily maintained, should have been adapted, with temper and judgment, to the understandings and affections of mankind. But this salutary application was prevented by the extravagance unfortunately so characteristick of the Stoical school. While the *honestum* was pronounced to be the only object of human pursuit, the needful offices and tender relations of common life appeared to be extinguished; and mankind, instead of being attracted to goodness thus proclaimed, maintained a suspicious distance from it. Gravity was forced into severity, and constancy into ferociousness. Virtue learnt to clothe herself in perpetual frowns, and walked abroad for the terror of the world. Moral duty became at once narrow and impracticable, refined and intolerant, unintelligible and forbidding. Little was left to complete this view of the unamiable temper and habitual gloom of the Stoick; yet even this was filled up by the rage and envy of philosophical party. Swelling with the arrogance of his own sufficiency, he stoutly denied the possession of wisdom or virtue to the rest of mankind. Though, in certain points, the suggestions of that reason which is common to all, produced in his mind an unavoidable concurrence with other men, he scorned to confess it. And though, on other occasions, he availed himself of

the labours of a rival school, he loudly maintained his independence and originality, and affected to despise the aid of all foreign resources. While he meanly borrowed the substance of his philosophy, he proudly concealed it; and clandestinely adopting the doctrines of the Peripatetics and Academicians, stamped them with a new name, and asserted them as his own.—

“ From the rigorous maintenance of their leading maxim, that the *honestum* is the sole object of life, came the extraordinary doctrine of the equality of all vices. In this agreed their principal authorities, Chrysippus, Persæus, and Zeno; for as it was argued, if that which is true, cannot have any thing truer than truth, and if that which is false cannot be exceeded by any thing more false than falsehood; neither can deceit be greater than deceit; nor is one sin greater than another; therefore they are equal. This was supposed to be proved by a familiar and convincing example. Two men are walking to Canobus; one of them is a hundred stadia from it: the other only one; but both of them are equally not in Canobus. On the same principle, therefore, it was concluded, that those who are guilty of vices, reputed to be, some of them greater, and some less, are equally not in the *honestum*. Their actions are no part of virtue; and as there is no medium, they must all equally belong to the class of the *turpia*.

“ A similar reasoning was employed concerning that wisdom which belongs to the *honestum*. Every

man was pronounced to be either wise or foolish ; and each of these cases was to be understood in a strict and absolute manner. No gradations were allowed, for here also the existence of a medium was denied. With similar extravagance was it contended by the sect, that he who once became wise, must always continue so ; that there was a chain of connection between the virtues, and that he who possessed one, necessarily drew the rest after it, and therefore possessed all ; and finally, that the man thus gifted, was thenceforth free from all possibility of vice or error.

“ It remains to see, in what manner the Stoics deduced their philosophy from the nature of man.

“ The Stoics, like the Epicureans, took their view of man from the first stage of life. From this, however, they drew a different conclusion. Every animal, they observed, as soon as it is born, shews a disposition to preserve its being, and to love whatever is promotive of its welfare. On the same principle, it dislikes and avoids whatever appears to have a contrary tendency. This they pointed out in the actions of infants, who shew a desire to obtain the things which are salutary to them, and a dread of the opposites. But the difference of opinion began concerning the motive, to which these actions were to be attributed. The Stoics dreaded to admit that pleasure was the primary object of nature, lest an inlet should be given to what was base in itself, and lest human life should be degraded by the establishment of so unworthy a prin-

ciple. They therefore attributed these early actions of the animal to self-love, as the only motive, and contended, that this was previous to any sensation of pleasure. To the guardianship of this salutary motive is the infant committed, till some comprehension of things is obtained, and some insight is formed into the arts of life.—

“ It might have been sufficiently creditable for the Stoics to provide in this manner for the wholesome operation of wisdom. But it seemed to be a decree of their own fate, that whatever they began with reason, should end in absurdity and rant; and that a momentary sobriety should be amply avenged by a return of their constitutional extravagance. The wise man, thus formed from the first punctum of intelligence, is preternaturally enlarged, till he fills up all the view, and hides every other object. With the qualities thus aggregated in his person, he is declared to be perpetually fortunate and supremely happy. He is safe by prerogative, entire in himself, and free from all those accidents to which men less highly gifted are always exposed. He is moved by no danger, and hindered by no difficulty. He is in want of nothing, nay, he is in full possession of all things. In short, he is a king, in a truer sense than Tarquin; a dictator, of a larger and higher authority, than Sylla.—And he is possessed of true liberty; for he obeys no master from without. He is invincible too: for, though his body be enchained, his mind is free, and mocks every attempt at restraint.—Finally, death is in his

own power; for, whenever it appears eligible to the philosophy which he professes, he voluntarily quits life, that he may shew the perfection of his wisdom, and the agreement of his mind with the supreme rule of nature.—

“Such is the termination of the Stoical wisdom, and by this absurd and impious jargon was the detestable practice of suicide connected with the most arrogant assumption of virtue, and made an eventual part of the duty of man!”*

The reader must not imagine that any of these defects were recognised by our author. To his ardent and believing mind, the doctrine of the school appeared complete in every part, and he seems to have been as little moved by the ridicule, as convinced by the reason, which had been so frequently directed against it.

Both, however, had been employed with good effect by Horace. To the crazy Stertinius, a Stoick *in puris naturalibus*, a Chrysippus stripped of dialectick sophistry, he commits the easy task of confuting one of their most famous paradoxes, by encouraging him to advance it in direct terms, without the most distant suspicion of its frantick extravagance. But he has condescended (in the third Satire of his first Book) to treat with more seriousness another of their prime axioms,—that all actions, so far as they are right or wrong, are equally so.

* Lectures to the King's Scholars at Westminster, by the Rev. J. Ireland, D. D.

When the first race of men (he says) roamed the forest in search of food, they were solely actuated by animal instincts, and brute force decided every debate.

“ Could no unhusked acorn leave the tree,

But there was challenge made whose it should be.”

This state of anarchy, in which every man's hand was lifted against every man, must have terminated in the extinction of the species, had not the gradual improvement of their rude and scanty language enabled them to communicate their thoughts with some precision, and thus facilitated the establishment of society, of which all perceived the necessity. It was seen that the anger created by an injury would gladly inflict a vengeance disproportioned to the evil endured, and that the office of awarding justice between contending parties could be more safely committed to the law, which would rather consult the damage done to the community, than to the individual. This struck directly at the paradox just noticed; for as it could not be maintained, that he who robbed an orchard was an equal offender against society with him who violated a temple, and scrupled not—to *melt down the Thunderer*; so neither could it be affirmed, that they should be visited with an equal degree of vengeance. Penal laws, therefore, constitute the basis of equity, by virtue of which crimes are punished, not as they affect the sufferer, but as they endanger the security and well-being of the State.

But Persius, though familiar with his predeces-

sor's mode of reasoning, overlooks or rejects his conclusions. He takes every thing advanced by his teacher for granted, and produces the wildest of his positions without seeming to entertain a doubt that they either had been, or could be, called in question. In fact, his philosophy is not very profound. He is not, however, for this the less sanguine in its propagation, or the less earnest for its success ; and he struggles to extend its influence, and familiarize its mysteries, by adapting his expressions to the conception of the unlearned, without seeing that in thus voluntarily foregoing many of the advantages of poetry, he was not, in any material degree, promoting the comprehension of his system among the profane ; while, by occasionally stripping it of its characteristick language, he was not recommending it to the initiated.

To this idolatrous adherence to the Sect (for his zeal is shewn even in his wanderings) somewhat of the obscurity with which we so frequently hear him charged, ought, in justice, perhaps, to be attributed. It is perpetually necessary to advert not only to the tenour of their creed, but to their peculiar habits of thinking and speaking : to their mode of diction, at once abrupt and acute ; to their severe affectation of conciseness ; to their frequent use of medical metaphors, and of terms taken from low and vulgar occupations, and applied to the mind ; to their ill-baked jars, their warped measures, their overlaid metals, their incorrect balances, &c., which, wherever they occur in the pages of

of our author, bring with them an air of harshness, and constraint.

To listen, however, to the outcries against the obscurity of Persius, it might almost be supposed that he was abandoned to neglect, as a writer whom no ingenuity could elucidate, and on whom, therefore, all pains would be unprofitably spent: but the case is far otherwise; no Latin classick has been more frequently translated, or more sedulously brought before the publick. It should seem to follow from this apparent inconsistency, either that the criticks were paying a compliment to their own perspicacity, or that the darkness in which their author is involved is not so palpable as they delight to represent it.

It does not appear when, or by whom this clamour was first raised. His contemporaries certainly knew nothing of this obscurity. It is clear from Martial that, not many years after his death, his Satires were in every one's hand; and Quintilian, who expressly requires perspicuity in a poet, and whom a defect of this nature therefore could not have escaped, tells us, not only that his reputation was considerable, but that it was founded on genuine merit. It seems clear, however, that the opinion to which I have alluded is of no recent date. St. Jerome is said to have found his Satires unintelligible, and a similar story is told of another early father of the church. If they did not understand his writings, they, at least, made a liberal use of them—but the report is a mere fabrication, and

utterly unworthy of serious notice. It was embraced however in this country, and our criticks and translators appear to have been among the last to approach the “cloudy storme, from which light wanted force to breake,” and explore their way *through the palpable obscure*.

Skelton, undoubtedly a man of learning, calls Persius (not unhappily for his mode of thinking) *a writer of problems diffuse*; and a sensible old critick of Elizabeth’s days observes, “I know not why we should so affect Persius, since with his obscurity he laboureth not to affect us. “Learned men, however (he candidly adds) have discovered much choise philosophy in his darke expressions :” and it appears not only from the compliments paid to Holyday on his version, but from his own expressions, that, when he wrote, the poet was generally deemed incomprehensible.* “To excite thy attention, judicious reader, (he says,) I may, without ambition say, I present thee with a New thing, **PERSIUS UNDERSTOOD.**”

But Stoicism alone is, after all, chargeable with the least considerable part of the obscurity, or, as it should rather be termed, the difficulty with which the pages of our author are so universally reproached. Other causes must be sought; and, fortunately, the search need not be either long or laborious.

* Hence we may account, perhaps, for that diffuseness which is noticed at p. vii. It was a sacrifice of the translator’s usual practice to the general opinion of the age.

There is something in the literary history of Rome by which it is distinguished from that of almost every other people. The infancy of nations is usually the period of invention ; the season most propitious to the wild and luxuriant shoots of genius : but from the age of Romulus this turbulent people were perpetually occupied in domestick feuds, or foreign warfare, till, about the termination of the second Punick war, they found themselves, almost at the same moment, in possession of boundless wealth, and of uncontrollable power. Together with a high degree of civilization, they rapidly attained a taste for the arts and sciences of the people whom they had submitted to their arms ; thus overleaping the whole period of invention, and falling at once upon that of imitation. Philosophy, indeed, they rather translated than imitated ; but poetry, in all its branches, they servilely copied from the Greeks ; and it is not a little curious to observe the most eminent of their writers glorifying themselves—not for striking out any novelties in the subject or substance of verse, but for being the first, respectively, to fit the measures of Simonides or Sappho, of Hesiod or Theocritus, to the Latian lyre. In Satire, indeed, one of their ablest criticks claims a kind of originality for them ; but he evidently refers to the writers of an age immediately preceding his own : had he gone back to the time of *old Metellus*, he would have discovered strong proofs of imitation, and probably seen cause to admit that what he had considered as originality, was

merely improvement. Both Horace and Juvenal affirm that they followed (i. e. imitated) Lucilius, who was himself a follower of some elder poet. It appears not a little curious that two writers so essentially different in style and manner should boast of working after the same model. We must be satisfied, however, with their assertions, for we have only the ruins of Lucilius ; fragments so disjointed and scattered, that we cannot ascertain the fact, nor pretend to decide from examination, with what latitude they meant to be understood. Persius professedly takes for his imitation the Old Comedy :—whether immediately, or, as it might come to his hands, rudely cast into the form of Satire by older writers, cannot be told ; certain, however, it is, that the plan of his work is strictly dramattick.

This alone would not be productive of much embarrassment, had the author, like Horace, contented himself with a reasonable use of his freedom ; but unfortunately, he may be almost said to abuse the license of dialogue. His speakers are so numerous as to create confusion ; and so little observant of keeping, as to maintain opposite, or, at least, varying opinions : not unfrequently too, like the forms raised to tantalize Macbeth, they *come like shadows, so depart*, and are lost to us before the echo of their approach has died away. In many places Persius silently drops his own character, and tries to assume not only the language, but the modes of thinking of his opponent : this, also, tends to perplexity ; for the line of separation is either not marked at

all, or traced so faintly, that the nicest attention can scarcely discover where one ends and the other begins.

From this source, no little part of the obscurity so vehemently objected to our author, naturally and necessarily flows: for that he affected, as is said) to throw a cloud over his meaning to baffle the sagacity, or escape the resentment of Nero, appears altogether improbable. The story of the alteration made by Cornutus in the fable of Midas, (p. 34,) is almost too silly for the place in which it first appeared. Nero, it is more than probable, was quite as familiar with poetick history as Persius himself; and fully as capable of apprehending the purport of an allusion to a popular tale, as the most perspicacious Stoick of his time. If we were not habituated to the complacent vanity of the commentators, it might provoke a smile to see one dull pedant after another congratulating himself on having detected a mythological or historical sarcasm which eluded the sagacity of the person at whom it was levelled, though that person had infinitely more information on the subject than himself, and was, (as they all agree) sufficiently alert in the search of offensive truth! There is no proof, in the lines of Persius, that he thought more of Nero than of any other person. It is not a specifick poem, but a system of poetry which is so pleasantly ridiculed in the first Satire; and if Nero was a favourer of this depraved style (as he probably was) he only erred with the Titi and Rhamnenses; and was no otherwise

interested in the criticism of our author than as one of that tasty and fashionable school. Whatever there might be of peril in attacking this, Persius certainly incurred ; but there are many reasons for believing that the emperor himself (who, by the way, was not a bad versifier,) was far less impatient of criticism on his talents for poetry, than on his voice and his skill in musick. Like the clown in *Twelfth Night*, he had *a sweet breast* ; and if this were once admitted by the cognoscenti, his verses (at least, at this early period of his reign,) might probably be parodied without subjecting the unhappy wit to the hazard of a voyage to Egypt, or to the Ægean sea,

— scopulosque frequentes

Exulibus magnis.

But what, in fact, had Persius to dread? Recitation, it is true, might be imprudent, and publication dangerous ; but he hazarded neither : his friends were few and sure, and apparently of his own mode of thinking, both in matters of taste and philosophy ; and he had nothing beyond them. Politicks are studiously kept out of sight ; the patriots of the republick share neither his gratitude nor his admiration ; he crowns his temples with no *wreaths of dark myrtle* on the birth-days of Brutus and Cassius ; the *sacred senate* is not once named by him ; and Perillus and Damocles obtain more of his notice than all the victims of tyranny from the subversion of the commonwealth to the period in which, at the age of twenty-nine, he closed his labours with his life.

But if Persius borrowed the form of his Satires from the drama, he copied (say the criticks) the language of them, from his immediate predecessor. That he *conveyed* far too many expressions from Horace, must be admitted ; his larcenies, however, seldom extend beyond the mere words, which were probably considered as common property, and it is really matter of surprise how, with such unbounded predilection for his phraseology, he should manifest such provoking contempt for his reasoning. His object, indeed, was different. Horace probably wished for little more than to correct *les travers de l'esprit*, and to establish a kind of conventional morality, in which the balance between virtue and vice should be fairly struck, and the pursuit of both checked on this side pain ; but our poet had other and higher views, and he therefore forces his imitations beyond their original purpose, or, as Casaubon expresses himself, *quæ tractaverat Horat. alia via, ac ratione diversa explicare aggreditur*, and adapts them to his peculiar tenets ; not much, perhaps, to the advantage of their perspicuity.

But Persius is still a poet—thrown away, if the reader pleases, upon an unpoetical creed—but, nevertheless with very considerable claims upon the applause of mankind. What he appears to want is genius, or that portion of it which comes under the faculty of invention, and in which both Horace and Juvenal greatly excelled. Had his mind been as comprehensive as his fancy was quick and fervid, he would not be far behind the best of the Roman

writers, but his deficiency in this respect is strikingly obvious: hence, though his Satires, generally speaking, are less diversified than those of Horace and Juvenal, he seldom appears to have taken a comprehensive view of his subject. Whatever be the outline, it is not adequately filled up; little pieces of exquisite colouring, finished with all the painful nicety of a Flemish picture, embellish the canvas; but the master hand is not there to combine them in an harmonious whole. In a word, the imagination of our author is neither rich, nor copious, nor flowing; and he therefore breaks down his materials into minute parts, on which he ordinarily dwells with too much complacency—

“Captus amore loci cursum obliviscitur, anceps

“Quo fluat, et dulces nectit in omne moras.”

This is more particularly the case, where the maxims of his school are to be recommended to admiration: on other occasions, and when he is borne away by the natural feelings of an ardent and virtuous mind, he pours forth a strain of full and exquisite harmony, that cannot be heard without delight.

How Dryden could be so unjust to his merits as to affirm that he had no poetry in him, is hard to guess. If we even suppose that he only compared him with Juvenal, whose *long resounding march, and energy divine*, he confessedly does not equal, yet so many beautiful passages are scattered through his works, that no one alive to the charms of verse, (and the perception of Dryden, though not quick,

was strong,) could possibly be insensible to his claims. We must therefore be content to set it down as one of those careless assertions which Dryden was in the habit of making, and which, had he written again on the subject, he would, with equal levity, perhaps have disproved.

Our poet (as he says of himself,) was prone to satirick mirth—*petulanti splene cachinno*: this, I think, may be fairly questioned. In his attempts at wit he rarely succeeds; his jests are commonly frigid; and if he laughs outright, less fortunate than his rammish Centurion, he generally laughs alone: his irony, indeed, is unusually caustick; and prejudice itself must allow that he is a great and unrivalled master of humour: not of that refined species which is found in such perfection in the Epistles, and even in some of the Satires of Horace: but of that broader kind which arises from a grotesque and extravagant exaggeration or diminution of terms, and of which the harvest-feast of Vectidius, and several other descriptions, which will readily occur to the reader, furnish amusing examples. The pleasure is occasionally heightened by a felicity of language peculiar to the poet. No writer of his time,—no writer, in fact, of any time, with the exception of Shakspeare, ever used such picturesque terms as Persius; his words have a sort of motion and life about them, which carries the reader beyond the sober import of the expression, and flatters at once his fancy and his understanding.

These vivid gleams, however, are rare;—*short*

and long between, are the gratifications which they afford ; for the poet, with fatal perversity, sacrifices this, with every other natural advantage, to the prejudices of his school, and compresses and stiffens his language, till it has commonly as little left of life as of grace. In general, says Peacham, (the old critick quoted above) “ the style of Persius is broken, froward, harsh and unpleasing.” This is somewhat severely expressed ; yet it cannot be denied that though vehement, elevated, and brilliant, it is too frequently abrupt, arid, and overstrained, crowded with violent tropes, and darkened with unwonted and even unwarrantable inversions.

The personal character of our author has been already noticed, in the Introduction to the former volume. His moral qualities, indeed, can scarcely be too frequently or too highly commended ; he was grateful, and affectionate : of rigid and austere virtue in himself, and in his abhorrence of vice, consistent, ardent, and sincere. He never compromises his satire, and we have only to lament, that in the warmth of inexperienced youth and zeal, his censure is indiscriminately severe. He is a moral Draco, who writes his dispensations in blood. From an intensity of feeling, quickened, perhaps, by his mode of education, he appears to attribute a degree of importance to many things very disproportionate to the opinion generally received of them ; and his surprize, as well as his anger, is excited at perceiving that mankind, in general, are not prepared

to sympathize with his boiling indignation. This had not escaped Koenig. "*Quid ? si ea castigasset, quæ Juvenalis exagitat, quibus tandem verbis eum usurum fuisse existimemus ? Verum illæ dictiones, quas adhibuit, rebus, quæ notantur adcommodatæ sunt, nec dici potest, eum indignatione abreptum virgineum illum pudorem, quem vulgo illi tribuerunt, exuisse ; quum illa verba tunc vel a viris honestis usurparentur nec Cicero erubuerit in Philippicis suis de rebus fædioribus verbis etiam obscenioribus uti.*"

There is justice in many of these remarks :— for that Persius was really modest and reserved cannot be doubted. He has no allusions to the depravities of the female sex, nor to the abominations which Horace notices with disgraceful levity, and Juvenal reprehends with rank and disgusting freedom. It is, therefore, highly probable, not only, as Koenig observes, that these obscene and liberal terms were used by grave and respectable men ; but that they had, in some measure, lost their primitive signification, and acquired a conventional meaning, not altogether offensive to severer ears.

Yet if this be admitted in its fullest extent, it will involve our author in a charge of some inconsistency, not to say injustice, for he appears, in more than one instance, to give these expressions a literal sense. A mode of recitation like that to which Persius attributes such obscene effects, in the first Satire, we should probably call meretricious, nor would this metaphorical term lead to

any misapprehension : but our author, the partizan of a more sober and manly style, (as it frequently happens in cases where the controversy does not turn upon facts,) seems to have availed himself of this figurative language, first by taking it in a literal sense, and afterwards by pushing it on to aggravation and circumstantial exaggeration. Catullus, nearly in the same way, takes vulgar metaphors in a literal sense, and enlarges upon them seriously ; a circumstance which has bewildered some of the commentators, and scandalized more.—In Persius's times, such a mode of expression was easily understood. I have, as a faithful translator, rendered his words in corresponding language ; but whether the conclusion which the English reader will naturally draw from it—that obscene poems were publicly recited with indecent gesticulations, be correct in its fullest extent, I cannot, and, indeed, desire not to determine.

His opinion of his own style (as distinguished from that of this class of writers) is given in the fifth Satire ; and we may be confident, from the character of the speaker, that it is advanced with perfect seriousness : yet it seems at variance with his actual language ; and has therefore perplexed and confounded the criticks beyond measure. The last of them (Koenig) says, “ *Verba togæ, &c. i. e. Verba in sermonis vulgaris consuetudine versantia.*” This, perhaps, the poet himself would be slow to admit.—But I am fortunately freed from the hazard of further conjectures, by the kindness of a

friend,* whose explanation of this long contested passage will, I believe, be found as satisfactory, as it is learned and ingenious.

“ Verba togæ sequeris junctura callidus acri
Ore teres modico pallentis radere mores
Doctus, et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.”

“ Such is the character which Persius gives of his own style, and, as we may fairly presume, that he does not deviate from it at the moment that he is employed in describing it ; we may take it as a fair sample by which the question of his intentional or accidental obscurity may be determined ; undoubtedly to a modern reader, the passage presents a striking instance of that perplexed and enigmatical style which is supposed to characterise the writings of Persius ; but if we take his word for it (in any sense in which it can be understood) it manifestly conveys a disavowal of any intentional obscurity, and the whole of the passage consists of phrases which, at the time when Persius wrote, were in all probability trite and familiar in the dialect which he professes to adopt.

“ The phrase *Verba togæ* must have signified the language of good society at Rome, as distinguished from that of the populace, (the *tunicatus popellus*) and from that of the provinces, including a great part of Italy, in which, as you say,

“ None assumed the toga but the dead.”

• The Right. Hon. John Hookham Frere.

“ The toga had fallen into general disuse, among the lower orders in the days of Augustus, and from his reign to the time in which Persius lived, there was sufficient leisure for the invention of a term so obvious. It is well known that phrases which serve to express in a concise and pointed manner their own exclusive claims to refinement and elegance, are readily adopted by the superior classes, and admitted into their particular dialect.

“ Upon a mere calculation of chances, therefore, it may safely be said that it is ten thousand to one that the phrase in question was not invented by Persius, but that it owed its origin to some one of the innumerable *dicaces et urbani* who had preceded him, and that he employed it as he found it, as a well known and familiar expression.

Juncturâ callidus acri.

“ Fastidious and scrupulous as we know the Romans to have been in the construction and choice of their language, and addicted at the same time to the most excessive nicety with respect to all objects of domestic luxury, it was natural that among them those terms which were applicable in their original sense to the grosser and more material objects of taste should be transferred by a metaphorical application to designate those qualities which were the objects of their intellectual and critical approbation.

“ In a much earlier and less luxurious age, we find Lucilius illustrating the artifice of composition

by a comparison from the arrangement of a tessellated pavement :

“ Tam lapidi λεξις compostæ ut tesserulæ omnes

“ Endo pavimento atque emblemata vermiculato.”

That passion for perfection which is never perhaps more eager and active than when operating upon inferior minds, and directed to trivial objects, had excited among the Romans an emulation equal to that which about the beginning of the last century was prevalent in this country for the attainment of invisible hinges to snuff boxes, an object, which, since it has been effected, has been esteemed of less importance.

“ The masters of the ancient world were anxious that their furniture, whether of wood or marble, should be constructed in such a manner as to leave the joints imperceptible, not only to the eye, but to the scrutiny of the nail, if, in passing it over the line of juncture, the slightest jar could be perceived, the scruples of fashion were scandalised, and the pride of proprietorship was confounded.

“ There are several expressions in Horace derived from this important foppery, and applied metaphorically to personal accomplishments, and to literary skill—*ad unguem factus homo*—*notum si callida verbum reddiderit junctura novum*.—*Callidus*, *workmanly*, is here used as it is by Persius, in strict conformity to the metaphor—*acris junctura* may be understood to signify what a workman might call a *sharp joint*, meaning one that was close and accu-

rate. We may safely conclude, I apprehend, that the expression used by Persius, like those of Horace, was familiar and usual in his time—that it had its origin in the manufactory and the shop, and was from thence transferred into the phraseology of the higher orders as indicative of elaborate accuracy either in Literature or Upholstery.

“*Ore teres modico* is descriptive of the natural and easy mode of recitation suited to compositions in a familiar style, as opposed to the stretch-mouthed declamation of the heroick poets. The frequent recurrence, and the obligation of attending upon poetical rehearsals, is mentioned not only in instances in which it might be considered as a ludicrous exaggeration, but seriously by Pliny, among others, as one of the main inconveniencies attendant upon a residence in Rome. It is hardly to be imagined but that an occupation which took up so much of the leisure of a refined and fastidious people must have given rise to a variety of phrases such as that of which Persius here makes use.

“In the remainder of the passage,

“*pallentes radere mores*

“*Doctus, et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo,*”

the images and expression are taken from the spectacles of the Circus. *Radere* means to graze with a dart or other missile weapon, which accounts for *pallentes*; and as the *ludi gladiatorii* and the *Venationes* of the Circus were almost universally considered as degrading to those who exhibited them—

selves upon such occasions, the poet, in applying the metaphor to himself, takes care to qualify the word *ludus* by the epithet of *ingenuus*.

“The games of the Circus must, I should imagine, have furnished a large supply of phrases to the familiar conversational dialect of a people amongst whom they were considered as an object of interest, second only to the immediate necessities of life—*panem et Circenses*. The association of ideas between a satirist reciting and an armed man in a menacing attitude, is not peculiar to Persius, it occurs in Juvenal—*Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius*, &c.

“The apparent confusion of metaphors in this passage is a strong proof that it consists of terms in familiar use; an analysis of our common discourse would exhibit an assemblage of the strangest and most incoherent images, which nevertheless pass unnoticed without ever shocking our taste or perplexing the fancy.

“The fact is, that expressions metaphorical in their origin, by dint of uniform and constant use, cease at last to retain their metaphorical character, and remain in the general mass of language as simple signs to express those ideas which they were originally intended to illustrate.

“Finally, if Persius is entitled to be believed upon his word, his style was that of the times in which he lived, and if we consider the change which had taken place in the language of literature, from the style of Cicero to that of Tacitus and

Seneca, it would not be too much to infer, a priori, that the familiar dialect contemporary to these later authors, a corresponding change must have taken place which would distinguish it in an equal degree from the familiar language of the time of Horace.

“Of this familiar dialect thus altered, we have no remaining monument, unless the Satires of Persius should be regarded as exhibiting a specimen of it: considered (as I cannot help considering it) in this point of view, they afford, I apprehend, a very interesting subject for philological research.”

I am unwilling to add to an essay, already, perhaps, too far extended; but I cannot close my labours without repeating, and with redoubled thankfulness, my acknowledgments to the friends noticed in the introduction to the former volume, for their assistance on the present occasion. More especially, my thanks are due to Richard Heber, Esq. Without the advantage of consulting his matchless collection of classical literature, I should scarcely have felt emboldened to commit this volume to the press. Of this gentleman I could say much; but his name will readily suggest to all those who enjoy his acquaintance, every advantage that correct taste, liberal kindness, and active friendship, can convey.

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in sent out to the new style of the book and paper
 signed all volumes as they were bound and which
 entitled to a new and more elegant style and more

SATIRE X

THE
SATIRES
OF
JUVENAL.

THE
SATIRES
OF
JUVENAL

SATIRE X.

Argument.

THE subject of this inimitable Satire is the *Vanity of Human Wishes*. The poet takes his stand on the great theatre of the world, and summons before him the illustrious characters of all ages. As they appear in succession, he shows, from the principal events of their lives, how little happiness is promoted by the attainment of what our indistinct and bounded views represent as the most perfect of earthly blessings. Of these, he instances *Wealth, Power, Eloquence, Military Glory, Longevity, and Personal Accomplishments*; all of which have, as he observes, proved dangerous or destructive to their respective possessors. Hence, he argues the wisdom of acquiescing in the dispensations of Heaven; and concludes with a form of prayer, in which he points out, with great force and beauty, the objects for which a rational being may presume to approach the Almighty.

The commentators suppose Juvenal to have had the second Alcibiades of Plato, or the Hunc Macrine diem of Persius, in his thoughts; it is probable that he had both: he has taken nothing from them, however, but the general idea; the filling up is entirely his own, and it is done with a boldness of imagery, an awful and impressive sublimity of style and manner, of which it would perhaps be difficult to find another example in any composition merely human.

SATIRE X

Argument

The subject of this imitatio Satire is the Unity of Human Nature. The poet takes his stand on the great theatre of the world, and surveys before him the different characters of all ages. He then appears in succession, he shows them the principal events of their lives, how their happiness is promoted by the attainment of what our intellect and passions desire, represented in the most perfect of earthly blessings. Of these he instances Wealth, Honour, Knowledge, Military Glory, Fidelity, and Personal Liberty, all of which have, as he observes, great degrees of influence on their respective happiness. He then he argues the futility of attachment in the superfluities of Wealth, and reminds us with a turn of irony, in which he speaks of, with great force and beauty, the objects for which a virtuous being may presume to expect the blessing.

The commentator supposes Juvenal to have had the second Address of Plato on the Human Machine taken of Persius, by his thought, it is probable that he had both. He has taken nothing from them, however, but the general idea; the filling up is entirely his own, and it is done with a boldness of imagery, an energy and a poetic sublimity of style and manner, of which it would perhaps be difficult to find another example in any composition nearly human.

SATIRE X.

V. 1—10.

IN every clime, from Ganges' distant stream
To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
Few, from the clouds of mental error free,
In its true light or good or evil see.
For what, with reason, do we seek or shun?
What plan, how happily soe'er begun,
But, finish'd, we our own success lament,
And rue the pains, so fatally mispent?—
To headlong ruin see whole houses driven,
Curs'd with their prayers, by too indulgent heaven!

VER. 5. *For what, with reason, do we seek or shun? &c.*] This is beautifully expressed by Shakspeare, who, without knowing any thing of our author, frequently falls into his train of thinking:

“ ————— We ignorant of ourselves

“ Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

“ Deny us for our good; so find we profit,

“ By losing of our prayers.”

VER. 9. *To headlong ruin, &c.*] *Evertere domos totas, &c.* Not only the idea, but the language is from Cicero:—*Cupiditates*

Bewilder'd thus by folly or by fate,
 We beg pernicious gifts in every state,
 In peace, in war. A full and rapid flow
 Of eloquence, lays many a speaker low :
 Even strength itself is fatal ; Milo tries
 His wondrous arms, and—in the trial dies !

But avarice wider spreads her deadly snare,
 And hoards amass'd with too-successful care,
 Hoards, which o'er all paternal fortunes rise,
 As o'er the dolphin towers the whale in size.
 For this, in other times, at Nero's word,
 The ruffian bands unsheath'd the murderous sword,

sunt insatiabiles, non modo singulos homines, sed universas familias evertunt. Fin. 1. In his Tusculan Disputations, he has a very beautiful passage to the same effect, III. 2.

VER. 15. ————— Milo tries

His wondrous arms, &c.] The story of Milo is told in two words by Roscommon :

“ ————— Remember Milo's end,

“ Wedg'd in the timber which he strove to rend.”

VER. 19. *O'er all paternal fortunes, &c.]* This is but a heavy passage in the original, and will not be found much lightened, I suspect, in the translation. It is, however, fairly given. Under the cover of a general attack, Juvenal appears to aim his satire at Seneca, who had collected prodigious sums by his own carking and care ; for with respect to Longinus and the Laterani, they were of high descent, and derived noble patrimonies from their families. Riches, however, whether acquired or inherited, were, in those days, dangerous in the highest degree. See the next note.

Rush'd to the swelling coffers of the great,
 Chaced Lateranus from his lordly seat,
 Besieged too-wealthy Seneca's wide walls,
 And closed, terrifick, round Longinus' halls:
 While sweetly in their cocklofts slept the poor,
 And heard no soldier thundering at their door.

The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
 Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth:
 Even then, he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
 And starts and trembles at a rush's shade;
 While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
 And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song.

The first great wish that all with rapture own,
 The general cry, to every temple known,

VER. 29. *The traveller, &c.*] So Ovid:

“ Sic timet insidias qui scit se ferre viator

“ Cur timeat, tutum carpit inanis iter.” *Nux.*

Pauca licet portes, &c. This, which all the translators take for an imaginary case, I believe to be an historical fact. The poet is still speaking of Nero's time, and he alludes to the cautious practice of those who, being in possession of a few valuables, wished to remove them without being seen;—*nocte iter ingressus*; even thus, they trembled for their safety. The rapacity of Nero is again noticed in the twelfth Satire. The effects of fear are well described by Claudian, with an eye perhaps to this place:

“ Ecce levis frondes a tergo concutit aura,

“ Credit tela Leo; valuit pro vulnere terror.”

Eutrop. ii. 450.

Is, gold, gold, gold!—"and let, all-gracious Powers,
 "The largest chest the Forum boasts, be ours!"
 Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip:
 Dread then the draught, when, mantling, at your lip,
 The goblet sparkles, radiant from the mine,
 And the broad gold inflames the ruby wine.

And do we, now, admire the stories told,
 Of the two Sages, so renown'd of old;
 How this for ever laugh'd, whene'er he stept
 Beyond the threshold; that, for ever wept?

VER. 38. ——— *the Forum boasts,*] Here, that is, in the Forum of Trajan, or rather in the temples situated around it, the rich deposited their money, for safety. See Sat. xiv.

VER. 45. *How this for ever laugh'd, &c.*] "To believe," Holaday says, "that Heraclitus did continually weep, may well deserve to be laugh'd-at." He has a long anatomical note, however, to prove that if he did not, it was not from any natural deficiency of tears: but neither did Democritus continually laugh. How these two men came to be distinguished by the names of the laughing and the crying philosophers, I know not; they certainly did not deserve such trifling appellations. Democritus in particular was a man of extraordinary talents: and unless some perverted or exaggerated notions, respecting the nature of his scepticism, led the vulgar to form so silly an opinion of him, it will be difficult to account for this singular degradation of the first philosopher of his age.* As for Heraclitus, he was a stern

* This praise, however, as Dr. Ireland observes, must not go forth unqualified. He was the father of all that desolating philosophy which, placing the senses in the room of reason, tends to extinguish science, while it encourages personal gratifications.

But all can laugh :—the wonder yet appears,
What fount supplied the eternal stream of tears !

Democritus, at every step he took,
His sides with unextinguish'd laughter shook,
Though, in his days, Abdera's simple towns,
No fasces knew, chairs, litters, purple gowns.—
What ! had he seen, in his triumphal car,
Amid the dusty Cirque, conspicuous far,

and rigid moralist of what was afterwards called the Stoick school ; as little likely to cry upon all occasions, as the former to laugh. This, however, was not Juvenal's concern ; he had only to do with the qualities commonly assigned them ; and it must be granted, that he has made an admirable use of both, particularly of those allotted to Democritus.

VER. 53. *What ! had he seen, in his triumphal car, &c.*] He describes the procession of the Prætor to open the Circensian games. It was not, I believe, altogether so absurd as it is here represented, for Juvenal has confounded it with a triumph, from which it differed in two or three circumstances. The “tunick of Jove,” indeed, was borrowed of the god for the Prætor, as well as for the victorious general ; the “tapestry of the *toga*,” too, was common to both ; but the crown and the slave were appropriated solely, I think, to the latter.

This confusion is also noticed by Ruperti :—*Medio sublimem in pulvere Circi* is, in his opinion, an interpolation, the rejection of which would smooth every difficulty, as the whole passage might then relate to a triumph. He is right ! remove every point in dispute, and there will be nothing left to contest. All the force of the satire, however, would thus be destroyed. A sober reader of Juvenal cannot surely have proceeded thus far, without observing that he checks not at a little inconsistency,

The Prætor perch'd aloft, superbly drest
 In Jove's proud tunick, with a trailing vest
 Of Tyrian tapestry, and o'er him spread
 A crown, too bulky for a mortal head,
 Borne by a sweating slave, maintain'd to ride
 In the same car, and mortify his pride !
 Add now the bird, that, with expanded wing,
 From the raised sceptre, seems prepared to spring ;
 And trumpets here ; and there the long parade
 Of duteous friends, who head the cavalcade ;
 Add too, the zeal of clients robed in white,
 Who hang upon his reins, and grace the sight,
 Unbribed, unbought,—save by the dole, at night !

Yes, in those days, in every varied scene,
 The good old man found matter for his spleen :

when the immediate object of his animadversion can be ridiculed by it with more effect.

The imperial ensign (the ivory sceptre surmounted with an eagle) seems as much out of its place here, as most of the other accompaniments ; it was, however, too important a gewgaw to be left behind ; for, as Prudentius tells us,

“ Aquila ex eburna sumit arrogantiam

“ Gestator ejus, ac superbit belluæ

“ Inflatus osse.”———

Upon the whole, this heterogeneous jumble of unwieldy magnificence had enough of ridicule in it to provoke the spleen of a much less risible spectator than Democritus is supposed to be.

A wondrous sage ! whose story makes it clear,
 That men may rise in folly's atmosphere,
 Beneath Bœotian fogs, of soul sublime,
 And great examples to the coming time.—
 He laugh'd aloud to see the vulgar fears,
 Laugh'd at their joys, and sometimes at their tears :
 Secure the while, he mock'd at Fortune's frown,
 And when she threaten'd, bade her hang or drown !
 Superfluous then, or fatal, is the prayer,
 Which, to the Immortals' knees, we fondly bear.

VER. 71. ——— in folly's atmosphere, &c.] Democritus was born at Abdera, a town of Thrace, proverbial, it seems, for the stupidity of its inhabitants.

Bœotia lay under the same, or even a worse reproach : it was the country of "hogs," Βοιωτιαν ὕν, as the other was of "sheep." Pindar, who was a Bœotian, seems a little mortified at the proverb. He, of all men, had the least reason for it ; for, though there might be better poets, there certainly was not a wiser or a better man in any of the states around him.

I recollect an old French epitaph, which says :

"Guillaume de Machault, ainsi avoie nom,

"Né en Champagne fus, et si eu grand renom !"

Champagne then, is the Abdera of France ; and indeed every country has some reprobate spot, to which its courteous neighbours assign the exclusive privilege of producing (*verveces*) bell-wethers. I do not pretend to know the Abdera of England ; my readers, perhaps, may sometimes incline to think it Ashburton.

VER. 79. Which, to the Immortals' knees, &c.] "It was the manner of the ancients," Holyday says, "when they made their vows to the gods, to write them in paper, (and some in waxen

Some, POWER hurls headlong from her envied
 height,
 Some, the broad tablet, flashing on the sight,
 With titles, names : the statues, tumbled down,
 Are dragg'd by hooting thousands through the town ;
 The brazen cars torn rudely from the yoke,
 And, with the blameless steeds, to shivers broke—
 Then roar the fires ! the sooty artist blows,
 And all Sejanus in the furnace glows ;

tables,) seal them up, and with wax, fasten them to the *knees* of the gods : (or to the *thighs* of them, for so Apuleius speaks) the ancients counting *that* the seat of mercy. When their desires were granted, the mannner was to take away the paper, tear it, and bring unto the gods what they had promised." Substitute saints for gods, and the passage will accord with the practice in Catholick churches at this day.

It was a most ancient custom, (indeed, it still prevails in the East), for men to embrace the knees of those from whom they solicited favour or protection. In allusion to which, and to no abstract ideas of their being the seat of mercy or power, Homer frequently observes that the granting or withholding of particular blessings, lies in *the knees of the gods*, *θεῶν ἐνὶ γούνασι κεῖται*. This accounts satisfactorily enough, I think, for the practice mentioned in the text.

VER. 81. ——— *the broad tablet, &c.*] ——— *longa atque insignis honorum tabula* : Well explained by the old Scholiast. A plate of brass affixed to the statues of eminent persons, and containing a pompous enumeration of their titles, honours, &c.

VER. 87. *And all Sejanus in the furnace glows.*] This instance of Sejanus is most happily chosen, since it exhibits at one view, not only the instability of court, but of popular, favour.

No subject ever ascended to such a height of power ; none

Sejanus, once so honour'd, so adored,
 And only second to the world's great lord,
 Runs glittering from the mould, in cups and cans,
 Basons and ewers, plates, pitchers, pots and pans.

“ Crown all your doors with bay, triumphant bay!
 “ Sacred to Jove, the milkwhite victim slay;

ever fell from it so rapidly into the abyss of disgrace and ruin. This is not the place for his history, but it may not be improper to call the reader's attention to this picture of the unfeeling and barbarous versatility of the mob; a picture which for truth and humour has seldom, I think, been equalled.

To understand the little drama which follows, we must suppose one of those who had witnessed the commencement of Sejanus' punishment, hastening home to announce the intelligence, and prepare his publick demonstrations of loyalty and joy. The dialogue passes between him and his neighbours.

With respect to Sejanus, it may be said of him, as it was of Lally, by Voltaire; he was one against whom every man had a right to lift his hand, but the executioner. During the full tide of his prosperity, nothing seems to have been too low for his malice. In the prologue to his third book of Fables, Phædrus, the obscure and inoffensive Phædrus, pathetically complains of having been unjustly accused by him: he survived, however, both the accusation and the accuser, and in his story of Princeps Tibicen, gently retorts upon the fallen fortunes of his adversary.

I know not whether Pliny had this particular event in his thoughts; but he gives a very interesting detail of the impotent vengeance exercised on the statues of disgraced favourites by the rabble: *Juvabat illidere solo superbissimos vultus, instare ferro, sævire securibus, ut si singulos ictus sanguis dolorque sequeretur. Nemo tam temperans gaudii, seræque letitiæ, quin instar ultionis*

“ For lo ! where great Sejanus by the throng,
 “ A joyful spectacle ! is dragg’d along. [part,
 “ What lips ! what cheeks ! hah, traitour !—for my
 “ I never loved the fellow—in my heart.”
 ‘ But tell me ; Why, was he adjudged to bleed ?
 ‘ And who discover’d ? and who proved the deed ?’
 “ Proved !—a huge, wordy letter came to day
 “ From Capreæ.” Good ! what think the people ? They !
 They follow fortune, as of old, and hate,
 With their whole souls, the victim of the state.
 Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire,
 Had Nurscia met the Tuscan’s fond desire,

*videretur cernere laceros artus, truncata membra, postremo truces
 horrendasque imagines abjectas excoctasque flammis, ut ex illo terrore
 et minis, in usum hominum ac voluptates ignibus mutarentur. Pa-
 negyr. cap. lii.*

VER. 100. ——— huge, wordy letter, &c.]—So *verbosa
 et grandis epistola* is translated by Jonson. Dio sneers at
 the length of this epistle : and Suetonius calls it, *pudenda mise-
 randaque oratio*. The truth is, that Tiberius, who, like Crom-
 well, was always too cunning to be clear, was at this time
 confounded by his fears, or at least pretended to be so ; and
 therefore wrote “ about it, and about it.” Suetonius has pre-
 served a sentence of this memorable address, which fully justifies
 the character he has given of it. Among other things, Tiberius
 besought the senate to send one of the consuls, with a military
 guard, to conduct him, a poor and desolate old man, in safety
 to their presence ! In his Sejanus, Ben has fabricated an epistle
 for Tiberius with a masterly hand.

VER. 105. *Had Nurscia*] So the Tuscans, according to the

And crush'd the unwary prince, have all combined,
And hail'd Sejanus, MASTER OF MANKIND !
For since their votes have been no longer bought,
All publick care has vanish'd from their thought ;

old Scholiast, (no great mythologist, it must be confessed) called the goddess Fortuna. As Sejanus was of Tuscany, Lipsius conceives that there is some cleverness exhibited in adopting this name instead of the more common one. Begging pardon of Lipsius, I see nothing of this :—But why must Nurscia be Fortuna? Juvenal, indeed, could say of the Romans—*Nos te facimus, Fortuna, deam* ; but it does not therefore follow that the practice was universal. That Nurscia was worshipped κατ' ἐξοχὴν by the Tuscans is beyond question, and this is sufficient for Juvenal's purpose. What she was, I know not ; but she was more probably Luna (*Astarte*) than Fortuna.

VER. 108. *For since their votes, &c.*] There spoke the old republican ! and indeed, it must be confessed, that if Juvenal sometimes lashes the tyranny of the chiefs, he at others treats the base and abject submission of the people with equal, if not superiour, severity.

It is clear that their power had been broken by the usurpations of Marius and Sylla ; they still, however, retained a considerable degree of influence, and nominally gave, or rather sold, their suffrages, till the days of Julius Cæsar. That they were ripe for the slavery which awaited them, cannot be denied ; for such was their corruption and rapacity, that they only inquired which of the candidates would bribe highest.

Cæsar, however, did not directly deprive the people of their suffrages, (*cruda adhuc servitute*, as Lipsius says,) he only took the nomination of the consuls upon himself, and left the choice, or rather the sale, of the inferiour magistracies to them, upon condition that he should have the recommendation to one half ! Suetonius has preserved his *congé d'élire*, and a very curious one it is : CÆSAR DICTATOR ILLI TRIBUI. *Commendo vobis illum, et*

And those who once, with unresisted sway,
 Gave armies, empire, every thing, away,
 For two poor claims have long renounced the whole,
 And only ask,—the Circus and the Dole.

“ But there are more to suffer.” ‘ So I find ;
 ‘ A fire so fierce, for one was ne’er design’d.

illum, ut VESTRO SUFFRAGIO suam dignitatem teneant. (Cæsar, 41.)
 The reader may be pretty confident that these recommendations were never overlooked: *preces erant*, as Tacitus says on another occasion, *sed quibus contradici non posset*.

Augustus seems somewhat to have enlarged the power of the people, which was again abridged by Tiberius, or rather taken quite away; *neque*, says the historian with honest indignation, *populus ademptum jus questus est nisi inani rumore*. Caligula, in a fit of popularity, showed symptoms of re-establishing them in a part of their rights, which however came to nothing: this I think was the last effort in their favour, and from this period they gradually, and indeed deservedly, sunk into insignificance and contempt.

It argues great courage in our author to reproach the Romans for their supineness; and must have been highly offensive to their rulers. About this, however, he appears to be little solicitous; nay, I am persuaded that much of what he says here is immediately levelled at Trajan, who had, about this time, transferred to the senate, or rather to himself, the very trifling degree of power which the people had hitherto been permitted to retain.

VER. 113. ————— *the Dole.*] The Dole here mentioned must not be confounded with the *sportula* already noticed; the latter was a private distribution, the former a public one. See vol. i. p. 313. The suspicions in the next couplet were not ill-founded; for many adherents of Sejanus, and more, who were suspected of being such, suffered death immediately after his fall.

‘ I met my friend Brutidius, and I fear,
 ‘ From his pale looks, he thinks there’s danger near.
 ‘ What, if this Ajax, in his frenzy, strike,
 ‘ Suspicious of our zeal, at all alike !’

“ True : fly we then, our loyalty to show ;

“ And trample on the carcase of his foe,

“ While yet exposed, on Tiber’s banks it lies”—

‘ But let our slaves be there,’ another cries :

“ Yes ; let them (lest our ardour they forswear,

“ And drag us, pinion’d, to the Bar,) be there.”

Thus of the favourite’s fall the converse ran,

And thus the whisper pass’d from man to man.

Lured by the splendour of his happier hour,
 Wouldst thou possess Sejanus’ wealth and power ;
 See crowds of suppliants at thy levee wait,
 Give this to sway the army, that the state ;
 And keep a prince in ward, retired to reign,
 O’er Capreæ’s crags, with his Chaldean train ?

VER. 133. *O’er Capreæ’s crags,*] *angusta Caprearum in rupe*, as Juvenal happily expresses it. For *angusta* most of the copies have *augusta*, which, though an ingenious variation, appears to weaken the force of the Satire. The long and infamous residence of Tiberius at Capreæ is too well known to be dwelt on here.

It may seem a little extraordinary that Tiberius, who, at a former period, had driven the Chaldeans (the astrologers) out of Italy, nay, put some of them to death, should, in the decline

Yes, yes, thou wouldst (for I can read thy breast)
 Enjoy that favour which he once possest,
 Assume all offices, grasp all commands,
 The Imperial Horse, and the Prætorian Bands.
 'Tis nature, this ; even those who want the will,
 Pant for the dreadful privilege to kill :
 Yet what delight can rank and power bestow,
 Since every joy is balanced by its woe ! [say ?
 —STILL wouldst thou choose the favourite's purple,
 Or, thus forewarn'd, some paltry hamlet sway ?

of life, have secluded himself from the world to enjoy their society without molestation ; but his conduct may be accounted for, from the condition of human nature. The multiplied cruelties that followed the fall of Sejanus, though they could not appease the ferocity, had yet alarmed the conscience, of this execrable monster : anguish and despair took possession of all his thoughts, and if we could for a moment suppose the damned permitted to make their “ eternal blazon to ears of flesh and blood,” we could not image terms of deeper horror for them, than those with which he begins one of his letters to the senate : *Quid scribam vobis P. C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam, hoc tempore ? Dii me, Deæque pejus perdant, quam quotidie perire sentio, si scio.* Suet. Tiber. 67. In this state ; afflicted at the past, dissatisfied with the present, and trembling for the future, his enfeebled and distracted mind clung for relief to the wretched impostures of astrology, which it had formerly rejected ; and endeavoured to divert the evils of to day, by vague senseless researches into the destiny of to-morrow. I have elsewhere noticed the strange inconsistency of atheism : Tiberius is a striking proof of it : *Circa deos* (Suet. 69) *ac religiones negligentior ; quippe addictus mathematicæ, persuasionisque plenus, cuncta fato agi, &c.* Dio has the same remark.

At Gabii, or Fidenæ, rules propound,
 For faulty measures, and for wares unsound;
 And take the tarnish'd robe, and petty state,
 Of poor Ulubræ's ragged magistrate?—

You grant me then, Sejanus grossly err'd,
 Nor knew what prayer his folly had preferr'd:
 For when he begg'd for too much wealth and power,
 Stage above stage, he raised a tottering tower,

VER. 147. ——— poor *Ulubræ's ragged magistrate?*] *Pannosus vacuis Ædilis Ulubris*. There were two kinds of Ædiles, (strictly speaking, indeed, there were three,) the Curule, and the Plebeian: the first were officers of considerable power. It is the latter, however, of whom Juvenal now speaks, and with whose imaginary importance he delights, on all occasions, to sport. They were chosen, as their name imports, out of the commons or plebeians, and had the care of weights and measures, of markets and provisions, the determination of petty cases, the inspection of the roads, the overseeing of the theatres, &c. In little municipalities, such as Fidenæ, Gabii, and Ulubræ, they were probably the only magistrates. We have nothing precisely like them in this country; but in the Italian villages, they still subsist, as ragged and consequential as ever, under the name of Podestas. The “tarnished robe,” which was probably an heirloom attached to the office, is finely contrasted with the *prætecta*, or purple gown of Sejanus.

VER. 151. *Stage above stage, &c.*] The thought is from Horace:

“——— excelsæ graviore casu

“Decidunt turres,”———

but wonderfully heightened and improved by our author; who has, in his turn, found many imitators. Perhaps Horace himself was indebted to Menander:

And higher still, and higher ; to be thrown,
With louder crash, and wider ruin down !

What wrought the Crassi, what the Pompeys'
doom,

And His, who bow'd the stubborn neck of Rome ?

What but the wild, the unbounded wish to rise,
Heard, in malignant kindness, by the skies !

Few kings, few tyrants, find a bloodless end,
Or to the grave, without a wound, descend.

The child, with whom a trusty slave is sent,
Charged with his little scrip, has scarcely spent
His mite at school, ere all his bosom glows
With the fond hope he never more foregoes,

‘Οταν δ’ ἴδῃς πρὸς ὕψος ἡρμένον τινα,
Λαμπρῶς τε πλουτῶ, καὶ γένει γαυρουμένον,
Οφρὺν τε μείζω τῆς τύχης ἐπηρκότα,
Τούτου ταχέϊαν νεμέσιν εὐδύς προσδοκά,
Ἐπαιρεται γὰρ μείζον, ἵνα μείζον πέσῃ.

There is a beautiful passage among the fragments of Euripides to the same purpose :

Πολλοὶς ὁ Δαίμων οὐ κατ’ εὐνοίαν φέρων,
Μεγάλα δίδωσιν εὐτυχημάτων, ἀλλ’ ἵνα
Τὰς συμφοράς λαβῶσιν ἐμφανεσέρας.

VER. 155. *And His, &c.*] Julius Cæsar’s. The Crassi (father and son) seem rather to have fallen sacrifices to their avarice, than their ambition, which, at least with regard to the son, was but a secondary passion.

VER. 163. *With the fond hope, &c.*] *Totis quinquatribus optat.*

To reach Demosthenes' or 'Tully's name,
Rival of both in eloquence and fame !—
Yet by this eloquence, alas ! expired
Each orator, so envied, so admired !
Yet by the rapid and resistless sway
Of torrent genius, each was swept away !
Genius, for that, the baneful potion sped,
And lopt, from this, the hands and gory head :

He speaks of the festival kept in honour of Minerva, as the patroness of the arts and sciences. It began on the nineteenth of March, and lasted, as the name imports, for five days, during which the schools were shut up ; but the ambitious urchins continued their hopes and prayers for the genius and talents of those prodigies of eloquence.

VER. 171. *And lopt, from this, &c.*] Cicero was murdered by the second triumvirate. Antony, whom Juvenal supposes to have been particularly irritated by the second Philippick, dispatched a band of assassins after him, who overtook him as he was proceeding to the sea-side. He made no resistance, but looking sternly on the leader, whose life he had formerly saved, and thrusting his neck as forward as he could out of the litter, bade him take what he wanted. The ungrateful wretch cut off his head and his hands, and carried them to Antony, who rewarded him for the agreeable present with a civick crown ! and a large sum of money. The head was fixed on the Rostra, between the two hands, (where, as we find from Florus, the people ran as eagerly to see his relicks, as formerly to hear his eloquence,) a piece of impotent revenge, which, not long after, recoiled on the author of it.

Speaking of Antonius, (the grandfather of the triumvir) who fell in the bloody proscription of Sylla, Cicero has an observation of striking singularity. *In his ipsis rostris in quibus ille remp.*

While meaner pleaders unmolested stood,
Nor stain'd the rostrum with their wretched blood.

“ *How fortunate a NATAL day was thine,*

“ *In that LATE CONSULATE, O Rome, of mine !*”

constantissime consul defenderat, positum caput illud fuit, a quo erant multorum civium capita servata ! Never could it be more truly said,

“ ————— mutato nomine, de te

“ *Fabula narratur.*” —————

VER. 174. *How fortunate a NATAL day, &c.*] *O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam.* I have attempted, how successfully I know not, to give the English reader some idea of the construction of this well known verse of Cicero. Most of my predecessors have thought proper to translate it into nonsense, or load it with the most barbarous tautology; this, however, is paying but an ill compliment to one of the greatest men “that ever lived in the tide of times,” and no less unjust than impertinent.

It appears indeed, that this line, or some one like it, had been made the subject of ridicule during the author's life: he was not however ashamed of the sentiment, for he repeats it in prose: *O Nonæ Decembres quæ ME CONSULE, fuistis, ego diem vere natalem hujus urbis, &c.* Orat. pro Flac. In the second Philippick, after severely retorting upon Antony, he adds,—*nec vero tibi de versibus respondebo; tantum dicam breviter neque illos, neque ullas te omnino literas nosse.* This, I suppose, is “the reply churlish; when, instead of answering an adversary, you disable his judgment:” what he subjoins, however, is a noble apology for his lighter studies.

It may be doubted whether Cicero's poetry, generally speaking, deserves the epithet (*ridenda*) which Juvenal is pleased to affix to it: the verse in question, indeed, has long been the jest of small wits, and even the “mousing Martial hawks at it;”

Oh, soul of eloquence ! had all been found,
 An empty vaunt, like this, a jingling sound,
 Thou mightst, in peace, thy humble fame have borne,
 And laugh'd the swords of Antony to scorn !

but there are vigorous and elegant passages scattered amongst his works : and, indeed, the long fragment of the poem on his consulship, has many verses which Juvenal need not have blushed to own. After all, perhaps, it was the *ME CONSULE*, and not the *natam natam*, the vanity, and not the jingle, which provoked the sneers of his contemporaries. When Juvenal wrote, however, personality and envy had long been extinct ; and he evidently diverts himself with the want of taste, which could permit so many similar sounds to be crowded into the compass of a single line. To confess the truth, there appears in many parts of Cicero's works a predilection for trifles of this kind, derived, perhaps, from his long and intimate acquaintance with the rhetoricians and grammarians of Greece.

Middleton has laboured to establish his poetical character. Plutarch, he says, reckons Cicero among the most eminent of the Roman poets ; but Plutarch's judgment, in this matter, is of no great weight. To Quintilian's authority, indeed, every one must subscribe, but not to Middleton's interpretation of it : *In carminibus utinam pepercisset quæ non desierunt carpere maligni*. "Quintilian seems to charge the cavils of his censurers to a principle of malignity ;" whereas he merely wishes that the editor of his works had omitted some things, (evidently alluding to his boastings,) which furnished a constant subject of censure to his enemies. To conclude, his verse is only mean, when compared with his prose ; and if he had not been the first of orators, no one would have been unjust enough to style him the last of poets.

VER. 179. *And laugh'd the swords, &c.*] This apostrophe is equally poignant and pathetick. Cicero had boastingly exclaimed

Yet this would I prefer, the common jest,
 To that which fired the fierce triumvir's breast,
 That second scroll, where eloquence divine,
 Burst on the ear, from every glowing line.
 And he too fell, whom Athens, wondering, saw
 Her fierce democracy, at will, o'erawe,

in an unhappy hour, (see the conclusion of his wonderful speech, *conspicuae divina Philippica famæ*,) "I defended the republick in my youth, I will not desert it in my old age. I laugh'd to scorn Catiline's swords, I will not tremble at Antony's." *CONTEMPSI Catilinæ GLADIOS, non pertimescam tuos*. To this Juvenal beautifully alludes, retorting the orator's own words; and to this, perhaps, Antony himself adverted with malignant triumph, in the day of vengeance.

VER. 180. *Yet this would I prefer, &c.*] A singular declaration from one, who is supposed to have suffered so much on account of the severity of his writings:—surely the commentators, who are unanimous in maintaining that this Satire was composed by Juvenal after his banishment, must grant that it comes from him with a very ill grace.

VER. 184. *And he too fell, &c.*] Demosthenes, who poisoned himself to avoid Antipater, one of Philip's generals. His father, (v. 188) was a sword cutler. From some incidental passages in the son's Orations, it appears that he was of considerable eminence in his profession, and kept two-and-twenty men in his employ. It was ambition, therefore, which induced him, or, as some say, his wife, to make "his hopeful boy" an orator.

If Plutarch had seen this passage he might have corrected his life of Demosthenes by it. Where he picked up the idle story, that this great orator's education was grossly neglected, I cannot say; but he scruples not to give it currency: *τῶν ἐμμελῶν καὶ προσηκόντων ἐλευθερῶν παιδὶ μαθημάτων ἀπαιδεύῃ δοκεῖ γενέσθαι*. This is not only contrary to the voice of antiquity; but in

And “fulmine over Greece!” some angry Power
Scowl’d, with dire influence, on his natal hour.—
Blear’d with the glowing mass, the ambitious sire,
From anvils, sledges, bellows, tongs, and fire,
From tempering swords, his own more safe employ,
To study RHETORICK, sent his hopeful boy.

The spoils of war; the trunk in triumph placed,
With all the trophies of the battle graced,
Crush’d helms, and batter’d shields; and streamers
borne [torn;
From vanquish’d fleets, and beams from chariots
And arcs of triumph, where the captive foe
Bends, in mute anguish, o’er the pomp below,

direct opposition to Demosthenes’ own account of himself, which Juvenal evidently had in his thoughts: Εμοι μὲν τοίνυν ὑπῆρξε, παιδί μενούλι, φοιτᾶν εἰς τὰ προσηκόντα διδασκαλεῖα, καὶ εἶναι ὅσα χρῆ, κ. τ. λ. περὶ 5εφ.

VER. 192. *The spoils of war; the trunk, &c.*] This, says Dryden, who translates the passage very carelessly, is a mock account of a Roman triumph. On the contrary, it is a serious account of the manner of raising a trophy on the field of battle, after a victory; which, as Holyday properly observes, was “by cutting down a tree, lopping-off its branches, fixing it in the ground, and then hanging upon it the spoils wonne from the enemy.” But indeed the whole process is so admirably described in the text, that any further remarks on it are unnecessary.

Suetonius tells us that Domitian had a childish fondness for the erecting of trophies, arcs, &c. Hence the criticks conclude that the satire is pointed at him. It may be so. The supposition, however, comes with an ill grace from those who maintain that Juvenal wrote in the time of Adrian.

Are blessings, which the slaves of glory rate,
 Beyond a mortal's hope, a mortal's fate !
 Fired with the love of these, what countless swarms,
 Barbarians, Romans, Greeks, have rush'd to arms,
 All danger slighted, and all toil defied,
 And madly conquer'd, or as madly died !
 So much the raging thirst of fame exceeds
 The generous warmth, which prompts to worthy
 deeds,
 That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power,
 Or woo her to their breast, without a dower.
 Yet has this wild desire, in other days,
 This boundless avarice of a few for praise,
 This frantick rage for names to grace a tomb,
 Involv'd whole countries in one general doom :
 Vain "rage !" the roots of the wild fig-tree rise,
 Strike through the marble, and their memory dies !
 For, like their mouldering tenants, tombs decay,
 And, with the dust they hide, are swept away.

Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
 And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains :

VER. 206. *That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power, &c.]*

"Nec facile invenies multis in millibus unum,

"Virtutem pretium qui putet esse sui;

"Ipse decor recti, facti si præmia desint,

"Non movet et gratis poenitet esse probum."

Pont. lib. ii. 3.

VER. 217. *And weigh the mighty dust, &c.]* I know not that

AND IS THIS ALL! Yet THIS was once the bold,
 The aspiring chief, whom Africk could not hold,
 Though stretch'd, in breadth, from where the
 Atlantick roars,
 To distant Nilus, and his sun-burnt shores;
 In length, from Carthage to the burning zone,
 Where other moors, and elephants are known.
 —Spain conquer'd, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds:
 Nature opposed her everlasting mounds,
 Her Alps, and snows; o'er these, with torrent force,
 He pours, and rends through rocks his dreadful
 course.

this was ever done in the old world; at least, with regard to Hannibal; but in the Statistical Account of Scotland, I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect and weigh the ashes of a person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles; which he was happily enabled to do with great facility, as “the inside of the coffin was smooth, and the whole body visible.” Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! AND IS THIS ALL! Alas! the *quot libras* itself is a satirical exaggeration.

VER. 226. ———— *o'er these, with torrent force,*] In the original, *et montem rupit aceto*, he rent the mountain with vinegar. Appian's account is, *ελθων δε επι τα Αλπια ορη, κ. τ. α.* “He came to the Alps, and finding an abundance of frost and snow there, he cut down the trees, burned them, and extinguished the glowing embers with vinegar and water, *την δε τεφραν σβεννυς υδατι και οξεν*, he then beat down the rock, thus softened, with sledges, and so opened a passage.” But see Mr. Whitaker's learned and ingenious work on this subject.

Already at his feet Italia lies ;—
 Yet thundering on, “Think nothing done,” he cries,
 “Till Rome, proud Rome, beneath my fury falls,
 “And Africk’s standards float along her walls !”
 Big words !—but view his figure ! view his face !
 O, for some master-hand the lines to trace,
 As through the Etrurian swamps, by floods increast,
 The one-eyed chief urged his Getulian beast !

But what ensued ? Illusive Glory, say.
 Subdued on Zama’s memorable day,
 He flies in exile to a petty state,
 With headlong haste ; and, at a despot’s gate,
 Sits, mighty suppliant ! of his life in doubt,
 Till the Bithynian’s morning nap be out.

Nor swords, nor spears, nor stones from engines
 hurl’d,
 Shall quell the man whose frown alarm’d the world :
 The vengeance due to Cannæ’s fatal field,
 And floods of human gore, a ring shall yield !—

VER. 244. ————— *Cannæ’s fatal field,*] Nearly three centuries had elapsed since that disastrous action, yet Juvenal speaks of it, not only here, but elsewhere, in a way which shows that the impression made by it on the minds of the Romans was indelible.

There is nothing so much wanted as a judicious life of Hannibal : it is more than time to do justice to one before whom the conquerors of ancient as well as modern times “hide their

Fly, madman, fly ! at toil and danger mock,
 Pierce the deep snow, and scale the eternal rock,
 To please the rhetoricians, and become
 A DECLAMATION—for the boys of Rome !

One world, the ambitious youth of Pella found
 Too small ; and toss'd his feverish limbs around,
 And gasp'd for breath, as if immured the while,
 In Gyaræ, or Serîpho's rocky isle :

diminished heads." Sagacious, penetrating, indefatigable, fertile in expedients, boundless in resources, this extraordinary man, who maintained himself in a constant course of victories, (this is sufficiently clear even from Livy's prejudiced narrative,) with an inferiour army, in the heart of an enemy's country, would have turned with contempt and horror from the celebrated murderer of the continent, who coolly calculates how many men he can afford to sacrifice, and by impelling forward whole nations to slaughter, wearies out his less numerous antagonists.

VER. 245. ————— *a ring shall yield !—*] Such was the end of Hannibal : the Romans, who never thought themselves secure while he lived, no sooner heard that he had taken shelter at the court of Prusias, than they sent Q. Flaminius to demand him. Hannibal, who was well acquainted with the weakness of the Bithynian prince, and determined to die free, saw no other resource, but swallowing poison ; which, to be prepared against the worst, he always carried with him in the hollow of a ring !

Hannibal might have asked with Arbaces :

“ Why should you, that have made me stand in war

“ Like fate itself, cutting what threads I pleas'd,

“ Decree such an unworthy end to me,

“ And all my glories ?”

King and no King.

VER. 253. *In Gyaræ, or Serîpho.*]

But entering Babylon, found ample room,
 Within the narrow limits of a tomb !
 Death, the great teacher, Death alone proclaims,
 The true dimensions of our puny frames.

As these places are frequently mentioned by Jüvenal, it may be necessary, once for all, to observe, that they were bare and rocky islands in the Ægean sea, to which offenders were sometimes banished, and generally in the worst of cases. The inhabitants of these little spots were despised, Gibbon says, “ for their ignorance and obscurity :” they should rather have been pitied for their wretchedness. Stratonicus, who was sent to the former of them (Gyaræ) for defamation, found himself so uncomfortable there, that he one day asked his host what crime was punished with exile in his country? the man said, perjury. “ Why dost thou not forswear thyself then,” replied Stratonicus, “ to be dismissed from this accursed place ?”

Hall has a fine allusion to the next verse :

“ Fond fool ! six feet shall serve for all thy store,

“ And he that cares for most, shall find no more.”

What harmonious monosyllables !” but this is surpassed by that beautiful and pathetick apostrophe of Prince Henry to the lifeless remains of Hotspur ;

“ ———— Fare thee well, great heart !

“ Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !

“ When that this body did contain a spirit,

“ A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;

“ But now, two paces of the vilest earth

“ Is room enough !” ————

The reader of taste and feeling will thank me for adding, from Shirley, the following exquisite allusion to the same passage :

The daring tales, in Grecian story found,
Were once believed :—of Athos sail'd around,

“ Does this” (*i. e. the Coffin.*)

“ Does this enclose his corps? How little room

“ Do we take up in death, that, living, know

“ No bounds! *Here*, without murmuring, we can

“ Be circumscribed :—it is the soul, that makes us

“ Affect such wanton and irregular paths ;

“ When that's gone, we are quiet as the earth,

“ And think no more of wandering.” *The Wedding.*

VER. 258. *The daring tales in Grecian story found, &c.*] The *quicquid Græcia mendax*, says the translator of Herodotus, (applied by Juvenal to the Greek Historian,) “ partakes more of insolence than justice.” Gillies, too, terms it “ downright impudence.” *By my troth, Gossip, these be bitter words:* and the former adds, “ it is not perhaps very extravagant to affirm, that Livy has more prodigies than all the Greek historians together.” Perhaps not; and if Juvenal had been called upon to give his opinion of them, he would, I presume have delivered it with very little ceremony. But he is not on the subject of prodigies here, nor, as far as I can see, of Herodotus: he is speaking of Sostratus, a poet, says the old Scholiast, (who knows nothing of the matter,) that wrote the campaigns of Xerxes. After all, I do not mean to apologize for his hesitation respecting the vagaries of the Persian prince, nor for the incredulity with which he treats “ the daring tales of Greece” in general. There can, I think, be no doubt with any rational person, but that most of the circumstances of this famous expedition are either fabricated by the Greeks, or grossly exaggerated. As far indeed as relates to circumnavigating Athos, (next to chaining the waves, the most absurd of all exploits, since even Herodotus allows that the fleet might have been dragged over-land with infinitely less pains,) I am somewhat inclined to think Sostratus correct;

Of fleets, that bridges o'er the waves supplied,
 Of chariots, rolling on the stedfast tide,
 Of lakes exhausted, and of rivers quaft,
 By countless nations, at a morning's draught,
 And all that Sostratus so wildly sings,
 Besotted poet, of the king of kings.

But how return'd he, say? this soul of fire,
 This proud barbarian, whose impatient ire
 Chastised the winds, that disobey'd his nod,
 With stripes, ne'er suffer'd from the Æolian god;
 Fetter'd the Shaker of the sea and land—
 But, in pure clemency, forbore to brand!

since not only Thucydides, *unus instar omnium*, but Plato, Lysias, Diodorus, and others speak of it as an undoubted fact. The wonder is, that a matter so easy to ascertain, should ever have been a subject of dispute. Yet it was, and is: this is sufficient for Juvenal.

Modern travellers can find no traces of this work, and therefore discredit the story. But they do not reflect on the size of the ancient ships. A canal somewhat less than that of Blackwall would be sufficient for them; and yet even that, if neglected, would be completely filled up in a few centuries.

VER. 271. *But, in pure clemency, &c.*] The caution of Herodotus on this occasion is worthy of praise. This good old man, with all the credulity of his countrymen, had little of their vanity, and none of their propensity to falsehood. "He had heard of brands too," he says; but he does not take upon himself to answer for them: *ἤδη δὲ ηκούσα ὥς καὶ στιγέας ἀπέπεμψε σιζόντας τὸν Ἑλλησπόντον.*

The necessity of versifying such passages as these ought, in

And sure, if aught can touch the Powers above,
This calls for all their service, all their love!—
But how return'd he? say;—His navy lost,
In a small bark he fled the hostile coast,

justice, to operate in favour of a translator; but criticks have less bowels than Xerxes. He was content with *fettering* his slave; but they are not satisfied unless they *brand* theirs also. The translators of Juvenal have all been reproached in turn, with falling “infinitely short of the immortal Johnson.” This may be readily admitted; but it should not be forgotten that he enjoyed many advantages of which those unfortunate persons could not partake. As an imitator, he might freely expatiate among the happiest passages—nothing mean, nothing obscure, nothing inflated would detain him an instant: what was susceptible of poetical ornament he would take, and, with Horace for his guide,

“————— quæ,
“ Desperet tractata nitescere posse, relinquat;”

while the translator is compelled, by duty, to struggle “through hard and rare, with hands, wings, feet,” or whatever else, with the consciousness that he is merely labouring for the displeasure of his reader, and heaping discomfiture upon his own head.

VER. 272. *And sure, if aught, &c.*] Here again the author interrupts the course of his satire by an impertinent witticism: *Huic quisnam vellet servire deorum*—the ridicule of which is, at once, mean and obvious: it affects, besides, the spirit of the passage. But this is not the only place, in which Juvenal forgets to stop at the true point.

VER. 275. *In a small bark, &c.*] *Erat res spectaculo digna, et æstimatione sortis humanæ, rerum varietate miranda, in exiguo, latentem videre navigio, quem paulo ante vix æquor omne capiebat, &c.* Just. lib. ii. c. 13.

And, urged by terroure, drove his labouring prore,
Through floating carcasses, and floods of gore.
So Xerxes sped, so speed the conquering race ;
They catch at glory, and they clasp disgrace !

“ LIFE ! LENGTH OF LIFE ! ” For this, with
earnest cries,

Or sick or well, we supplicate the skies.

Pernicious prayer ! for mark what ills attend,
Still, on the old, as to the grave they bend :

A ghastly visage, to themselves unknown,
For a smooth skin, a hide with scurf o’ergrown,

VER. 280. “ LIFE ! LENGTH OF LIFE ! ” &c.

Οχληρον ὁ χρόνος ὁ πολὺς, ὡ γήρας βαρὺ,

Ὡς οὐδὲν ἀγαθόν, δυσχερὴ δὲ πολλὰ ἔχεις

Τοῖς ζῶσι καὶ λυπηρὰ πάντες εἰς σε δε

Ελθεῖν ὁμῶς εὐχομεθα, καὶ σπουδαζομεν.

Menan.

VER. 284. *A ghastly visage, &c.*] In this striking description of old age, Juvenal seems to have thought of a passage in Crates, thus admirably rendered by Mr. Cumberland :

“ Hard choice, for man to die—or else to be

“ That tottering, wretched, wrinkled, thing you see.

“ Age then we all prefer ! for age we pray,

“ And travel on to life’s last lingering day ;

“ Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,

“ Find heaven’s extorted boon our greatest curse.”

But indeed the idea is sufficiently obvious, and has had good things said on it in every age ; here is one of them :

And such a cheek, as many a grandam ape,
In Tabraca's thick woods, is seen to scrape.

————— Some comfort

"We have in dropping early—we expire,
"And not without men's pity; to live still,
"Have their good wishes; thus, too, we prevent
"The loathsome misery of age, beguile
"The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
"For grey approachers."— *Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Again,

"For as our age increases, so vexations,
"Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
"Rheums, coughs, catarrhs—we're but our living coffins:
"Besides, the fair soul's old too." *Wife for a Month.*

And Spenser, in a stanza of surpassing beauty,

"O why do wretched men so much desire
"To draw their days unto the utmost date,
"And do not rather wish them soon expire;
"Knowing the miseries of their estate,
"And thousand perils which them still awate,
"Tossing them like a boat amid the mayne:
"That every hour they knock at Deathe's gate;
"And he that happiest seems, and least in payne,
"Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth playne."

VER. 287. *In Tabraca's &c.*] "A city in the maritime part of Libya," the old Scholiast says, "near which is a thick wood abounding in apes." It is probably the modern Tunis. Strabo quotes an entertaining passage from Posidonius, respecting the vast number of those animals which he saw there, and with whose gambols he was entertained in his voyage along the coast.

Strength, beauty, and a thousand charms beside,
 With sweet distinction, youth from youth divide;
 While age presents one universal face:
 A faltering voice, a weak and trembling pace,
 An ever-dropping nose, a forehead bare,
 And toothless gums to mumble o'er its fare.
 Poor wretch! behold him, tottering to his fall,
 So loathsome to himself, wife, children, all,
 That those who hoped the legacy to share,
 And flatter'd long,—disgusted, disappear.
 The sluggish palate dull'd, the feast no more
 Excites the same sensations as of yore;
 Taste, feeling, all, a universal blot,
 And e'en the rites of love remember'd not:
 Or if,—through the long night he feebly strives,
 To raise a flame where not a spark survives;
 While Venus marks the effort with distrust,
 And hates the gray decrepitude of lust.

VER. 294. *Poor wretch! behold him, &c.*] This is illustrated by a pretty quatrain in the Anthologia:

Αν περιλειφθῇ μικρὸν ἐν ἀγῆσιν ἡδεὸς οἶνου,

Εἰς οἶνον τρεφεται τοῦτο τὸ λειπομένον·

Οὕτως ἀνίλησας τὸν ὅλον βίον, εἰς βαδὺ δ' ἐλθὼν,

Γῆρας ὁ πρεσβυτῆς γίγνεται οἰσυχολός.

“I have never,” says Dr. Ireland, on the verse of Juvenal quoted above, “read this passage without commiseration for Paganism, which could not call in one comfort of a higher nature to place against the common ills of life!”

Another loss !—no joy can song inspire,
 Though famed Seleucus lead the warbling quire :
 The sweetest airs escape him ; and the lute,
 Which thrills the general ear, to him is mute.—
 He sits, perhaps, too distant : bring him near ;
 Alas ! 'tis still the same : he scarce can hear
 The deep-toned horn, the trumpet's clanging sound,
 And the loud blast which shakes the benches round.
 Even at his ear, his slave must bawl the hour,
 And shout the comer's name, with all his power !

Add that a fever only, warms his veins,
 And thaws the little blood which yet remains ;
 That ill of every kind, and every name,
 Rush in, and seize the unresisting frame.
 Ask you how many ? I could sooner say,
 How many drudges Hippias kept in pay,
 How many orphans Basilus beguiled,
 How many pupils Hæmolus defiled,
 How many men long Maura overmatch'd,
 How many patients Themison dispatch'd,

VER. 318. *That ill of every kind, &c.*] So Plautus, but more soberly,

“ ——— ut ætas mala merx, mala est tergo !

“ Nam res plurimas pessumas, cum advenit, affert,

“ Quas si autumem omneis, nimis longus sermo sit.”

Mænech. A. v. S. 2.

VER. 324. *How many men long Maura, &c.*] This is the aban-

In one short autumn ; nay, perhaps, record,
How many villas call my quondam barber lord !

These their shrunk shoulders, those their hams
This hath no eyes, and envies that with one : [bemoan,
This takes, as helpless at the board he stands,
His food, with bloodless lips, from others' hands ;
While that, whose eager jaws, instinctive, spread
At every feast, gapes feebly to be fed,
Like Progne's brood, when, laden with supplies,
From bill to bill, the fasting mother flies.

But other ills, and worse, succeed to those :
His limbs long since were gone ; his memory goes.
Poor driveller ! he forgets his servants quite,
Forgets, at morn, with whom he supp'd at night ;

doned profligate who is introduced with such indignation in the sixth satire. I have preserved the epithet *longa*, which was, perhaps, characteristick, though we now are ignorant of its precise import.—She might be, perhaps, like Butler's Rumour, —“ a tall *long-sided* dame.” It is observed in the introduction, that these agglomerations of personal satire thus unexpectedly introduced, though extremely interesting, and doubtless entertaining to Juvenal's contemporaries, have naturally lost all effect with us, except that they give an air of contemporary history to the satire.

VER. 335. ———— *the fasting mother, &c.*] This pretty picture of maternal solicitude is literally from Homer :

Ὡς δ' ὄρνις ἀπὶ ἡσυχίᾳ νεοσσοῖσι προφέρει.

Μαζακ', ἐπεὶ κε λαβῇσι, κακῶς δ' ἀρὰ οἱ πέλει αὐτῇ. II. IX.

Forgets the children he begot and bred ;
 And makes a strumpet heiress in their stead.—
 So much avails it the rank arts to use,
 Gain'd, by long practice, in the loathsome stews !

But grant his senses unimpair'd remain ;
 Still woes on woes succeed, a mournful train !
 He sees his sons, his daughters, all expire,
 His faithful consort on the funeral pyre,
 Sees brothers, sisters, friends, to ashes turn,
 And all he loved, or loved him, in their urn.
 Lo here, the dreadful fine we ever pay,
 For life protracted to a distant day !
 To see our house by sickness, pain pursued,
 And scenes of death incessantly renew'd :
 In sable weeds to waste the joyless years,
 And drop, at last, mid solitude and tears !

The Pylian's (if we credit Homer's page)
 Was only second to the raven's age.

VER. 350. *Lo here, the dreadful fine, &c.*] “These,” exclaims poor Swift, in the midst of his agonizing fears for Stella's death, “These are the perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation, to have one's best friends go before one.”

VER. 356. *The Pylian's, &c.*] Nestor lived either three centuries, or three ages, as the reader pleases. In either case, if he was immediately second to the raven, he was *longo proximus intervallo*; for that bird was supposed to be of portentous longevity; but see Sat. xiv.

“ O happy, sure, beyond the common rate,
 “ Who warded off, so long, the stroke of fate !
 “ Who told his years by centuries, who so oft
 “ Quaff’d the new must ! O happy, sure”— But, soft.
 This “ happy” man of destiny complain’d,
 Curs’d his gray hairs, and every god arraign’d ;
 What time he lit the pyre, with streaming eyes,
 And, in dark volumes, saw the flames arise

VER. 360. *Who told his years by centuries,*] —*suos jam dextra computat annos*, told his years on his right hand. The ancients had a way of numbering with their fingers ; they reckoned on the left hand as far as a hundred, and “ all above,” says Madan, “ on the right.” This is not correct ; for after a certain number, on which the criticks are not agreed, they returned to the left. Nestor, we see, was got to the right hand ; but I find mention made of an old lady, in the Anthologia, who had travelled back to the left, and consequently far surpassed him in years :

‘Η πολλή κροταφοῖσι Κοτυτῆρις, ἡ πολυμυθὸς
 Γραία, δι’ ἣν Νέστωρ οὐκ ἐτι πρεσβυτάτος·
 ‘Η φάος ἀδρησασ’ ἐλαφροῦ πλεον, ἡ χερὶ λαιῇ
 Γήρας ἀριθμείσθαι δευτέρων ἀρξάμενη.

Holyday has a very long note on this subject, which he illustrates by a curious table, showing the different inflections of the fingers, and positions of the hands necessary to produce the requisite numbers : as a whole it is tedious, but it may be consulted with great advantage.

VER. 364. *What time he lit the pyre, &c.*] Our author had Propertius in view ; he has, however, improved upon him :

“ Non ille Antilochi vidisset corpus humati :
 “ Diceret aut, O Mors, cur mihi sera venis ?” *Lib. ii. 13.*

From this passage, as well as from that in the text, I think it

Round his Antilochus:—"Tell me," he cried,
 To every friend who linger'd at his side, [hate,
 "Tell me what crimes have roused the Immortals'
 "That thus, in vengeance, they protract my date?"

So question'd heaven Laertes—Peleus so—
 (Their hoary heads bow'd to the grave with woe)
 While This bewail'd his son, at Ilium slain;
 That his, long wandering o'er the faithless main.

While Troy yet flourish'd, had her Priam died,
 With what solemnity, what funeral pride,
 Had he descended, every duty paid,
 To old Assaracus, illustrious shade!—
 Hector himself, bedew'd with many a tear,
 Had join'd his brothers to support the bier;

probable that Juvenal alludes to some customary form, or expression, of grief at lighting the funeral pile, to which it was the melancholy duty of the nearest relation of the deceased, to apply the first torch. See a beautiful epigram in the Greek Anthology, lately published:

"With the same torch that Hymen gladly led
 "The expecting virgin to the nuptial bed,
 "The weeping husband lit the funeral pyre,
 "And saw the dreary flames of death aspire."

VER. 378. *Hector himself, &c.*] This picturesque passage details the funeral ceremonies of the Eastern nations, with whom, as customs are little exposed to change, they obtain at this day, much as they did in the age of Priam. The body is usually carried by the sons; while the daughters, (followed by a long train

And Troy's dejected dames, a numerous train,
Follow'd, in sable pomp, and wept amain,
As sad Polyxena her pall had rent,
And wild Cassandra raised the loud lament:
Had he but fall'n, ere his adulterous boy
Spread his bold sails, and left the shores of Troy.

But what did lengthen'd life avail the sire?
To see his realm laid waste by sword and fire.
Then too, too late, the feeble soldier tried
Unequal arms, and flung his crown aside;
Totter'd, his children's murderer to repel,
With trembling haste, and at Jove's altar fell,
Fell without effort; like the steer, that, now,
Time-worn and weak, and, by the ungrateful plough,
Spurn'd forth to slaughter, to the master's knife,
Yields his shrunk veins, and miserable life.

of females, sometimes brought together by affection, but more commonly hired for the purpose,) break out, at stated periods, into piercing lamentations, which are instantly taken up, and re-echoed by the whole procession. It is a solemn and an affecting service.

VER. 391. — *and at Jove's altar fell,*] This altar is particularly noticed by Virgil, in his pathetick description of Priam's fate:

“Ingens ara fuit, juxtaque veterrima laurus

“Incumbens aræ, atque umbra complexa penates.”

How beautiful a relief to the wide scene of blood and devastation around it!

His end, howe'er, was human ; while his mate,
 Doom'd, in a brute, to drain the dregs of fate,
 Pursued the foes of Troy from shore to shore,
 And bark'd, and howl'd at those she curs'd before.
 I pass, while hastening to the Roman page,
 The Pontick king, and Cræsus, whom the Sage

VER. 397. *Doom'd, in a brute, to drain the dregs of fate.*] So
 Plautus : *Non tu scis, &c.*

Me. Hark ye, my mistress ! do you know why Greece
 Feign'd Hecuba was turn'd into a bitch ?

Wom. Not I, indeed.

Me. I'll tell you then ; because
 She rail'd and raved at every one she met,
 As you do now,—and therefore was she call'd,
 And rightly call'd, a bitch. *Menæc. Ac. v. Sc. i.*

She is described, in some of the old writers, as running along
 the shores of the Hellespont, and barking at the Greeks, as they
 sailed by.

VER. 401. ———— *the Sage*] Solon. The story to which
 Juvenal alludes is to be found in Herodotus. It had already
 furnished Ovid with some fine lines :

“ ———— scilicet ultima semper

“ Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus

“ Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.”

Unless he may be thought to have borrowed them from the ter-
 mination of that pathetick and beautiful speech, which concludes
 the *Œdipus Tyrannus* :

‘Ωστε, θνητον οντ’, εκεινην την τελευταιαν ιδειν

‘Ημεραν επισκοπουντα, μηδεν’ ολβιζειν, πριν αν

Τερμα του βιου περαση, μηδεν αλγεινον παθων.

Wisely forbad in fortune to confide,
Or take the name of HAPPY, till he died.

That Marius, exiled from his native plains,
Was hid in fens, discover'd, bound in chains;
That, bursting these, to Africa he fled, [bread,
And, through the realms he conquer'd, begg'd his
Arose from age, from treacherous age alone :
For what had Rome, or earth, so happy known,

VER. 404. *That Marius, exiled, &c.*] The particulars in the text are copied from Paterculus. The example, indeed, is less happily chosen than that of Sejanus; for though the mutability of fortune in his case was singular and extreme, yet his end was fortunate. Lucan has noticed it in his best manner:

“ Ille fuit vitæ Mario modus, omnia passo

“ Quæ peior fortuna potest, atque omnibus uso

“ Quæ melior, mensoque, homini quid fata pararent.”

Stapylton says that “the Minturnian fens, in which Marius lay hid, were in Switzerland!” For this accurate piece of topography he was indebted to the old Scholiast. The spot, however, lies on the right hand of the ferry of the Garigliano as you go from Rome to Naples.

In the concluding lines of this passage, Juvenal seems to have had Ovid in his thoughts: he has, however, soared far above him in magnificence of expression. Sublimity, indeed, is not the characteristic of Ovid's poetry, which is chiefly distinguished for grace and ease, and unequalled freedom and perspicuity. The poet is speaking of Manlius:

“ Quam bene, Dî magni! pugna cecidisset in illa

“ Defensor solii, Jupiter alte, tui!

“ Vixit, ut occideret damnatus crimine regni.

“ Hunc illi titulum longa senecta dabat.” *Fast. l. vi.*

Had he, in that blest moment, ceased to live,
 When, graced with all that Victory could give,
 "Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"
 He first alighted from his Cimbrian car!

Campania, prescient of her Pompey's fate,
 Sent a kind fever to arrest his date:

When lo! a thousand suppliant altars rise,
 And publick prayers obtain him of the skies.

Ill done! that head, thus rescued from the grave,
 His Evil Fate and ours, by Nilus' wave,
 Lopt from the trunk:—such mutilation dire,
 Cornelius 'scaped; Cethegus fell entire;
 And Catiline press'd, whole, the funeral pyre.

VER. 414. *Campania, prescient of her Pompey's fate, &c.*] This too, is to be found in Paterculus; but Juvenal was more immediately indebted for it, as well as for the story of Priam in a former page, to that store-house of ethical and moral wisdom, the Tusculan Questions; there the two examples follow each other, and we shall see that our author has not only adopted the circumstances, but the words of Cicero: *Priamum autem tanta progenie orbatum, cum in aram confugisset, hostilis manus interemit. Hic si vivis filiis, incolumi regno, occidisset, utrum tandem a bonis, an a malis discessisset? tum profecto videretur a bonis, &c.* He then subjoins, *Pompeio nostro familiari, cum graviter ægrotaret Neapoli utrum igitur, si tum esset extinctus, a bonis rebus, an a malis discessisset? certe a miseris Qui si mortem tum obiisset, in amplissimis fortunis occidisset; is propagatione vitæ quot, quantas, quam incredibiles hausit calamitates?* Lib. i.

VER. 420. *Lopt from the trunk: &c.*]

Whene'er the fane of Venus meets her eye,
 The anxious mother breathes a secret sigh,
 For handsome boys ; but asks, with bolder prayer,
 That all her girls be exquisitely fair !
 " And wherefore, not ? Latona, in the sight
 " Of Dian's beauty, took unblamed delight."

" ————— Hoc juris habebat

" In tantum fortuna caput !"

The strange notion of the ancients, that their wounds and mutilations followed them to the other world, filled them with inexpressible horror at the idea of being dismembered in this. Suetonius tells us, that the last and most earnest request of the wretched Nero to his few followers was, that his head might not be severed from his body, but that he might be burnt entire, *totus cremaretur*. Nero, 49.

VER. 422. *And Catiline pressed, whole, &c.*] But is there not an oversight here ? Had it escaped Juvenal that Catiline experienced the fate of Pompey, except, indeed, that he did not fall by the hand of an alien ? The messengers who brought the account of Catiline's defeat to Rome, brought also his head, which the Consul (Antonius) had ordered to be cut off, to put his fate beyond dispute :

" ————— Ergo fortuna ipsius et urbis

" Servatum victo caput abstulit."

Cornelius Lentulus and Cethegus were strangled in prison, and delivered to their friends for interment. Juvenal appears to have been a Pompeian. This was to be expected ; but, indeed, the cause of Pompey was popular at this time, and " Cato and the Gods," were pretty nearly of the same opinion about it.

VER. 427. ————— " Latona, in the sight

" Of Dian's beauty, took unblamed delight." An allusion to Homer,

————— γεγῆθε δε τε φρενα Λατω, κ. τ. α.

True ; but Lucretia curs'd her fatal charms,
 When spent with struggling in a Tarquin's arms ;
 And poor Virginia would have changed her grace,
 For Rutila's crook'd back, and homely face.

“ But boys may still be fair ? ” No ; they destroy
 Their parents' peace, and murder all their joy ;
 For rarely do we meet, in one combined,
 A beauteous body and a virtuous mind,
 Though, through the rugged line, there still has run,
 A Sabine sanctity, from sire to son.—
 Besides, should nature, in her kindest mood,
 Confer the ingenuous flush of modest blood,
 The disposition chaste as unsunn'd snow—
 (And what can nature more than these bestow,
 These, which no art, no care can give ?)—even then,
 They cannot hope, they must not, to be men !

VER. 443. ————— even then,

They cannot hope, they must not, to be men ! It is
 to the praise of Domitian, (alas ! for Trajan,) that the mutila-
 tion of boys was prohibited during his reign :

Nunc, says Statius very finely,

“ ————— nunc frangere sexum

“ Atque hominem mutilare nefas, gavisaque solos

“ Quos genuit, Natura videt ! ”

Some of Martial's best epigrams are on this subject ; the fol-
 lowing lines bear a close resemblance to the text ;

“ Non puer avari sectus arte mangonis

“ Virilitatis damna moeret ereptæ :

Smit with their charms, the imps of hell appear,
 And pour their proffers in a parent's ear,
 For prostitution!—infamously bold,
 And trusting to the almighty power of gold:
 While youths in shape and air less form'd to please,
 No tyrants mutilate, no Neros seize.

Go now, and triumph in your beauteous boy,
 Your Ganymede! whom other ills annoy,
 And other dangers wait: his graces known,
 He stands profess'd, the favourite of the town;
 And dreads, incessant dreads, on every hand,
 The vengeance which a husband's wrongs demand:
 For sure detection follows soon or late;
 Born under Mars, he cannot scape his fate.

“Nec quam superbus computet stipem leno,

“Dat prostituto misera mater infanti.” *Lib. ix. 7.*

As do these:

“Jam cunæ lenonis erant, ut ab ubere raptus

“Sordida vagitu poseeret æra puer.

“Immatura dabant infandas corpora pœnas,” &c.

I have given credit, with Amm. Marcell. and others, to Domitian for this humane and salutary restriction. Xiphilinus, however, will not allow this solitary sprig to decorate his brows; he says that he did it to insult the memory of his brother, whom, as well as his father, he had a perverse pleasure in counteracting on all occasions: *Και δια τουτο, καιπερ και αυτῷ Εαρινου τινῷ ευνουχου ερων, ὁμως, επειδη και ὁ Τιτος ισχυρως περι τους εκτομιας εσπουδακει, απηγορευσεν επι εκεινου ὑβρει, μηδενα επι εν τη των Ρωμαιων αρχη εκτεμνεσθαι* *Lib. LXVII. § 2.*

Oft on the adulterer too, the furious spouse
 Inflicts worse evils than the law allows ;
 By blows, stripes, gashes some are robb'd of breath,
 And others, by the mullet, rack'd to death.

“ But my Endymion will more lucky prove,
 “ And serve a beauteous mistress, all for love.”
 No ; he will soon to ugliness be sold,
 And serve a toothless grandam, all for gold.
 Servilia will not lose him ; jewels, clothes,
 All, all she sells, and all on him bestows ;
 For women nought to the dear youth deny,
 Or think his labours can be bought too high :
 When love's the word, the naked sex appear,
 And every niggard is a spendthrift here.

“ But if my boy with virtue be endued,
 “ What harm will beauty do him?” Nay, what good ?
 Say, what avail'd, of old, to Theseus son,
 The stern resolve ? what, to Bellerophon ?—

VER. 459. *Oft on the adulterer too, the furious spouse
 Inflicts worse evils, &c.*] See many instances of this
 in Val. Maximus, lib. vi. c. 1, § 13. With respect to the pu-
 nishment mentioned in the next line, (the being clystered, as
 Holyday expresses it, with a mullet,) it was allowed by no
 written law ; but seems to have been an old and approved
 method of gratifying private vengeance.

One of the commentators (Isidorus) thinks the fish was se-
 lected for this singular purpose, on account of its anti-venereal
 properties ; but he confounds the mugilis with the mullus.

VER. 475. *Say, what avail'd, of old, to Theseus' son, &c.*] The

O, then did Phædra redden, then her pride
Took fire, to be so stedfastly denied !
Then, too, did Sthenobœa glow with shame,
And both burst forth with unextinguish'd flame !
A woman scorn'd is pitiless as fate,
For, there, the dread of shame adds stings to hate.

But Silius comes.—Now, be thy judgment tried :
Shall he accept, or not, the proffer'd bride,
And marry Cæsar's wife ? hard point, in truth :
Lo ! this most noble, this most beauteous youth,
Is hurried off, a helpless sacrifice
To the lewd glance of Messalina's eyes !
—Haste, bring the victim : in the nuptial vest,
Already see the impatient Empress drest ;

adventures of Hippolitus, the son of Theseus, and Bellerophon are well known. They were accused of incontinence, by the women whose inordinate passions they had refused to gratify at the expense of their duty ; and sacrificed to the fatal credulity of the husbands of the disappointed fair ones. It is very probable that both the stories are founded on the Scripture account of Joseph and Potiphar's wife.

VER. 483. *But Silius comes.*—&c.] Tacitus agrees with Juvenal. "The graces of the form and manners of this young man (Caius Silius) were highly celebrated. That Messalina might enjoy her favourite without a rival, she obliged him to repudiate his wife Julia Silana, a lady of noble birth. Silius was neither blind to the magnitude of the crime of marrying the empress, nor to the danger of not complying. On the whole, however, he resolved to hazard the future consequences, and enjoy the present moment." *Ann.* xi. 11.

The genial couch prepared, the accustomed sum
 Told out, the augurs and the notaries come.
 “But why all these?” You think, perhaps, the rite
 Were better, known to few, and kept from sight:
 Not so the lady; she abhors a flaw,
 And wisely calls for every form of law.
 But what shall Silius do? refuse to wed?
 A moment sees him number’d with the dead.
 Consent, and gratify the eager dame?
 He gains a respite, till the tale of shame,
 Thro’ town and country, reach the Emperour’s ear,
 Still sure the last—his own disgrace to hear.

VER. 489. ————— *In the nuptial vest*

Already see the impatient Empress drest,] Here is no exaggeration: all passed precisely as our author describes it. The folly and enormity of the transaction seem to have struck Suetonius, and yet more Tacitus, with astonishment.—“That a Consul elect, and the wife of an emperour, on a day appointed, should dare to affront the publick eye, and sign a contract, with express provision for the issue of an unlawful marriage, will hardly gain credit with posterity: still less, that the Empress should hear the ceremony pronounced by the augurs, and in her turn repeat the words; that she should join in a sacrifice to the gods, take her place at the nuptial banquet, exchange caresses, &c. But the facts here related are well attested by writers at that period, and by grave and elderly men, who lived at the time, and were informed of every circumstance.” *Tacit. Ann. xi. 27.*

VER. 502. *Still sure the last,—&c.*] This is an allusion to the sottish stupidity of Claudius, who was with great difficulty per-

Then let him, if a day's precarious life
 Be worth his study, make the fair his wife ;
 For wed or not, poor youth, 'tis still the same,
 And still the axe must mangle that fine frame !

Say then, shall man, deprived all power of choice
 Ne'er raise to Heaven the supplicating voice ?

suaded to credit the report of Messalina's infamy, after it had been long notorious to all the world ; and with greater still, induced to issue the final orders for her punishment.

VER. 507. *Say then, shall man, &c.*] We are now drawing towards the end of this divine Satire, which finishes in a manner highly worthy of the grave and solemn dignity with which it has been hitherto conducted. As the author has so clearly proved, that those ideal advantages which we commonly make the subject of our petitions, are too often dangerous and destructive ; the conclusion, that we should leave the granting or withholding of them to an unerring and gracious providence, is at once rational and pious.

Chaucer has some pleasing lines on the subject :

“ Alas, why playnen men so in commune
 “ Of purveyance of God, or of fortune,
 “ That yeveth hem full oft in many a gise,
 “ Well bette than hem selfe can devise !”

Knight's Tale.

And Spenser,

“ In vaine, said then old Melibee, doe men
 “ The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse ;
 “ Sith they know best, what is the best for them—
 “ For, they to each such fortune doe diffuse
 “ As they do knowe each can most aptly use.
 “ For, not that, which men covet most, is best,
 “ Nor that thing worst which men doe most refuse :
 “ But fittest is, that all contented rest
 “ With that they hold : each hath his fortune in his brest.”

Not so ; but to the gods his fortunes trust :
 Their thoughts are wise, their dispensations just.
 What best may profit or delight they know,
 And real good for fancied bliss bestow :
 With eyes of pity they our frailties scan ;
 More dear to them, than to himself, is man.
 By blind desire, by headlong passion driven,
 For wife and heirs we daily weary Heaven ;
 Yet still 'tis Heaven's prerogative to know,
 If heirs, or wife, will bring us weal or wo.

But, (for 'tis good our humble hope to prove,)
 That thou mayst, still, ask something, from above ;
 Thy pious offerings to the temple bear,
 And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer.

O THOU, who know'st the wants of human kind,
 Vouchsafe me health of body, health of mind ;

VER. 519. *But, (for 'tis good, &c.]* “Though the deity is inclined,” says Owen, “by his own benignity to bless his creatures, yet he expects the outward expressions of devotion from the rational part of them.” This is certainly what Juvenal means to inculcate : hence his earnest recommendation of a due regard to the publick and ceremonial part of religion.

It is lamentable to see Dryden turning a solemn admonition to pay those external marks of respect which all dependent beings owe to the Creator, into one of those trite and senseless sneers at the priesthood, which were the scandal of his own times, and are the disgrace of ours.

VER. 524. *Vouchsafe me health, &c.]* Epicurus, in his epistle to Menæceus, preserved by Diog. Laert. points out as the only

A soul prepared to meet the frowns of fate,
 And look undaunted on a future state ;
 That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
 Existence nobly, with its weight of care ;
 That anger and desire alike restrains,
 And counts Alcides' toils, and cruel pains,
 Superiour far to banquets, wanton nights,
 And all the Assyrian monarch's soft delights !

Here bound, at length, thy wishes. I but teach,
 What blessings man, by his own powers, may reach.

essential object of a wise man's attention, *την του σωματος
 υγίειαν, και την της ψυχης αταραξίαν.*

VER. 532. — *the Assyrian monarch*] Sardanapalus ; a formidable name for a verse of ten syllables !

VER. 533. ————— *I but teach, &c.*] This has been thought to savour of the sufficiency of Stoicism, but without reason : since it must, in fairness, be restricted to the independence of the wise and virtuous man on fortune. Wisdom and virtue, indeed, Juvenal thought, with the rest of the heathen world, that men could attain by their own exertions ; but there were some at Rome, as Madan finely observes, at that time, who could have taught him, that EVERY GOOD GIFT, AND EVERY PERFECT GIFT, IS FROM ABOVE ; AND COMETH DOWN FROM THE FATHER OF LIGHTS.

I cannot conclude without noticing an observation of Mr. Gibbon on this Satire. After bestowing great, and indeed just praise on its design and execution, he adds : “*A propos des dieux, je remarque cette indécision, &c.*” I remark in Juvenal that want of decision with respect to the gods, which is so common amongst the ancients. This moment nothing can be more pious, more philosophical, than his resignation and his faith ; the next, our

THE PATH TO PEACE IS VIRTUE. We should see,
If wise, O Fortune, nought divine in thee :

own wisdom is sufficient for us, and prudence alone supplies the place of all the divinities." And this was written by a sneerer at Revelation ! I am not he "that judgeth another man's servant," but methinks, if one rose from the dead, he could not evince the superiority of the pious and humble believer, over the bewildered yet confident infidel, by stronger arguments than are here adduced by this extraordinary man, WHO HAD EYES AND SAW NOT !

VER. 535. ————— *We should see,
If wise, O Fortune, &c.]* So Tasso,

" —————sovente avvien che 'l saggio e 'l forte
" Fabbro a sè stesso è di beate sorte."

Thus rendered by Fairfax, in his admirable translation, with an eye, perhaps, to our author :

" They make their fortunes, who are stout and wise,
" Wit rules the heavens, discretion guides the skies."

And Higgins more at large :

" 'Tis said a wise man all mishaps withstands ;
" For though by storms we borne to mischiefs are,
" Yet grace and prudence bayle our careful bands ;
" Each man, they say, his fate hath in his hands,
" And what he marres, or makes to leese, or save,
" Of good or ill, is ev'n self doe, self have."

Mirr. of Magist.

The thought itself is from Epicurus. Either from choice or necessity, Juvenal has wandered from sect to sect to collect the materials of his perfect man. He begins with Zeno, but he

But we have deified a name alone,
And fix'd in heaven thy visionary throne!

reverts, as usual, to Epicurus, whom he seems to have regarded with complacency.

I have been told that the version of this passage in the Quarto edition was more successful than that above. It may be so; but I was apprehensive that it would be considered as not sufficiently close to the original, which is sententious and abrupt. These were the lines:

“ This, thou to give thyself mayst well suffice :
The only path to Peace through Virtue lies.
O Fortune, Fortune ! all thy boasted powers
Would shrink to nothing, were but wisdom ours ;
But man, fond man, exalts thee to the spheres,
And clothes thee in the attributes he fears.”

Now I have given this, I will fill up the page with my school-translation of the passage, which I once thought very fine. O how many of these “ Delilahs ” have been sacrificed to a sense of duty ! If I am wrong, I merit pity ; for I have left a smooth and flowery path for one abounding in difficulties.

Should heaven, in mercy, hear thy pious prayer,
Then mayst thou look within—for bliss is there ;
Since truth, (too powerful e'er to be withstood,) Says—“ to be happy is but—to be good.”
Seek VIRTUE then. The wise man knows alone,
That joy, and peace, and love are all her own :
But fools, who ne'er received her sacred laws,
And saw the effect, unknowing of the cause,
Believed such power peculiar to the Gods,
And raised blind Fortune to the blest abodes.

SATIRE XI.

Argument.

THIS Satire consists principally of an invitation to Persicus, the poet's friend, to spend the day with him ; but it is made the vehicle of much valuable information, and much amusing description.

It begins with a severe invective against a person of the Equestrian Order, (here called Rutilus,) who had wasted his property in riot and profusion ; and from whose reduced and miserable state Juvenal takes occasion to draw many admirable maxims for the due regulation of life. These introduce, with sufficient propriety, the little picture of his own domestick economy ; which is followed by a most pleasing view of the simplicity of ancient manners, artfully contrasted with the extravagance and luxury of the current times. He then enters at length into the particulars of his purposed entertainment, and concludes with a spirited description of the scandalous excesses practised at the tables of the great, and an earnest recommendation to his friend, to enjoy the present with content, and to await the future with calmness and moderation.

This is unquestionably one of Juvenal's last works. It has all the characteristic of age : the laudator temporis acti is ever foremost in the scene ; and I please myself with thinking that time had mellowed and improved the social feelings of the author. Here is indeed much to be seen of those strong and elevated passions which distinguish his earlier writings ; but softer and more amiable sentiments have their turn ; and the narrative old man appears as a warm friend, a generous landlord, and a most kind and affectionate master of a family.

I do not like his guest. He is a morose and suspicious character : sufficiently unhappy, it seems, in his domestick concerns ; but careful

about many things, which Juvenal seems to think might better be dismissed from his thoughts.

This Satire has always been my favourite. A predilection which I probably derived from the friend and patron of my youth; who was so much pleased with it, that he undertook to translate it for this work. He had scarcely proceeded, however, to the thirtieth line, when he returned it, with an observation that it was "above his strength." His death followed immediately after. Had he lived, I should probably have suppressed the lines; now, it seems a duty to insert them: I have, however, taken great pains to assimilate them to the rest.

SATIRE XI.

TO PERSICUS.

V. 1—10.

IF Atticus in sumptuous fare delight,
'Tis taste: if Rutilus, 'tis madness quite:
And what diverts the sneering rabble more
Than an Apicius miserably poor?

In every company, go where you will,
Bath, forum, theatre, the talk is still
Of Rutilus!—While fit (they cry) to wield,
With firm and vigorous arm, the spear, and shield,
While his full veins beat high with youthful blood,
Forced by no tribune—yet by none withstood,

VER. 4. *Than an Apicius, &c.*] Apicius (vol. i. p. 146) was, says Stapylton, “so exquisite a glutton, that he wrote a book of cookery; and so rich, that he made all his experiments at his own cost.” Nothing in life, however, became him like the leaving of it; for, after spending near eight hundred thousand pounds in luxurious living, he poisoned himself, while he had yet fourscore thousand pounds left, for fear of wanting a meal!

VER. 10. *Forced by no tribune—&c.*] Juvenal had already observed, in the eighth Satire, that young men of family and fortune entered the lists, not, as formerly, by the compulsion of

He cultivates the gladiator's trade,
And learns the imperious language of the blade.

What swarms we see of this degenerate kind !
Swarms whom their creditors can only find,
At flesh and fish-stalls :—thither they repair,
Sure, though deceived at home, to catch them there.
These live but for their palate ; and, of these,
The most distress'd, (while Ruin hastes to seize
The crumbling mansion and disparting wall,)
Spread richer feasts, and riot as they fall !—
Meanwhile, ere yet the last supply be spent,
They search for dainties every element,
Awed by no price ; nay, making this their boast,
And still preferring that which costs them most,
Joyous, and reckless of to-morrow's fate,
To raise a desperate sum, they pledge their plate,
Or mother's fractured image ; to prepare
Yet one treat more, though but in earthen ware !

the reigning tyrant ; but from a principle of depravity. Here he goes further, and insinuates that it is not sufficient for the magistrates not to compel men to disgrace themselves ; they ought, as guardians of the publick honour, to do more ; to supply the deficiency of the laws, and prohibit so scandalous a prostitution.

What he calls the imperious language of the blade, (*regia verba*,) is thought to be the commanding terms used in the schools of the gladiators, such as *percute*, *urge*, *cæde*, &c.

VER. 27. Or mother's fractured image ; &c.] *Matris imagine*

Then to the fencer's mess they come, of course,
And mount the scaffold as a last resource.

No foe to sumptuous boards, I only scan,
When such are spread, the motives, and the man,
And praise or censure as I see the feast,
Or by the noble, or the beggar, drest :
In this, 'tis gluttony ; in that, fit pride,
Sanctioned by wealth, by station dignified.—
Whip me the fool, who marks how Atlas soars
O'er every hill on Mauritania's shores,
Yet sees no difference 'twixt the coffer's hoards,
And the poor pittance a small purse affords ! [prest,
Heaven sent us, "KNOW THYSELF!"—Be this im-
In living characters, upon thy breast,

fracta ; fractured, Lubin says, that it might not be known by the pawnbroker. Calderinus thinks there is an allusion here to some well known story, which is not improbable. There is much poignancy in the circumstance—of exchanging plate for luxuries to be eaten out of earthen dishes ! In the third Satire, all ranks of people are described as ashamed of it, at Rome, *fictilibus cœnare pudet* : so that the gluttony of these spendthrifts must have been excessive, to enable them to overcome the prevailing prejudice in so delicate a point. The "mess" mentioned in a subsequent line was a particular kind of coarse and unctuous food, to which gladiators were restricted some time before they were brought out to engage. The commentators suppose it to be a mixture of cheese and flour ; this is also Holyday's opinion, who terms it "a special diet-bread to advantage the combatants at once in breath and strength." See Sat. II. v. 80.

VER. 41. *Heaven sent us, "KNOW THYSELF!"*] This sacred

And still revolv'd ; whether a wife thou choose,
Or to the SACRED SENATE point thy views.—

maxim, Γνωθι σεαυτον, has been attributed to several of the ancients ; to Pythagoras, to Thales, and to Chilo. Be whose it may, however, it was deemed of such importance as to be inscribed, in gold letters, over the portico of the temple at Delphi. Hence, perhaps, came the notion, in aftertimes, that it was immediately derived from heaven : no improbable conjecture, if we consider that it is the foundation of all knowledge ; and little favourable to that over-weening self-love which the wisest of the heathens cherished, amidst all their professions of humility.

The comick poets, to whom nothing was sacred, have, of course, made free with this : Menander pleasantly observes,

Καὶ πολλὰ ἄρ' ἐστὶν οὐ καλῶς εἰρημένον
Τὸ ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΑΤΤΟΝ, χρησιμώτερον γὰρ ἢ
Τὸ ΓΝΩΘΙ ΤΟΥΣ ἈΛΛΟΥΣ.

Away with that famed sentence KNOW THYSELF !

'Tis not well put ; KNOW OTHERS, to my thinking,
Is a more apt and profitable maxim.

And to this Le Sage alludes with his usual felicity : “ *Loin de m'exhorter à ne tromper personne, mes parens devoient me recommander de ne me laisser duper.*” Gil Blas.

VER. 44. Or to the SACRED SENATE, &c.] The undaunted spirit which could thus designate the senate in those days of tyranny and suspicion, deserves at least to be pointed out !— There follows in the original,

“ ——— nec enim lorica[m] poscit Achillis,

“ Thersites, in qua se traducebat Ulysses

“ Ancipitem.”

Nor did Thersites at that armour aim,

To which Ulysses, trembling, urged his claim.

One of the commentators, (the same, I suspect, who discovered

Or seek'st thou rather, in some doubtful cause,
 To vindicate thy country's injured laws?
 Knock at thy bosom, play the censor's part,
 And note with caution, what and who thou art,
 An orator of force and skill profound,
 Or a mere Matho, emptiness and sound!
 Yes, KNOW THYSELF: in great concerns, in small,
 Be this thy care, for this, my friend, is all:
 Nor, when thy purse will scarce a gudgeon buy,
 With fond intemperance, for turbots sigh!
 O think what end awaits thee, timely think,
 If thy throat widens as thy pockets shrink,

that Sancho's ass was in two places at once,) has detected an error here. Thersites, as appears from the undoubted authority of Q. Calaber, was brained by Achilles; he could not, therefore be present at the contention for his armour. Fatal as the objection is, I should not have thrown out the passage, had not its extreme awkwardness almost persuaded me, that it was one of those marginal trifles produced by the scholiasts under the idea of illustrating their author, and subsequently admitted into the text by a negligent or tasteless copyist.

VER. 50. *Or a mere Matho, emptiness and sound!*] For Matho see Sat. I. and VII. Our author is not to be deterred, by the altered fortunes of the man, from sneering at him *en passant*. It is probable, however, that Matho might not feel much hurt at a reflection on his unfitness for a profession which he had long since abandoned, to avoid starving; especially, after his success in his new occupation.

The character Juvenal gives of Matho is confirmed by Martial, who speaks of him (lib. iv. 80) as so pertinacious a bawler, that one almost wonders how he failed.

Thy throat, of all thy father's thrift could save,
 Flocks, herds, and fields, the insatiable grave!--
 At length, when nought remains a meal to bring,
 The last poor shift, off comes the knightly ring,
 And "sad Sir Pollio" begs his daily fare,
 With undistinguish'd hands, and finger bare!

To these, an early grave no terrouer brings.
 "A short and merry life!" the spendthrift sings;
 Death seems to him a refuge from despair,
 And far less terrible than hoary hair.

Mark now the progress of their rapid fate!
 Money, (regardless of the monthly rate,)
 On every side, they borrow, and apace,
 Waste what is raised before the lender's face:

VER. 60. ——— off comes the knightly ring,] Martial is very witty on this "knightly ring." A person, whom he chooses to attack under the name of Zoilus, had been raised from a state of servitude to knighthood, (no uncommon circumstance in those times,) and was determined to make the ring, the badge of his new honour, sufficiently conspicuous:

"Zoile, quid tota gemmam præcingere libra

"Te juvat, et miserum perdere sardonicha?

"Annulus iste tuis fuerat modo cruribus aptus;

"Non eadem digitis pondera conveniunt."

Lib. xi. 38.

May not something like this have been the case with another Zoilus (Crispinus)? If so, he might well be unable (vol. i. p. 12) to bear a ring of greater weight.

Then, while they yet some wretched remnant hold,
 And the pale usurer trembles for his gold,
 They wisely sicken for the country air,
 And flock to Baiæ, Ostia, Jove knows where.—
 For now 'tis held (so rife the evil's grown)
 No greater shame, for debt, to flee the town,
 Than from the throng'd Suburra to remove,
 In dogdays, to the Esquilian shades above.
 One thought alone, what time they leave behind,
 Friends, country, all, weighs heavy on their mind,
 One thought alone,—for twelve long months to lose,
 The dear delights of Rome, the publick shows !
 Where sleeps the modest blood ! In all our veins,
 No conscious drop, to form a blush, remains :
 SHAME, from the town, derided, speeds her way,
 And few, alas ! solicit her to stay.

Enough : to-day my Persicus shall see,
 Whether my precepts with my life agree ;
 Whether, with feign'd austerity, I prize
 The spare repast, a glutton in disguise !
 Bawl for coarse pottage, that my friends may hear,
 But whisper “ sweetmeats ! ” in my servant's ear.

VER. 91. *Bawl for coarse pottage, &c.*] I can find no better term than this for *puls*. It was a mixture of coarse meal and water, seasoned with salt, and sometimes enriched with an egg. Our hasty-pudding comes pretty near it: but hasty-pudding, unfortunately is rather of an anti-poetick cast. Pliny the Elder

For since, by promise, you are now my guest,
 Know, I invite you to no sumptuous feast,
 But to such simple fare, as, long, long since,
 The good Evander bade the Trojan prince.
 Come then, my friend, you will not, sure, despise
 The food that pleased the offspring of the skies;
 Come, and while fancy brings past times to view,
 I'll think myself the king, the hero you.

Take now your bill of fare: my simple board,
 Is with no dainties from the market stored,

says, that this puls was long the food of the ancient Romans, *pulte non pane vixisse longo tempore Romanos manifestum*; and their descendants, the poor of Italy, still consume vast quantities of it, under the name of *polenta*, or maccaroni, a little improved, indeed, by the addition of rasped cheese, and its never-failing attendant—rancid oil. A refinement in luxury, for which, according to Holyday, they have to thank the Greek philosophers!

VER. 97. *Come then, &c.*] This, I believe, is what Juvenal meant to insinuate, though he seems to have expressed himself with no great clearness, or felicity of allusion. To be plain, he has anticipated the advice of honest Dogberry, suffered “his reading and writing to appear, when there was no need of such vanity,” and produced his trite mythology at the expense of his taste. This is the literal rendering of the passage:

But to such simple fare, as, long long since,
 The good Evander bade the Argive prince;
 Or placed, in after times, that humbler guest,
 And yet, like him of heavenly birth confest:
 Both snatch'd untimely hence; and this by fire,
 And that by flood, rejoin'd the ætherial quire.

In other words, Hercules was burnt, and Æneas drowned.

But dishes, all my own. From Tibur's stock,
 A kid shall come, the fattest of the flock,
 The tenderest too, and yet too young to browse
 The thistle's shoots, the willow's watery boughs,
 With more of milk than blood; and pullets drest
 With new-laid eggs, yet tepid from the nest,
 And sperage wild, which, from the mountain's side,
 My housemaid left her spindle, to provide;
 And grapes long kept, yet pulpy still, and fair,
 And the rich Signian and the Syrian pear;
 And apples, that in flavour and in smell,
 The boasted Picene equal, or excel:—
 Nor need you fear, my friend, their liberal use,
 For age has mellow'd and improved their juice.

VER. 103. ————— *From Tibur's stock*

A kid shall come, &c.] Juvenal had a farm at this place, which he appears to have kept in hand. Martial has imitated this bill of fare in several places, but more particularly in lib. x. 48. His entertainment, however, is more varied, and his guests are more numerous. I am not certain that I should not have preferred sitting down with the epigrammatist: the seasoning of his treat is very pleasant:—

“Accedent sine felle joci, nec mane timenda

“Libertas, et nil quod tacuisse velis.

“De prasino conviva meus, Venetoque oratur;

“Nec facient quenquam pocula nostra reum.”

This is better than listening to Homer and Virgil; which is no bad thing neither.

How homely this ! and yet this homely fare,
 A senator would, once, have counted rare ;
 When the good Curius thought it no disgrace,
 O'er a few sticks a little pot to place,
 With herbs by his small garden-plot supplied—
 Food, which the squalid wretch would now deride,
 Who digs in fetters, and, with fond regret,
 The tavern's savoury dish remembers yet !

Time was, when, on the rack, a man would lay
 The season'd flitch, against a solemn day ;
 And think the friends who met, with decent mirth,
 To celebrate the hour which-gave him birth,
 On this, and what of fresh the altars spared,
 (For altars then were honour'd,) nobly fared.

VER. 119. *When the good Curius, &c.*] This good old man is the constant theme of our author's praise. He was a pattern of frugality, when all were frugal ; an incorruptible statesman, and a great and successful commander : but the particular allusion in this place, is to the well-known anecdote of his being found by the Samnite ambassadours, sitting by a small fire, and preparing a dish of turnips for his supper, with his own hands.

VER. 124. *The tavern's savoury dish, &c.*] *i. e.* the *sumen*, or paps of a sow that had recently farrowed. This strange dish was considered by the ancients as a special luxury ; and is mentioned in a subsequent part of this satire, as one of the articles which the Roman youths were taught to cut up *secundum artem*, by professional carvers. It requires no further notice, as there is scarcely a poet from Plautus to Martial in whom some allusion to it is not to be found.

Some kinsman, who had camps and senates sway'd,
 Had thrice been consul, once dictator made,
 From publick cares retired, would gaily haste,
 Before the wonted hour, to such repast,
 Shouldering the spade, that, with no common toil,
 Had tamed the genius of the mountain soil.—
 Yes, when the world was fill'd with Rome's just
 fame,

And Romans trembled at the Fabian name,
 The Scauran, and Fabrician ; when they saw,
 A censor's rigour ev'n a censor awe,
 No son of Troy, e'er thought it his concern,
 Or worth a moment's serious care, to learn,
 What land, what sea, the fairest tortoise bred,
 Whose clouded shell might best adorn his bed.—
 His bed was small, and did no signs impart,
 Or of the painter's or the sculptor's art,
 Save where the front, cheaply inlaid with brass,
 Show'd the rude features of a vine-crown'd ass ;

VER. 147. *Save where the front, cheaply inlaid with brass,
 Show'd the rude features of a vine crown'd ass ;]*

“ ————— parvis frons ærea lectis

“ Vite coronati caput ostendebat aselli,

“ Ad quod,” &c.

All the commentators that I have seen, suppose this ass's head to be hung out in the fields, and the beds, or rather couches of those rusticks, to be so placed as to afford them a sight of it as they sat at meat ! What gratification they could possibly

An uncouth brute, round which his children play'd,
And laugh'd and jested at the face it made !

derive from the contemplation of such a spectacle, "these deponents do not say."

The ass, from the earliest periods of sacred and profane history, appears (on what account I know not) to have been connected in the minds of the husbandman with some magical notions of fertility: hence he was frequently yoked with an ox by the idolatrous nations, a superstitious practice which Moses strictly forbids the Jews to imitate. *Deut. xxii. v. 10.*

From this idea, perhaps, was subsequently derived the belief of the country people, mentioned by Columella, that the skeleton of an ass's head placed on the boundary of their lands had a marvellous effect in averting blights, &c. and, as we further learn from Palladius, in fertilizing the particular spots to which its front was directed: *Item equæ calvaria, vel potius asinæ; credebantur enim sua præsencia fœcundare quæ spectant.* On the authority of this passage, which is that of a mere dreamer on agriculture,* who probably never looked beyond the almanacks of his day, Scioppius wishes to read *coronatæ caput asellæ*; but the text is undoubtedly right as it stands, and all the curious research of Britannicus and others on the subject, little or nothing to the purpose. It is evident from the plain and obvious construction of the words, that this ass's head, either cast or engraved in brass, was fixed upon the couches, not detached from them; and that it had nothing to do with any rural superstition whatever. But what then is the sense of the passage? This, probably; for which we are indebted to the extensive reading of Ferrarius: *Antiqui autem nostri in lectis tricliniaribus in*

* Dreamer as Palladius Æmilianus is, however, he has lately made his appearance in an English version. *Δωρον αδωρον* with a vengeance!

Briefly, his house, his furniture, his food,
Were uniformly plain, and simply good.

Then the rough soldier, yet untaught by Greece
To hang, enraptured, o'er a finish'd piece,

fulcris capita asellorum vite alligata (would not one swear that Juvenal alluded to this very passage?) *habuerunt; significantes* - - - - *suavitatem invenisse*. Hyg. Fab. cclxxiv. A few words have dropt out through the carelessness of the copyists, which have been supplied by conjecture; but even without this the sense is sufficiently clear. The ass, by browsing on the vine, was supposed to have taught mankind the art of improving its virtues by pruning, &c. Indeed, this idea was common enough, for Pausanias, long after Hyginus, speaks of the same story, as current among the Nauplians: ὥς ἐπιφαγὼν ἀμπελοῦ κλημα, ἀφθονώτερον ἐς τὸ μέλλον ἀπέφηνε τὸν καρπὸν· καὶ οἶνος σφισιν ἐν πέτρᾳ πεποιημένος διὰ τοῦτο ἐστίν, ἅτε ἀμπελῶν διδάξας τομὴν. Lib. II. We all know that the ass was a favourite with Silenus; (and, for a much better reason than any which Ovid gives, extremely disagreeable to Priapus;) his head, therefore, crowned with clusters of grapes, was cast in brass, and fixed upon the front of the couches on which they sat at meat, as a provocative to hilarity and good fellowship. As the old Romans had made no extraordinary progress in any of the fine arts, we may easily suppose that the workmanship of these ornaments excited no great envy in the breasts of the Myros and Lysippuses of the day. It was this, undoubtedly, which provoked the risibility of the unlucky (*lascivi*) boys of the family, and not a few dry bones perched on a post, which could have little to interest, and less to amuse them. It should be added that some of these "vine-crowned heads" have been discovered at Herculaneum. One of them was sent to this country by Sir W. Hamilton, and is now in the Museum of Mr. Knight. The meaning of the text, therefore, may now be considered as fully ascertained, and correctly given in the lines above.

If haply, mid the congregated spoils,
 (Proofs of his power, and guerdon of his toils,)
 Some antique vase of master-hands were found,
 Would dash the glittering bauble on the ground ;
 That, in new forms, the molten fragments drest,
 Might blaze illustrious round his courser's chest,
 Or, flashing from his burnish'd helmet, show,
 (A dreadful omen to the trembling foe,)
 The mighty sire, with glittering shield and spear,
 Hovering, enamour'd, o'er the sleeping fair,
 The wolf, by Rome's high destinies made mild,
 And, playful at her side, each wondrous child.

VER. 163. *The mighty sire, &c.*] I have followed Mr. Addison's interpretation of this passage. "The Roman soldiers used to bear on their helmets the first history of Romulus, who was begot by the God of War, and suckled by a wolf. The figure of the god was made as if descending on the priestess Ilia. The occasion required his body should be naked; the sculptor, however, to distinguish him from the rest of the gods, gave him what the medallists call, his proper attributes, a spear in one hand, and a shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his figure appeared suspended in the air over the vestal virgin." *Travels*, p. 184. This he illustrates by an engraving of a coin struck in the reign of Antoninus Pius. I am no medallist, and can therefore say nothing as to the genuineness of the coin: it certainly gives a very rational explanation of the passage. After all, I will not affirm it to be the true one, as it does not correspond with the more ancient ideas on the subject. Ovid says that Mars was unarmed when he saw the priestess, and so does Tibullus.

Thus, all the wealth those simple times could boast,
 Small wealth ! their horses and their arms engrost ;
 The rest was homely, and their frugal fare,
 Cook'd without art, was serv'd in earthen ware :
 Yet worthy all our envy, were the breast,
 But with one spark of noble spleen, possest.
 THEN shone the fanes with Majesty Divine,
 A present God was felt at every shrine !
 And solemn sounds, heard from the sacred walls,
 At midnight's solemn hour, announced the Gauls,
 Now rushing from the main ; while, prompt to save,
 Stood Jove, the prophet of the signs he gave !
 Yet, when he thus reveal'd the will of fate,
 And watch'd attentive o'er the Latian state,
 His shrine, his statue, rose of humble mold,
 Of artless form, and unprofaned with gold.

VER. 175. *And solemn sounds, &c.*] This alludes to a circumstance recorded by the writers of Roman history. M. Cæditius, as he was passing by one of the temples in the dead of night, heard a loud and alarming voice from the sanctuary, distinctly cry, "The Gauls are at hand !" commanding him, at the same time, to repeat what he had heard to the Senate. Liv. lib. v. 32. Plutarch tells the same story, in the life of Camillus.

VER. 181. *His shrine, his statue, &c.*] The elder Pliny has a curious passage on the subject of these lines: *Hæ enim tum effigies deum erant laudatissimæ ; nec pœnitent nos illorum, qui tales coluere. Aurum enim et argentum ne diis quidem conficiebant : durant etiamnum plerisque in locis talia simulacra, ———— sanctiora auro,*

Those good old times no foreign tables sought;
 From their own woods, the walnut tree was brought,
 When withering limbs declared its pith unsound,
 Or winds uptore, and stretch'd it on the ground.
 But now, such strange caprice has seized the great,
 They find no pleasure in the costliest treat,
 Suspect the flowers a sickly scent exhale,
 And think the ven'son rank, the turbot stale,
 Unless wide-yawning panthers, towering high—
 Enormous pedestals of ivory,
 Form'd of the teeth which Elephantis sends,
 Which the dark Moor, or darker Indian vends,

certe innocentiora. Lib. xxxv. 12. We have seen, (vol. i. p. 107,) that the statue of Cybele was still more rude and artless than that mentioned in the text; and the true principle, I believe, of the adoration which was anciently paid to those unfinished masses of stone, as well as to the first shapeless blocks which were set up in the temples, was the profound reverence entertained for the gods; which did not suffer the artists to invest them too closely with a determinate form. In process of time, they grew bolder: and it is an observable thing in the history of sculpture, that the most admired statues of the deities were produced in the age of scepticism, or infidelity. This applies no less to the Greeks than the Romans; with respect to the latter, while they were sincere believers in their mythology, they had not a god tolerably executed. Yet observe, says Seneca, how propitious they then were: *cogita, deos quum propitii essent, fictiles fuisse!*

VER. 193. ————— *which Elephantis sends,*] *Porta Syenes,* as Juvenal calls it, because the communication of Syene

Or those which, now, too heavy for the head,
The beasts in Nabathea's forest shed—
The spacious ORBS support: then they can feed,
And every dish, is delicate indeed!

with Upper Egypt was principally through this town. The old geographers say that it took its name from the number of elephants found there. The trade in ivory was probably considerable; but the teeth came from a more southern district.

VER. 197. *The spacious ORBS support:*] “*Orbis, super quem carnes in mensa minutim concidere solemus, ne corrumpatur mappa.*” Thesau. It appears from this, that Stephens took orbs for the plates on which meat is cut. So, indeed, does Faber: “*Orbis dicitur super quo cibos in mensa tractamus, ein teller,*” i. e. a plate. This explanation, strange as it is, they more strangely support by the following distich:

“*Tu Libycos Indis suspendis dentibus orbes;*

“*Fulcitur testa fagina mensa mihi.*”

Mart. lib. II. 43.

How could these learned men overlook the sense of so plain a passage? You, says Martial to Candidus, place your Libyan orbs on ivory feet, whereas my beechen table is propped up by an empty barrel. The orbs of Candidus are precisely those of the text, citron wood brought from the Mediterranean coast of Africa, where this tree was found: and indeed Varro calls it *Libyssa citrus*.

I have already spoken (vol. i. p. 32) of the estimation in which such tables were held: but this fashion was not peculiar to the times of Juvenal. Cicero accuses Verres of stealing a most valuable one from a Sicilian: *Tu maximam et pulcherrimam citream mensam a Q. Lutatio Diodoro abstulisti.* In Verr. iv. 17. With an allusion, perhaps, to this circumstance, *mensæ* are reckoned (in the first Satire) among the costly articles procured

For silver feet are view'd with equal scorn,
As iron rings, upon the finger worn.

by daring guilt. Seneca was reproached, according to Xiphilinus, with having five hundred of them in his possession. The quantity is beyond question exaggerated; but it is certain, that the wealthy Romans had numbers of them at the same time: indeed, it could not well be otherwise, as, at their entertainments, one was usually set before every guest. The glutton (vol. i. p. 32) was not, perhaps, the only one who swallowed down a fortune at a single table, *una comedit patrimonium mensa*.

Cowley, in his description of David's flight to Nob, mentions the feast made for him by the high priest; and, among other articles of luxury, introduces this. It affords a specimen of that perverted wit, which may be almost considered as the distinguishing characteristick of his poetry. Conceits, as Johnson observes, are all the Davideis supplies.

“ In midst a table of rich iv'ry stands,
“ By three fierce tigers, and three lions borne,
“ Which grin, and fearfully the place adorn :
“ Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,
“ As if they hungered for the meat they bore.”

In a note he says, “ these kind of ivory tables borne up with the images of beasts, were much in esteem among the ancients. The Romans had them, as well as all other instruments of luxury, from the Asiatics. Thus Juvenal,” &c. The extravagance of the Romans, indeed, knew no bounds in this article; their tables, however, were not (as Cowley thinks) of ivory, but of citron and other precious woods: it was the feet only that were formed of this substance.

Whether Dryden, or rather Congreve, had been dipping into the Davideis during the translation of this passage, I cannot tell; but he has given it with a conundrum not unworthy of Cowley in his happiest moments:

To me, for ever be the guest unknown,
 Who, measuring my expenses by his own,
 Remarks the difference with a scornful leer,
 And slights my humble house, and homely cheer.
 Look not to me for ivory ; I have none :
 My chess-board and my men are all of bone ;
 Nay, my knife-handles ; yet, my friend, for this,
 My pullets neither cut nor taste amiss.

I boast no artist, tutor'd in the school
 Of learned Trypherus, to carve by rule ;
 Where large sow-paps of elm, and boar, and hare,
 And phœnicopter, and pygargus rare,
 Getulian oryx, Scythian pheasants, point,
 The nice anatomy of every joint ;
 And dull blunt tools, severing the wooden treat,
 Clatter around, and deafen all the street.

“ An iv'ry table is a certain whet ;
 “ You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
 “ As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
 “ By sympathy from those o'the elephant.”

VER. 209. *I boast no artist, &c.*] The skilful carving of dishes was a matter of so much importance at Rome, that it was taught by professors of the science. The one honoured with our author's notice is Doctor Trypherus, whose learned instructions were dispensed in the Suburra, or Strand of the city : “ for such masters did purposely choose,” says Holyday, “ the most publick places, thereby to be the more taken notice of ; and so to get custome.” The wooden delicacies on which the scholars practised are enumerated below ; they were, doubtless, repre-

My simple lad, whose highest efforts rise,
 To broil a steak, in the plain country guise,
 Knows no such art; humbly content to serve,
 And bring the dishes which he cannot kerve.
 Another lad (for I have two to day)
 Clad, like the first, in home-spun russet gray,
 Shall fill our earthen bowls: no Phrygian he,
 No pamper'd attribute of luxury,
 But a rude rustick:—when you want him, speak,
 And speak in Latin, for he knows not Greek.
 Both go alike, with close, cropt hair, undrest,
 But spruced to day in honour of my guest;

sentations of the most rare and esteemed articles of food; and the scientifick dissection of them was, therefore, a point of prodigious consequence:

“ Sumine cum magno lepus, atque aper, et pygargus,

“ Et Scythicæ volucres, at phœnicopterus ingens,

“ Et Getulus oryx.”

Which Holyday renders,

“ ——— large sow-teats; th' hare, boar, the white-breech too,

“ The Scythian phesant, the huge crimson-wing,

“ And the Getulian goat.”

This conveys but little information to the English reader, and I have scarcely any thing to add to it. The phœnicopterus, or what he calls the huge crimson-wing, is the flamingo; the pygargus, or white-breech, and oryx, are probably different species of the gazel, or antelope kind. Sparman takes the former to be the Spring-bok, (bounding-goat,) which is common, he says, at the Cape of Good Hope, where it is accounted excellent food. Pennant calls it the white antelope.

And both were born on my estate, and one,
Is my rough shepherd's, one, my neatherd's son.
Poor youth ! he mourns, with many an artless tear,
His long, long absence from his mother dear ;

VER. 231. *Poor youth ! he mourns, &c.*] It is impossible to read these lines, without being impressed with the most favourable opinion of the writer. How could Gibbon say that his character was devoid of sweetness and sensibility ! Do not both appear in every word he utters of his rural pages ? The young neatherd (who seems to be his favourite) is mentioned by him, not only with the warmth of a kind master, but with the tenderness of an affectionate parent.

Αἰγεςτοί, φιλε κούρε, ομηλικες, αιγες ἑταιροι
Εσκεν·—————

Can a man so susceptible of the generous affections be said to want sensibility ?—but the poor boys have been as ill-treated by the translators, as their master by the criticks. Holyday makes the young shepherd a thief :

“ ————— still he's rude :
“ To steal a mouthful he's with skill indued.”

So does Owen :

“ Except it be (and here his skill is great)
“ In cooking some stolen piece of savoury meat.”

No, not “ savoury :” from this part of the accusation his master expressly exonerates him, whatever be the reading of the subsequent line.

Dryden is still more lax :

“ On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
“ At once my carver, and my Ganymede.”

Certainly the lad was no carver ; and, if by Ganymede (a very

Sighs for his little cottage, and would fain
 Meet his old playfellows, the goats, again.
 Though humble be his birth, ingenuous grace
 Beams from his eye, and flushes in his face ;
 Charming suffusion ! that would well become,
 The youthful offspring of the chiefs of Rome.—
 He, Persicus, shall fill us wine which grew
 Where first, the breath of life, the stripling drew,
 On Tibur's hills ;—dear hills, that, many a day,
 Witness'd the transports of his infant play.

But you, perhaps, expect a wanton throng
 Of Gaditanian girls, with dance and song,

improper word) he meant cupbearer, he misconceives his author, who expressly gives that office to the second boy.

It would seem, from v. 269, that Juvenal superintended their education. One of the boys could read Homer ; the other (v. 226) knew no language but his own. These remarks are of little importance ; indeed of none, except to the writer, who, by long dwelling on a subject, becomes interested in a thousand trifles, which provoke, and perhaps justly, the impatience or risibility of the general reader. We all know and feel this ; yet habit is too powerful for judgment,—*tenet insanabile*.—

Ruperti observes on the words, *Quum posces, posce Latine* ;—*servi mei sunt Itali, nec aliam callent linguam*. This is not marked with much accuracy. Juvenal, indeed, makes an apology for the pronunciation of his boy ; but we may be pretty confident, that the *conditor Iliados* was read by him in the original language ; the *posce Latine* applies only to the cupbearer, the timid little neatherd.

VER. 243. *But you, perhaps, expect, &c.*] The Romans were

To kindle loose desire ; girls, that now bound
 Aloft, with active grace, now, on the ground,
 Quivering, alight, while peals of praise go round. }

now arrived at such a pitch of licentiousness, that they had dancing girls to attend their feasts from all parts of the world. Those from Gaditania (the south of Spain) seem to have been most in request : their style of dancing is described by Martial, (lib. v. 79,) with a force and spirit which are not exceeded by any thing in the text :

“ Nec de Gadibus improbis puellæ,

“ Vibrabunt sine fine prurientes

“ Lascivos docili tremore lumbos,” &c.

The dance alluded to, is neither more nor less than the Fandango ; which still forms the delight of all ranks in Spain ; and which, though somewhat chastised in the neighbourhood of the capital, exhibits at this day, in the remote provinces, a perfect counterpart (actors and spectators) of the too free but faithful representation before us.

In a subsequent line, Juvenal mentions the *testarum crepitus*, the clicking of the castanets, which accompanies this dance : on this the criticks have trifled sufficiently. The *testæ*, in short, were small oblong pieces of polished wood or bone, which the dancers held between their fingers, and clashed in measure, with inconceivable agility and address. The Spaniards of the present day are very curious in the choice of their castanets ; some have been shown to me that cost five-and-twenty or thirty dollars a pair ; these were made of the beautifully variegated woods of South America. It appears from another passage in Martial that these dances were sometimes accompanied by the cymbal ; at least, so I understand him—

“ Nam mea Lampsacio lascivit pagina versu,

“ Et Tartessiaca concrepat æra manu.”

But whatever the instrument might be, the motions were always licentious.

Lo ! wives, beside their husbands placed, behold,
 What could not in their ear, for shame, be told ;
 Expedients of the rich, the blood to fire,
 And wake the dying embers of desire.
 Behold ? O, heavens ! they view, with keenest gust,
 'These strong provocatives of jaded lust ;
 With every gesture feel their passions rise,
 And draw in pleasure both at ears and eyes !

Such vicious fancies are too great for me.
 Let him the wanton dance, unblushing, see,
 And hear the immodest terms which, in the stews,
 The veriest strumpet would disdain to use,
 Whose drunken spawlings roll, tumultuous, o'er
 The proud expansion of a marble floor :
 For there the world a large allowance make,
 And spare the folly for the fortune's sake.—
 Dice, and adultery, with a small estate,
 Are damning crimes ; but venial, with a great ;

VER. 264. *Dice, and adultery, &c.*] Thus Beaumont :

“ In lords a wildness is a noble trick,

“ And cherish'd in them, and all men must love it.”

Maid in the Mill.

And Monsieur Parolles ; “ So please your majesty, my master is
 an honourable gentleman ; tricks he hath in him which gentle-
 men have !”

The late lord Orford seems to have been somewhat of Parolles'
 way of thinking. Of the Duke of Wharton he says, he “ com-

Venial? nay, graceful: witty, gallant, brave,
And such wild tricks “as gentlemen should have!”

My feast, to-day, shall other joys afford:
Hush’d as we sit around the frugal board,
Great Homer shall his deep-toned thunder roll,
And mighty Maro elevate the soul;
Maro, who, warm’d with all the poet’s fire,
Disputes the palm of victory with his sire:
Nor fear my rustick clerks; read as they will,
The bard, the bard, shall rise superiour, still!

forted all the grave and dull by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts on witty fooleries, debaucheries, and scrapes, which may *mix graces* with a great character but never can compose one”! No, I’ll be sworn——

“Sed vos Trojugenæ, vobis ignoscitis, et quæ

“Turpia cerdoni, Volusos Brutosque decebunt!”

VER. 269. — as we sit around the frugal board,

Great Homer, &c.] This practice was not uncommon among the old republicans: it had, indeed, lost somewhat of its frequency in Juvenal’s days; but there were not wanting, in any period, virtuous characters who preferred this rational and instructive method of passing their time at table, to all the blandishments of dancing girls, and all the noisy buffoonery of pipers, tumblers, &c. The entertainments of Atticus were always seasoned with these mental recreations; and C. Nepos, his friend and guest, speaks of them with the warmest approbation: *Nemo in convivio ejus aliud acroama audivit, quam anagnosten, quod nos quidem jucundissimum arbitramur. Neque unquam sine aliqua lectione apud eum cœnatum est, ut non minus animo quam ventre convivæ delectarentur.*

Come then, my friend, an hour to pleasure spare,
 And quit awhile your business and your care ;
 The day is all our own : come, and forget
 Bonds, interest, all ; the credit and the debt ;
 Nay, e'en your wife : though, with the dawning light,
 She left your couch, and late return'd at night ;
 Though her loose hair in wild disorder flow'd,
 Her eye yet glisten'd, and her cheek yet glow'd,
 Her rumpled girdle busy hands exprest—
 Yet, at my threshold, tranquillize your breast ;
 There leave the thoughts of home, and what the
 haste

Of heedless slaves may, in your absence, waste ;
 And, what the generous spirit most offends,
 O, more than all, leave there, UNGRATEFUL FRIENDS.

But see ! the napkin, waved aloft, proclaims
 The glad commencement of the Idæan games,

VER. 290. *But see ! the napkin, &c.*] The origin of the custom is thus related by Holyday from Cassiodorus : “ Nero on a time sitting alone at dinner, when the Idæan shows were eagerly expected, caused the towel, with which he had wiped his hands, to be presently cast out at the window, for a sign of his speedy coming : whereupon it was in after-times the usual sign at (the beginning of) those shews.” This is, at best, a doubtful story ; but the circumstance is of no great moment. The “ napkin” (*mappa*) was hung out at the house of the prætor.

The expression in the next line, *prædo caballorum*, I have left as I found ; not being satisfied with any of the explanations, or pretended emendations of it, which I have seen, nor able to pro-

And the proud prætor, in triumphal state,
 Ascends his car, the arbiter of fate !
 Ere this, all Rome (if 'tis, for once, allow'd,
 To say all Rome, of so immense a crowd)
 The Circus throngs, and—Hark ! loud shouts arise—
 From these, I guess the GREEN has won the prize ;

pose any thing better myself. If it do not relate to some well-known anecdote of the times, I consider it as an irremediable corruption.

VER. 294. *Ere this, all Rome, &c.*] The fondness, or rather passion of the Romans, for the amusements of the Circus, is forcibly depicted by Amm. Marcellinus: *Quod est studiorum omnium maximum, ab ortu lucis ad vesperam sole fatiscunt vel pluviis, per minutias aurigarum equorumque præcipua, vel delicta scrutantes. Et est admodum mirum videre plebem innumeram, mentibus ardore quodam infuso, cum dimicationum curulium eventu pendentem.* Lib. XIV. 6. Gibbon, who had considered this passage well, formed on it the very accurate and animated account which follows: "The impatient crowd rushed at the dawn of day to secure their places ; and there were many who passed a sleepless and anxious night in the adjoining porticos. From the morning to the evening, careless of the sun, or of the rain, the spectators, who sometimes amounted to the number of 100,000, remained in eager attention, their eyes fixed on the charioteers, their minds agitated with hope and fear, for the success of the colour which they favoured : and the happiness of Rome appeared to hang on the event of a race."

Though this was meant for the picture of a later period, it is precisely that of our author's time : as we learn from Seneca, Martial, Pliny, &c. The last-named has a letter, (lib. ix. 6.) which is worth consulting, as it illustrates the subject of the following note.

VER. 296. ——— Hark ! loud shouts arise—

From these, &c.] While Juvenal is still writing to

For had it lost, all joy had been supprest,
 And grief and horror seized the publick breast;
 As when dire Carthage forced our arms to yield,
 And pour'd our noblest blood on Cannæ's field.

his friend, he is suddenly interrupted by the boisterous joy of the Circus: from this he conjectures, with a bitter sarcasm on the base adulation of the people, that the GREEN (the court party) had won the race.

As the date of this Satire cannot be precisely ascertained, it is not easy to say into how many parties the charioteers were divided at this time. Originally there seem to have been four; the *Prasina*, or green, the *Russata*, or red, the *Albata*, or white, and the *Veneta*, or blue; but others were afterwards added: all of whose parts, as Holyday says, "the Romans most factiously and foolishly took, sometimes even to great dissention." Caligula, and, if I recollect right, Nero, (both admirable judges of true merit,) honoured the Green with their patronage; nay, the former, Suetonius says, was so madly attached to it, that he could not live out of the stables of the party. From a line in the seventh Satire, *Parte alia solum Russati pone Lacertæ*, I should conjecture that Domitian favoured the Red: * the Green, we see, had now resumed its popularity, which was so great, that if it had been conquered, not (as Holyday and others strangely understand *si deficeret*) if the "shows should cease," the whole city would have been confounded as at the news of the slaughter of Cannæ. "A strange expression of a strange vanity, that a like sorrow should affect a people for so unlike a cause!"

* This, however, must have been in the early part of his reign; for it appears from Dio that he added two, το μὲν χρυσοῦν, το δὲ ἀργυροῦν, (Suet. Dom. 7, says *purpureus*, which is right, for the ἀργυροῦν was in use before,) ονομασας, προσκατέστησε, lib. LXVII. 4, the golden and the silver, to the former four; and it is reasonable to conjecture that he favoured his own colours. They never, I believe, became popular.

Thither let youth, whom it befits, repair,
 And seat themselves beside some favourite fair,
 Wrangle, and urge the desperate bet aloud;
 While we, retired from business and the crowd,
 Stretch our shrunk limbs, by sunny bank or stream,
 And drink, at every pore, the vernal beam.

VER. 305. ———retired from business, &c.] The busy gown; so Holyday, and with his usual accuracy, renders *effugiatque togam*;* though it appears from his notes, that he was not fully aware of the force of the passage. The *toga*, as I have already observed, (vol. i. p. 113,) was the dress of ceremony. Clients put it on when they attended their patron's levee, when they followed him to the Forum, when they went to receive the *sportula*; in a word, it was little better than the badge of their servitude; and as such, probably regarded with no great complacency. It is for this reason that Juvenal seizes the opportunity, while all ranks and orders of people are thronging to the Circus, of advising his friend to indulge with him in the decent relaxations which a temporary freedom from all attendance on the great so happily allowed them.

Martial, who had retired to Bilbilis, in Spain, soon after the accession of Trajan, (dispirited, perhaps, at the coldness with

* Madan has the strangest idea here that ever entered mortal head. By *toga*, he says, "Juvenal means the Romans now crowding to the Circus: let us therefore keep out of their way"—to avoid being thrown down, perhaps, and trampled upon. But I beg pardon—Rupert's has a conjecture, in comparison of which, Madan's is sober and judicious: "*An de toga meretricum cogitavit poeta*"! It will be yet some time before we know the utmost of which a commentator is capable.

Congreve places the poet and his friend on "beds of roses." The Megalesian games were held in the beginning of April; rather too early a season for roses, even in the genial climate of Italy.

Haste, then : for we may use our freedom now,
And bathe, an hour ere noon, with fearless brow—

which he was received, on account of his flattery of Domitian and his minions), addresses a little poem from thence to his friend, which sets the misery of this attendance in the strongest light :

“ Dum tu forsitan inquietus erras

“ Clamosa, Juvenalis, in Suburra,

“ Aut collem dominæ teris Dianæ :

“ Dum per limina te potentiorum,

“ Sudatrix toga ventilat, vagumque

“ Major Cœlius, et minor fatigant.” &c. *Lib. XII. 18.*

We feel for the poet, especially when we recollect his strong sense of independence, and are tempted to wish that he too had retired from this state of slavery : indeed, it is difficult to conjecture why he did not, as he had a small estate at Tibur, and probably some hereditary property at Aquinum. He doubtless sacrificed much to the mental pleasures, which were only to be found in perfection in the capital ; and indeed a mind like his, inquisitive, vigorous, and profoundly reflective, does not appear altogether suited to retirement. I may mistake, but I sometimes think that traits of similarity are discoverable between our author and Dr. Johnson.

To make the conclusion of this passage intelligible to the English reader, it is necessary to observe that the Romans bathed about an hour before they took their meals, and that the usual time of dining was two o'clock ; in the interval, if the weather was favourable, they lay down in the sun, and rubbed themselves over with fragrant oils, essences, &c. Juvenal, who is anxious to have as much of his friend's company as possible, encourages him to come early, as, amid the general license of the festival, they may bathe and dine before the customary hour, without giving scandal or offence.

Indulge for once :—Yet such delights as these,
 In five short morns, would lose the power to please;
 For still, the sweetest pleasures soonest cloy,
 And its best flavour temperance gives to joy.

VER. 310. ————— *Yet such delights, &c.*] How beautifull
 is this thought illustrated by Shakspeare! The words, too, are
 selected with a felicity of which poetry furnishes but few
 examples :

“ All violent delights have violent ends,
 “ And in their triumphs die; the sweetest honey
 “ Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
 “ And in the taste, confounds the appetite.”

SATIRE XII.

Argument.

THIS is the shortest of Juvenal's pieces, (unless we admit the sixteenth satire to be his) and certainly not one of the most important; though it is by no means wanting in good passages, some of much moral force, and many of an affectionate and pathetick tendency.

Its subject is soon told: Catullus, for whom he had conceived a friendship of the liveliest kind, had narrowly escaped shipwreck; and the poet, whose joy knows no bounds on the occasion, (no great proof of his being deficient in the "social affections,") addresses an exulting letter to their common friend, Corvinus; in which, after acquainting him that he was then about to sacrifice the victims which he had vowed for the safety of Catullus, he describes his danger and escape. He then gives a beautiful picture of the private part of the solemnity, and of the various marks of gratulation which his house exhibits.

So far we see nothing but the pious and grateful friend. The satirist now takes his turn: he recollects that sacrifices are vowed by others, for the preservation of their acquaintance; this leads him to speak with manly confidence of his own disinterestedness, which he considers as almost singular; and which he opposes, with equal spirit and success, to the base and designing promises of the hereditæ, or legacy-hunters, by whom the sick-beds of the rich and childless were constantly surrounded.

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SATIRE XII.

TO CORVINUS.

V. 1—16.

NOT with such joy, Corvinus, I survey
My natal hour, as this auspicious day ;
This day, on which the festive turf demands
The promised victims, at my willing hands.

A snow-white lamb to Juno I decree,
Another to Minerva ; and to thee,
Tarpeian Jove ! a steer, which, from afar,
Shakes his long rope, and meditates the war.
'Tis a fierce animal, that proudly scorns
The dug, since first he tried his budding horns
Against an oak ; free mettled, and, in fine,
Fit for the knife, and sacrificial wine.

O, were my power but equal to my love,
A nobler victim should my rapture prove !
A bull high fed, and boasting in his veins,
The luscious juices of Clitumnus' plains,

VER. 16. ————— of Clitumnus' &c.] The waters of

Fatter than fat Hispulla, huge and slow,
 Should fall, but fall beneath no common blow—
 Fall for my friend, who now, from danger free,
 Revolves the recent perils of the sea ;
 Shrinks at the roaring waves, the howling winds,
 And scarcely trusts the safety which he finds !

For not the gods' inevitable fire,
 The surging billows that to heaven aspire,

Clitumnus (a river on the confines of Tuscany) were supposed to possess the faculty of making the cattle which drank of them, white ; and, as this was the colour most pleasing to Jupiter, his altars were usually supplied with victims from its banks. It does not appear that Juvenal believed this idle tale, which is also laughed at by Addison, who has collected, from what Sterne calls his "satchel of school-books," a variety of passages on the subject. One, however, which would have given him far more information than all the rest, escaped his notice : it is that exquisite description in Pliny's letter to his friend Romanus, (lib. VIII. Epist. 8,) a perfect model, as it seems to me, of simplicity, elegance, and taste.

VER. 17. *Fat Hispulla,*] *Matrona pinguis fuit*, says the old Scholiast, with as much complacency, as if he had really made a discovery. If this be the lady celebrated in the sixth Satire for her attachment to tragedians, she must have been somewhat of Falstaff's nature, and "blown up by sighing and grief like a bladder."

VER. 22. *And scarcely trusts, &c.*] This idea is not ill expressed by Claudian :

"Horret adhuc animus, manifesta que gaudia differt,

"Dum stupet, et tanto cunctatur credere voto."

De Bel. Gil. v. 8.

Alone, perdition threat ; black clouds arise,
 And blot out all the splendour of the skies ;
 Loud and more loud the thunder's voice is heard,
 And sulphurous fires flash dreadful on the yard.—
 Trembled the crew, and, fix'd in wild amaze,
 Saw the rent sails burst into sudden blaze ;
 While shipwreck, late so dreadful, now appear'd
 A refuge from the flames, more wish'd than fear'd.
 Horror on horror ! earth, and sea, and skies,
 Convuls'd, as when POETICK TEMPESTS rise !

From the same source, another danger view,
 With pitying eye,—though dire alas ! not new ;
 But known too well, as Isis' temples show,
 By many a pictured scene of votive wo ;
 Isis, by whom the painters now are fed,
 Since our own gods no longer yield them bread !—
 And such befel our friend : for now a sea,
 Upsurging, pour'd tremendous o'er the lee,

VER. 39. *Isis, &c.*] The hatred which our author bears to this exotick deity, breaks out in contemptuous sneers at his countrymen, for their mad confidence in her. And, indeed, it does seem a little singular, that an Egyptian goddess, whose genuine worshippers at home held the sea, and every thing connected with it, in abhorrence, should be fixed upon at Rome for the tutelar Power of that element, and have her temples crowded with votive tablets ! Anciently, these were hung up to Neptune ; and in this there was some propriety : but it was not

And fill'd the hold; while, press'd by wave and wind,
To right and left, by turns, the ship inclined :

only on his prerogatives that she trenched, but on those of
Apollo, Esculapius, &c.

“ Nunc, Dea, nunc succurre mihi; nam posse mederi

“ Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis.”

Catul. i. 3.

The unbounded attachment of the women to her, seems to have finally seduced the men; and this strange divinity (whose temples were little better than marts of debauchery) was suffered to usurp, by rapid degrees, the attributes of almost every other god.

The tablets, which men in danger of shipwreck vowed to Isis, and which they procured to be painted, and hung up in her temple, contained a representation of their perils and escape. Had this been the worst, there would have been little reason to regret the universality of her worship; for the temples of the Roman gods contained tablets of a much less innoxious nature than such as these. Propertius, even while he confesses that they were abandoned to spiders, appears to derive some satisfaction from reflecting, that the webs of those insects covered the impure paintings which disgraced their walls. He pathetically describes the prevalence, as well as the dreadful effects, of this profanation :

“ Quæ manus obscœnas depinxit prima tabellas,

“ Et posuit casta turpia visa domo ;

“ Illa puellarum ingenuos corrumpit ocellos,

“ Nequitiaque suæ noluit esse rudes.—

“ Sed non immerito velavit aranea fanum,

“ Et mala desertos occupat herba deos !”

The vagabond and profligate priests of Isis were not the least zealous in following this practice; and we may be certain, that the walls of her sanctuary exhibited other designs than shattered ships, and limbs and bodies variously affected.

Then, while Catullus view'd, with drooping heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art,
He wisely hasten'd to compound the strife,
And gave his treasure to preserve his life.
The beaver thus to scape his hunter tries,
And leaves behind the medicated prize;
Happy to purchase, with his dearest blood,
A timely refuge in the well known flood.

“Away with all that's mine,” he cries, “away!”
And plunges in the deep, without delay,
Purples, which soft Mæcenases might wear,
Crimsons, deep-tinctured in the Bætick air,
Where herbs, and springs of secret virtues, stain
The flocks at feed, with Nature's richest grain.

VER. 49. *The beaver thus, &c.*] This, as every one knows, is an idle story; it makes, however, a very good illustration in our author's hands: and I observe that it is used precisely in the same manner, in a letter which Sapor is said to have sent to Constantius. *Hocque bestias factitare: quæ cum advertant cur maximopere capiantur, illud propria sponte amittunt, ut vivere deinde possint impavidæ.* Amm. Marcel. lib. xvii. 5.

VER. 57. *Where herbs, and springs, &c.*] There is not, perhaps, much more foundation for this fact, than for that mentioned in the last note; the belief of it, however, was very general: and this is sufficient for the poet.

Martial frequently speaks of this singular property of the air and water of Bætica, (Andalusia,) in staining the fleeces of the sheep kept there, with a bright yellow or golden hue: and Virgil, long before him, had mentioned this faculty of communicating colours to the “flocks at feed,” as one of the blessings of

With these, neat baskets from the Britons bought,
 Rare silver chargers by Parthenius wrought,
 A huge two-handed goblet, which might strain
 A Pholus, or a Fuscus' wife, to drain ;

that golden period, which was to commence with the arrival of young Pollio at man's estate :

“ Ipse sed in pratis aries jam suave rubenti,” &c.

The truth of this was not ascertained, because the youth, whoever he was, died too soon ; but as nature is invariable, methinks the wool of Andalusia should be as rich in native grain now, as heretofore, :—perhaps it is. The Spanish shepherds, however, do not trust to this ; they stain the fleeces of their sheep at present with a kind of ochre : probably they always did so ; and this may have given rise to the opinion.

VER. 59. ————— *neat baskets from the Britons bought,*] These baskets (almost the only manufacture of our simple ancestors) seem to have excited the admiration, indeed I might say the envy of the Romans, by the beauty of their workmanship. It is curious to observe how greatly the most savage nations excel in this kind of rush-work. Vaillant speaks highly of some baskets which he found among the people of Caffraria ; and our navigators have brought from the new-discovered isles, specimens of art in this branch, which our expertest basket-makers would strive in vain to equal. It is some little compliment to our forefathers, that their conquerors adopted the name with the article, which must have born a high price, if we may judge from the value of the precious effects among which it is enumerated. *Bascauda* is Juvenal's term :—making allowance for the Roman orthography, here is a word which has continued perhaps unchanged in sound, (for, I suppose, few readers of Juvenal require to be told that the termination (*a*) is purely Roman,) for more than two thousand years.

VER. 62. *A Pholus, or a Fuscus' wife, &c.*] Pholus was an

Follow'd by numerous services of plate,
Plain, and enchased ; with cups of ancient date,

honest, free-hearted Centaur ; somewhat given to drink, it must
be confessed, but not more so, perhaps, than his company ;
since it appears that his guest, Hercules, emptied the goblet, as
well as himself :

Σκυφίον δε λαβὼν δέπας ἐμμετρον ὡς τριλαγυνον
Πιειν ἐπισχομεν, το ρα ὃι παρεῖθηκε Φολῶ κερασας.

Adod, as Mungo says, 'twas a tumper !

The wife of Fuscus, indeed, might have “ drained ” such a
vessel : for the Roman writers take frequent notice of the im-
moderate love of the women for wine ; see vol. i. p. 381. Not
to multiply instances, I shall content myself with a passage
from Plautus. It is very humorous, and withal so ardent, that I
doubt whether the most brainsick lover ever poured out such
genuine strains of rapture to his goddess, as the bibulous old
lady before us lavishes on her darling liquor :

“ Flos veteris vini meis naribus objectus est.

“ Ejus amor cupidam me huc prolicit per tenebras :

“ Ubi, ubi est ? prope me est. Evax ! habeo. Salve anime mi.

“ Liberi lepos ; ut veteris vetusti cupida sum !

“ Nam omnium unguentum odor præ tuo, nautea est.

“ Tu mihi stacte, tu cinnamomum, tu rosa,

“ Tu crocinum et casia es, tu bdellium : nam ubi

“ Tu profusus, ibi ego me pervelim sepultam !”

Curcul. A. i. S. 2.

Thornton's version of this passage does it so little justice, that I
have ventured to translate it anew. The lady enters somewhat
like Milton's phantom, “ with nose upturned into the murky
air,” and snuffing—

Huh ! huh ! the flower, the sweet flower of old wine,
Salutes my nostrils ; and my passion for it

In which, while at the city's strength he laugh'd,
 The wily chapman of Olynthus quaff'd.
 Yet show me, in this elemental strife,
 Another, who would barter wealth for life!—

Hurries me darkling hither : where, O where,
 Is the dear object? sure 'tis near,—Ye gods!
 Ye gracious gods! I have't. Life of my life!
 Soul of my Bacchus! how I doat upon
 Thy ripe old age! the fragrance of all spices
 Is puddle, filth, to thine. Thou, thou, to me,
 Art roses, saffron, spikenard, cinnamon,
 Frankincense, oil of myrrh! where thou art found,
 There would I live and die, and there be buried!

VER. 66. *The wily chapman, &c.*] Philip of Macedon, who is said, by Demosthenes, on what authority I know not, to have persuaded the governour of Olynthus (a strong town at the foot of Mount Athos) to deliver it up to him for a bribe.

————— “ Diffidit urbium

“ Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulos

“ Reges muneribus.”

There is no necessity for understanding Juvenal literally, it is sufficient that the plate thrown overboard by Catullus was extremely valuable: and yet, if we consider how very earnest the Romans were to get into their possession every thing rich, or rare, that Greece afforded, it will not appear very improbable that Catullus should really have in his possession cups and dishes which once belonged to the Macedonian king.

VER. 67. *Yet show me, &c.*] This is a very strange passage, to say no worse of it. Bentley observes, in his notes on Horace, that the two last lines, *Non propter vitam, &c.* are the insertion of some meddling copyist. The poetry indeed is wretched enough, but the sense of them is full as good as that of the two preceding ones, to which he does not object. I wish there was the least authority for omitting the whole.

Few GAIN TO LIVE, Corvinus, few or none,
But, blind with avarice, LIVE TO GAIN alone.

Now had the deep devour'd their richest store ;
Nor seems their safety nearer than before :
The last resource alone was unexplored—
To cut the mast and rigging by the board ;
Haply the vessel so might steadier ride,
O'er the vex'd surface of the raging tide.
Dire threats th' impending blow, when, thus distress,
We sacrifice a part, to save the rest !

Go now, fond man, the faithless ocean brave,
Commit your fortunes to the wind and wave ;
Trust to a plank, and draw precarious breath,
At most, seven inches from the jaws of death !
Go ; but forget not that a storm may rise,
And put up hatchets with your sea supplies.

VER. 82. *At most, seven inches, &c.*] Ritterhusius strenuously maintains that Juvenal took this from Anacharsis the Scythian. The thought, however, does not seem to surpass the acknowledged extent of our author's own powers ; and, such as it is, probably occurred to the first poor savage who crossed a brook on a log.

There is a passage in one of Seneca's letters, that pleases me much better than this modicum of wisdom, which, to say the truth, the poets had worn threadbare long before our author picked it up. *Erras, si navigatione tantum existimas minimum esse, quo a morte vita diducitur ; in omni loco æque tenue interval- lum est.*

But now the winds were hush'd ; the wearied main
 Sunk to repose, a calm unruffled plain ;
 For fate, superiour to the tempest's power,
 Averted, from my friend, the mortal hour :
 A whiter thread the cheerful Sisters spun,
 And lo, with favouring hands their spindles run !
 Mild as the breeze of eve, a rising gale
 Rippled the wave, and fill'd their only sail ;
 Others the crew supplied, of vests combined,
 And spread to catch each vagrant breath of wind :
 By aids like these, slow o'er the deep impell'd,
 The shatter'd bark her course for Ostia held ;
 While the glad sun uprose, supremely bright,
 And hope return'd with the returning light.

At length the heights, where, from Lavinum moved,
 Iulus built the city which he loved,

VER. 99. *At length the heights, &c.*] He means the eminence on which the son of Æneas, after quitting the residence of his step-mother, Lavinia, founded Alba longa, and which, though near twenty miles from the coast, formed a conspicuous landmark for vessels bound to Ostia. For the white sow, see vol. i. p. 224. The lines which follow, contain a description of the mole and port of Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber. Addison, who visited the ruins,* says that they gave him no idea of the original plan : it was, however, a very magnificent one. This

* My curiosity led me also to Ostia, (1789,) and I walked between the piers now covered with grass. The land has gained considerably on the west as well as the East coast of Italy ; the bottom of the old harbour, on which we now walk,

Burst on the view ; auspicious heights ! whose name,
From a white sow and thirty sucklings came.
And now, the port they gain ; the tower, whose ray
Guides the poor wanderer o'er the watery way,

gentleman has an engraving from a Medal struck by Nero, which, according to him, represents the port as it formerly stood, and “ agrees wonderfully with the description before us.” Ital. Trav. 174. I see no such agreement. The Pharos of Juvenal is, in the print, a colossal statue : this, Mr. Addison, whose reading, perhaps, was not very extensive, terms correct. If he had looked into Dio, who is sufficiently explicit on the subject ; or indeed into Suetonius, who agrees with him in almost every particular, he would have found his error : *Portum Ostiæ extruxit, circumducto dextra sinistraque brachio, et ad introitum profundo jam solo mole objecta ; quam quo stabilius fundaret, navem ante demersit, qua magnus obeliscus ex Ægypto fuerat advectus, congestisque pilis superposuit altissimam turrim in exemplum Alexandrini Phari, ut ad nocturnos ignes cursum navigia dirigerent.* Claud. 20.

Dio gives a very rational account of the motives which induced Claudius to execute this stupendous work ; which seems to have been highly necessary for ensuring the regular supply of Rome.

A word of “ Addison Travels” which are here quoted for the second time. The writer must have placed considerable reliance on the paucity of foreign books in this country, when he ventured to set his name to a work of which he had purloined the whole of the materials. With respect to the “ elegance of language” which Johnson finds in this little volume, it has never

is therefore much raised : yet the arms are still so high above it, as to intercept the view of the adjoining country. The extremities of the old arms towards the sea must have fallen in ; for, in their present state, they are but short, and a sandy coast stretches out far beyond them.

And the huge mole, whose arms the waves embrace,
 And stretching, an immeasurable space,
 Far into Ocean's bosom, leave the coast,
 Till, in the distance, Italy is lost!—
 Less wonderful the bays which Nature forms,
 And less secure against assailing storms :
 Here rides the wave-worn bark, devoid of fear ;
 For Baian skiffs might ply with safety here.
 The joyful crew, with shaven crowns, relate
 Their timely rescue from the jaws of fate ;

been my good fortune to meet with it. The quotations, which were selected to his hands, are strung together in a slovenly manner, and I cannot but wonder that, when his beautiful essays had established his claims to taste, and elegance of composition, he should manifest no anxiety to suppress such a paltry performance.

VER. 113. *The joyful crew, with shaven crowns, &c.*] It was anciently supposed that the gods would accept life for life ; in other words, that the voluntary devotement of one person, would preserve another from the fate which hung over him : for it should be observed, that absolute forgiveness was never deemed an attribute of the heathen divinities.

As the world grew older it grew more foolish : the gods, it was now imagined, might be shuffled off with somewhat less than full payment ; and this persuasion gave rise to a thousand absurdities, such as the maiming and wounding still practised in barbarous countries, the sacrifice of some personal beauty, the vowing of hecatombs, and I know not what. The hair was a "personal beauty:" it was cherished with uncommon care and affection, and therefore not thought unworthy to be tendered in a calamity like this, as a kind of vicarial offering for life. This I believe to be the true history of these vows.

On every ill a pomp of words bestow,
And dwell delighted on the tale of wo.

Go then, my boys—but let no boding strain
Break on the sacred silence,—dress the fane
With garlands, bind the sod with ribands gay,
And on the knives the salted offering lay :
This done, I'll speed, myself, the rites to share,
And finish what remains, with pious care.
Then, hastening home, where chaplets of sweet
flowers

Bedeck my Lares, dear, domestick Powers !
I'll offer incense there, and at the shrine
Of highest Jove, my father's god, and mine ;
There will I scatter every bud that blows,
And every tint the various violet knows.
All savours here of joy : luxuriant bay
O'ershades my portal, while the taper's ray
Anticipates the feast, and chides the tardy day. }

VER. 117. *Go then, my boys—&c.*] Probably the two youths who are mentioned with such tenderness in the preceding Satire. They are dispatched, as was the practice, on the eve of the festival, to suspend wreaths of flowers in the portico of the temple, tie fillets round the grassy altar, and lay the sacrificial implements in order. When this was done, the victim was to be immolated by the poet himself, and all were then to return, and give the day to pleasure.

VER. 130. ——— *the taper's ray, &c.*] “It seems extraordinary,” says my learned friend Mr. Drummond, “tha

Nor think, Corvinus, interest fires my breast:
 Catullus, for whose sake my house is drest,
 Has three sweet boys, who all such hopes destroy,
 And nobler views excite my boundless joy.

Persius should sneer at the Jews for lighting lamps at their festivals, as a similar practice was common to the Romans. Even upon occasions of domestick rejoicing, the doors of the house were hung with laurels, and illuminated with lamps. Juvenal in a beautiful satire thus expresses himself,

“ ——— Longos erexit janua ramos

“ Et matutinis operitur festa lucernis.”

It appears from Tertullian, that the Christians soon adopted this practice:” (rather, perhaps, continued it after their conversion from paganism :) “ *Sed luceant inquit (Christus) opera vestra. At nunc lucent tabernæ et januæ nostræ: plures jam invenies Ethnicorum fores sine lucernis et laureis quam Christianorum.*” Trans. of Pers. 170.

I had written a great deal on this custom, before I perceived that my note was swelling to an essay; *ibi omnis*—Briefly, this solemn lighting of lamps was, undoubtedly, the primal indication of idolatry; the first profane ceremony which took place when men fell from worshipping the Father of Light, to the adoration of the noblest material object, the sun; of which those artificial fires were the most obvious symbol. The institution itself, that of the Festival of Lamps, shews the universality of this specious worship; as it would be difficult to point out a region, in which it has not, at one period or other, prevailed. It extends even now, though the origin and object of it have been forgotten for ages, over more than half the habitable globe.

The transition of this illumination, from a mark of veneration to a simple type of joy and festivity, is neither singular nor difficult to explain; but I must have done with the subject.

Yet who besides, on such a barren friend,
 Would waste a sickly pullet? who would spend
 So vast a treasure, where no hopes prevail,
 Or, for a FATHER, sacrifice a quail?—

But should the symptoms of a slight disease
 The childless Paccius or Gallita seize,
 Legions of flatterers to the fanes repair,
 And hang, in rows, their votive tablets there.
 Nay, some with vows of hecatombs will come—
 For yet no elephants are sold at Rome;
 The breed, to Latium and to us unknown,
 Is only found beneath the burning zone:
 Thence to our shores, by swarthy Moors convey'd,
 They roam at large through the Rutulian shade,
 Kept for the imperial pleasure, envied fate!
 And sacred from the subject, and the state.
 Though their progenitors, in days of yore,
 Did worthy service, and to battle bore
 Whole cohorts; taught the general's voice to know,
 And rush, themselves an army, on the foe.
 But what avails their worth! could gold obtain
 So rare a creature, worth might plead in vain:
 Novius, without delay, their blood would shed,
 To raise his Paccius from affliction's bed;
 An offering, sacred to the great design,
 And worthy of the votary, and the shrine!

Pacuvius, did our laws the crime allow,
 The fairest of his numerous slaves would vow ;
 The blooming boy, the love-inspiring maid,
 With garlands crown, and to the temple lead ;
 Nay, seize his Iphigene, prepared to wed,
 And drag her to the altar, from the bed ;
 Though hopeless, like the Grecian sire, to find,
 In happy hour, the substituted hind.

And who shall say my countryman does ill ?
 A thousand ships are trifles to a Will !
 For Paccius, should the fates his health restore,
 May cancel every *item* framed before,
 (Won by his friend's vast merits, and beset,
 On all sides, by the inextricable net,)
 And, in one line, convey plate, jewels, gold,
 Lands, every thing to him, "to have and hold."

VER. 166. *Nay, seize his Iphigene, &c.*] Of this trite fact, the English reader, to save the trouble of turning to his school-books, may take the following account from Holyday: "The Grecians having kill'd a hind consecrated to Diana; were by the offended goddess a long time detain'd at the haven of Aulis with a contrary wind. Whereupon consulting the Oracle, and being told that, to pacifie the goddess, they must sacrifice Agamemnon's daughter, Iphigenia; her parents, by the deceit or eloquence of Ulysses, were persuaded to consent that she should be sacrificed. But when the time came, Diana conveyed her away unto the Taurick Chersonese; placing in her stead a hind for a ready sacrifice.'

With victory crown'd, Pacuvius struts along,
 And smiles contemptuous on the baffled throng ;
 Then counts his gains, and deems himself o'erpaid,
 For the cheap murder of one wretched maid.

Health to the man ! and may he **THUS** get more,
 Than Nero plunder'd ! pile his shining store,
 High, mountain high ; in years a Nestor prove,
 And, loving none, ne'er know another's love !

VER. 183. *Than Nero plunder'd ! &c.*] The rapacity of this tyrant (see vol. II. p. 7) was proverbial. The sums which he extorted from the provinces under various pretences exceed all belief, and almost all arithmetick. He gave no office, says Suetonius, without the addition of this special charge: *Scis quid mihi opus sit ; et hoc agamus, ne quis quicquam habeat.* You know what I want ; let us manage in such a manner, that nobody else may have any thing.

SATIRE XIII.

Argument.

CALVINUS had left a sum of money in the hands of a confidential person: no uncommon thing in those days, when there were no public banks. This person, when he came to redemand it, forswore the deposit. The indignation and fury expressed by Calvinus at this breach of trust seem to have reached the ears of his friend Juvenal, who endeavours to sooth and comfort him under his loss.

Such is the simple foundation on which the beautiful structure before us is raised! It is needless to analyse it, for the different topicks of consolation and advice follow one another so naturally, that it would only be to recapitulate in less forcible language what is already rendered too clear for doubt, and too intelligible for illustration.

Juvenal is here almost a Christian. I say, almost: for though his ignorance of “that light which was come into the world” did not enable him to number among the dreadful consequences of impenitent guilt, the certain punishment of the life to come; yet on every other topick that can alarm or terrify the sinner, he is energetick and awful beyond example. Perhaps the horrors of a troubled conscience were never depicted with such impressive solemnity as in this Satire.

Bishop Burnet recommended the tenth Satire to his Clergy, in his Pastoral Letters; the present would have been more to his purpose. It is not, indeed, so poetick, so fervid, so majestical, as that; but, on the other hand, it enters more into the common business of life. All cannot be statesmen, warriors, and kings; but all may be injured by treachery, and all have need to be reminded, that guilt sometimes finds its punishment on this side the grave!

SATIRE XIII.

Argument.

CALPURNIUS had left a sum of money in the hands of a negligent person: no uncommon thing in this degenerate age, where there were no good laws. This person, when he came to redeem it, returned the money. The indignation and fury expressed by Calpurnius at this return of trust were so great, that he could not but be sensible of the necessity of writing a satire on such an occasion, and to publish it under the name of a friend. Such a satire, however, is not the business of a poet, but of a philosopher. It is a species of reasoning, for the different topics of consolation and advice follow one another in a regular train, that it should only be so recommended to him, for whose business what is directly intended was clear for doubt, and so, naturally, in the illustration. Lucius is here depicted as a Christian. I say, almost, for though his ignorance of that light which was to guide him into the world, did not enable him to number among the strongest arguments of impiety, yet, the certain punishment of the life to come, and the very other things that can alarm or satisfy the senses, are so suggested and mixed beyond example. Perhaps the horrors of a troubled conscience were never depicted with such impressive strength as in this satire. Bishop Burnet recommended the reader to his Charge, in his Pastoral Letters, the former would have been more to his purpose. It is not, indeed, so poetical, so far as so suggested, as that; but on the other hand, it enters more into the common notions of life. All cannot be addressed, as poetry, and what is not all along is inspired by truth, and all have need to be reminded, that guilt sometimes finds its punishment on this side the grave.

SATIRE XIII.

TO CALVINUS.

V. 1—6.

MAN, wretched man, whene'er he stoops to sin,
Feels, with the act, a strong remorse within ;
'Tis the first vengeance : Conscience tries the cause,
And vindicates the violated laws ;
Though the bribed Prætor at their sentence spurn,
And falsify the verdict of the Urn.

VER. 5. *Though the bribed Prætor, &c.*] This can only be understood by a reference to the judicial forms of the Romans. In criminal causes, the Prætor Urbanus, who sat as chief judge, put into an urn the names of his assessors, (a kind of jurymen, who, to the amount of some hundreds, were annually chosen for this purpose,) from which he drew out the number prescribed by law, usually about fifty, who sat by him at the trial. When the pleadings were over, they retired, and deliberated on what had passed. On their return, they had each three waxen tablets put into their hands, one of which was marked with the letter C. for *condemno*, guilty ; another with the letter A. for *absolvo*, not guilty ; and the third with the letters N. L. for *non liquet*, I am doubtful. One of these tablets each person dropt privately into the urn, which was then brought to the Prætor, who took

What says the world, not always, friend, unjust,
 Of this late injury, this breach of trust?
 That thy estate so small a loss can bear,
 And that the evil, now no longer rare,
 Is one of that inevitable set,
 Which man is born to suffer, and forget.

them out, and pronounced sentence according to the decision of the majority.

In this last transaction, a perverse or corrupt judge had an opportunity of juggling, which the history of those times proves he did not always let slip. It is to this Juvenal alludes.

VER. 7. *What says the world, &c.*] *Quid sentire putas, &c.* I understand this passage differently from all the translators: they suppose that it alludes to the general indignation of the people at the fraud practised on Calvinus; thus Dryden,

“ ————— publick hate
 “ Pursues the cheat, and proves the villain’s fate;”

induced, perhaps, by the *sed*, which immediately follows; but *sed* is not always a disjunctive; in this place, for example, I take it to be rather an intensive conjunctive, if the expression may be allowed: They not only say what is usually said on such occasions, *but* they add, that thy estate, &c.

Juvenal surely could not mean to produce one of his strongest arguments in the outset: he proceeds on a different plan, and, before he enters on the guilt of the offender, endeavours to moderate the passionate transports of his friend. For the rest; he seems almost to have translated Menander in the latter part of this paragraph:

Σὺ δ’ οὐδ’ ὑπερβαλλόντα, Τροφίμ’, ἀπώλεσας
 Ἀγαθα, τὰ νυνὶ δεξι μετρία σοὶ κακά.
 Ὡς τ’ ἀναμέσον που καὶ τὸ λοιπὸν εὐ φερε.

Then moderate thy grief; 'tis mean to show,
An anguish disproportion'd to the blow.

But thou, so new to crosses, as to feel
The slightest portion of the slightest ill,
Art fired with rage, because a friend forswears
The sacred pledge, intrusted to his cares.
What, thou, Calvinus, bear so weak a mind!
Thou, who hast left full three-score years behind!
Heavens, have they taught thee nothing! nothing,
friend!

And art thou grown gray-headed to no end!—

Wisdom, I know, contains a sovereign charm,
To vanquish fortune, or at least disarm:
Blest they who walk by her unerring rule!—
Nor those unblest, who, tutor'd in life's school,
Have learn'd of old experience to submit,
And lightly bear the yoke they cannot quit.

What day so sacred, which no guilt profanes,
No secret fraud, no open rapine stains?
What hour, in which no dark assassins prowl,
Nor point the sword for hire, nor drug the bowl?
THE GOOD, ALAS, ARE FEW! “The valued file,”
Less than the Gates of Thebes, the Mouths of Nile!

VER. 33. THE GOOD ARE FEW! &c.] Lucian expatiates
with much pleasantry on this scarcity of virtuous characters.
He calls a good man *χρημα δυσευρετον*, and, as he sarcastically

For now an age is come, that teems with crimes,
 Beyond all precedent of former times ;
 An age so bad, that Nature cannot frame,
 A metal base enough to give it name !
 Yet you, indignant at a paltry cheat,
 Call heaven and earth to witness the deceit,
 With cries as deafening, as the shout that breaks
 From the bribed audience, when Fæsidius speaks.

adds, προ πολλου εκλελοιπεν εκ του βιου· οπερ ουδ' ο Λυγκευς αν
 εξευροι ραδιως, αμαυρον ουτω και μικρον ον. The reader scarcely
 needs to be informed, that Boeotian Thebes had seven gates, and
 Nile seven mouths.

VER. 41. ————— the shout that breaks

From the bribed audience when Fæsidius speaks.] I
 know nothing of this Fæsidius, who is attacked with a stroke
 of oblique satire, for purchasing such vehement applause by
 bribes. The practice, however, was neither new nor singular,
 though it was undoubtedly carried to an unusual height in our
 author's time. I have already estimated the dole (vol. i. p. 25)
 at about twenty-pence of our money; and this appears to be
 the customary fee for a morning's shouting: as Pliny writes,
 that two of his servants were seduced away from him, to shout
 for that sum:—but the whole passage is so apposite to the line
 before us, and presents so curious a picture of the practice al-
 luded to, that I shall give it intire. *Nunc, refractis pudoris et*
reverentiæ claustris, omnia patent omnibus. Nec inducuntur, sed
irrupunt. Sequuntur auditores auctoribus similes, conducti et re-
dempti mancipēs: convenitur in media basilica, ubi tam palam spor-
tulæ quam in triclinio dantur Heri duo nomenclatores mei
(habent sane ætatem eorum qui nuper togas sumpserunt) ternis dena-
riis ad laudandum trahebantur; tanti constat ut sis disertissimus!
 Lib. ii. Ep. 14.

Dotard in nonage ! are you to be told,
 What loves, what graces, deck another's gold ?
 Are you to learn, what peals of mirth resound,
 At your simplicity, from all around ?
 When you step forth, and, with a serious air,
 Bid them abstain from perjury, and beware
 To tempt the altars,—for A GOD IS THERE !

Idle old man ! there was, indeed, a time,
 When the rude natives of this happy clime
 Cherish'd such dreams : 'twas ere the king of heaven,
 To change his sceptre for a scythe was driven ;
 Ere Juno yet the sweets of love had tried,
 Or Jove advanced beyond the caves of Ide.

'Twas when no gods indulged in sumptuous feasts,
 No Ganymede, no Hebe serv'd the guests ;
 No Vulcan, with his sooty labours foul,
 Limp'd round, officious, with the nectar'd bowl ;
 But each in private dined : 'twas when the throng
 Of godlings, now beyond the scope of song,

VER. 53. *To change his sceptre, &c.*] Orig. his diadem, *i. e.* says Casaubon, *fascia candida*, a white fillet. I think it is Diodorus Siculus who tells us, that Bacchus invented the diadem for the cure of the headache : I hope he found it answer. Very few of those who have tried it since his time, I believe, have experienced much relief from it.

VER. 60. ————— 'twas when the throng
Of godlings, &c.] The commentators observe, that Juvenal sneers in this place at the monstrous polytheism of the

The courts of heaven, in spacious ease, possest,
 And with a lighter load, poor Atlas prest !—
 Ere Neptune's lot the watery world obtain'd,
 Or Dis and his Sicilian consort reign'd ;
 Ere Tityus and his ravening bird were known,
 Ixion's wheel, or Sisyphus's stone :
 While yet the shades confess'd no tyrant's power,
 And all below was one Elysian bower !

Vice was a phoenix in that blissful time,
 Believed, but never seen : and 'twas a crime,
 Worthy of death, such awe did years engage,
 If manhood rose not up to reverend age,

Romans. Of this there can be no doubt ; and, in fact, he seldom misses an opportunity of so doing : here, however, he had a further and more important end in view ; for his Satire is directly levelled at the frequent apotheoses of the Cæsars, in which the base and abject herd of Rome contentedly acquiesced.

The deifying of such characters, and of a multitude of imaginary beings little less odious and contemptible, is alleged by implication, as the prime cause of the increased depravity of the times. To have spoken plainer would have been unsafe ; to have left the subject untouched, unlike our author : I believe, indeed, that he did not escape with impunity even for this ; for it was written when poor Atlas was “ more pressed ” than ever.

VER. 73. *If manhood rose not up to reverend age, &c.*] All profane and sacred history supports Juvenal in his assertion respecting the reverence anciently paid to old age. It was synonymous with power : it continued so, while men led a pastoral life ; nor did they know any other judge or leader than the aged, till a thirst for rapine spread amongst them, and wisdom and justice

And youth to manhood, though a larger hoard
Of hips and acorns, graced the stripling's board.

were compelled to give way to activity, strength, and brutal ferocity.

Solomon, by a beautiful figure, calls a virtuous old age "a crown of dignity:" and even so early as the days of Moses, we find this attention to age the subject of a positive command: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of an old man." XIX. v. 32.

Αἰδεῖσθαι πολιορκροταφους, εἰκεῖν δὲ γερουσιν
Εδρης και γεραων παντων· γενεη δ' αταλαντον
Πρεσβυν ὁμηλικά πατρῶ· ισαις τιμαισι γεραιρε. *Phocyl. Frag.*

And even among our author's countrymen, long after the golden period of which he speaks, age was no less venerated than venerable:

"Magna fuit quondam capitis reverentia cani,

"Inque suo pretio ruga senilis erat.

"Tum senior juvenum, non indignantibus ipsis,

"Ibat, et interior si comes unus erat.

"Verba quis auderet coram sene digna rubore

"Dicere? censuram longa senecta dabat." *Fast. lib. v.*

Among our poets, I know not where to find a more beautiful passage on the subject than this, which is evidently taken from the text:

"*Colax.* It is an impious age. There was a time,

"And pity 'tis, so good a time had wings

"To fly away, when reverence was paid

"To the gray head: 'twas held a sacrilege

"Not expiable, to deny respect

"To one of years and gravity." *Muses Looking Glass.*

I cannot conclude this note, long as it already is, without the following apposite passage:

"*Knowell.* When I was young, he lived not in the stews,

"Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it

Then, then, was age so venerable thought,
That every day increase of honour brought;
And children, in the springing down, revered
The sacred promise of a hoary beard!

Now, if a friend, miraculously just,
Restore the pledge, with all its gather'd rust,
'Tis deem'd a portent, worthy to appear,
Among the wonders of the Tuscan year;

“ On a gray head: age was authority

“ Against a giber, and a man had then

“ A certain reverence paid unto his years,

“ That had none due unto his life: so much,

“ The sanctity of some prevail'd for others!

“ But now we all are fall'n; youth from their fear,

“ And age from that which bred it, good example.”

Every Man in his Humour.

That strain I heard was of a higher mood! this is, indeed, what Dryden, in his remarks on Jonson, calls “invading the ancients like a monarch:” it is not a theft, but a victory.

VER. 78. *And children, in the springing down, &c.*] This is a repetition of the preceding sentiment, *Barbato cuicunque puer*. In common speech, and when the divisions of time were noted, *puer* was used of a boy of fifteen, and *barbatus* of a youth of nineteen: hence the poet's observation,

“ Tam venerabile erat præcedere quatuor annis!”

VER. 83. *Among the wonders of the Tuscan year;*] *Thuscis digna libellis*. These books, in which, amongst other things, all the marvellous events of the years were treasured up, seem to have been something like our almanacks. They are called Tuscan, either because they were still compiled by people from that country, or because the old Romans, a race equally ignorant and credulous, first learnt from them the juggling arts of sooth-saying and divination.

A prodigy of faith, which threatens the state,
 And a ewe lamb can scarcely expiate!—
 Struck at the view, if now I chance to see,
 A man of ancient worth and probity,
 To pregnant mules the MONSTER I compare,
 Or fish upturn'd beneath the wondering share:
 Anxious and trembling for the woe to come,
 As if a shower of stones had fall'n on Rome;
 As if a swarm of bees, together clung,
 Down from the Capitol, thick-clustering, hung;

VER. 89. ————— *the wondering share:]* Henninius, says Doctor Jortin, has given in the text *mirandis*, Lubin says we must read *mirantis*, not *miranti*, Gataker conjectures, (God knows why,) *liranti*. These honest men were all disposed to feed upon acorns; while other copies had *miranti*, which was very well explained by Britannicus, *sub aratro miranti, ut rei inanimæ dederit sensum*. *Miranti aratro* is just such another expression as *irato sistro, esuriens ramus olivæ, &c.*

VER. 92. *As if a swarm of bees, &c.]* This is said by Tacitus to have really happened in the reign of Claudius. (Ann. xii. 64.) But the Roman history is full of such prodigies. The sooth-sayers always considered this as portentous of calamity; and it is pleasant to see with what grave arguments the elder Pliny refutes their errors: *apes ostenta faciunt*, (he believed that they were ominous) *privata et publica: uva dependente in domibus templisve, sæpe expiata magnis eventibus. Sedere in ore infantis Platonis, tunc etiam suavitatem illam prædulcis eloquii portendentes. Sedere in castris Drusi Imp. cum prosperrime pugnatum apud Arbalonem est haudquaquam Haruspicum conjectura, qui dirum id ostentum existimant.* Lib. xi. 17.

If we wish to know why the swarming of bees should be so

Or Tiber, swell'n to madness, burst away,
And roll'd, a milky deluge, to the sea.

And dost thou at a trivial loss repine !
What, if another, by a friend like thine,
Is stript of ten times more ! a third, again,
Of what his bursting chest would scarce contain !
For 'tis so common, in this age of ours,
So easy, to condemn the Immortal Powers,
That, can we but elude man's searching eyes,
We laugh to scorn the witness of the skies.
Mark, with how bold a voice, and fix'd a brow,
The villain dares his treachery disavow !

“ By the all-hallow'd orb that flames above,

“ I HAD IT NOT ! By the red bolts of Jove,

alarming, Marcellinus will inform us: *In domo Barbationis examen apes fecere perspicuum: superque hoc ei prodigiorum gnaros consulenti, discrimen magnum portendi responsum est, conjectura scil. tali, quod hæ volucres post compositas sedes, opesque congestas, fumo pelluntur et turbulento sonitu cymbalorum.* Lib. XVIII. 3.

Nothing can be clearer ! it may, however, be worth while to add, for the sake of the credulous, that Barbatio and his family fell sacrifices to the accident, which their simplicity alone erected into a prodigy.

VER. 96. *And dost thou at a trivial loss repine !* The sum of, which Calvinus had been defrauded, and about which he makes such a clamour, was only ten thousand sesterces ; about eighty pounds sterling ! Let us hope (for his credit) that the crime of violated friendship afflicted him more deeply than the loss of his money.

“ By the wing’d shaft that laid the Centaur low,
 “ By Dian’s arrows, by Apollo’s bow,
 “ By the strong lance that Mars delights to wield,
 “ By Neptune’s trident, by Minerva’s shield,
 “ And every weapon that, to vengeance given,
 “ Stores the tremendous magazine of heaven!—
 “ Nay, IF I HAD, I’ll slay this son of mine,
 “ And eat his head, soused in Egyptian brine.”

There are, who think that chance is all in all,
 That no First Cause directs the eternal ball;
 But that brute Nature, in her blind career,
 Varies the seasons, and brings round the year:
 These rush to every shrine, with equal ease,
 And, owning none, swear by what Power you please.

VER. 116. *There are, who think, &c.*] The old Scholiast has a very just observation on this passage: *Dicit quam ob causam homines perjurent, cum dicant quod non diis agimur, sed fortunæ casibus. Quid ergo dii nocebunt, læsi, si fortuna disponente vita hominum regitur?*

It would be well, methinks, if the dreamers on virtuous communities of atheists would seriously meditate on such passages as these. I should pay the most moral unbeliever of the present day no small compliment, perhaps, by allowing him to rank with Juvenal in virtue: yet Juvenal could see that this was insufficient to control the vicious propensities of mankind; which can only be held in order by the solemn conviction that **THERE IS AN EYE** which marks their ways; an overseer who, in the sublime language of Callimachus, is seated,

Ακρης εν πολιεσσιν, εποψιϑ οί τε δικησι
 Λαον ὑπο σκολιης, οί τ' εμπαλιν ιδυνουσιν.

Others believe, and but believe, a god,
 And think that punishment MAY follow fraud;
 Yet they forswear, and, reasoning on the deed,
 Thus reconcile their actions with their creed:
 “ Let Isis storm, if to revenge inclined,
 “ And with her angry sistrum, strike me blind,
 “ So, with my eyes, she ravish not my ore,
 “ But let me keep the pledge which I forswore.
 “ Are putrid sores, catarrhs that seldom kill,
 “ And crippled limbs, forsooth, so great an ill!
 “ Ladas, if not stark mad, would change, no doubt,
 “ His flying feet, for riches and the gout;

VER. 127. *And with her angry sistrum strike me blind,*] There is a propriety in this punishment, which has escaped the notice of the commentators. Blindness is a disease more frequent in Egypt than elsewhere: its infliction, therefore, is rightly assigned to an Egyptian deity. Travellers still speak with astonishment of the numerous hospitals for the blind, to be found in every part of that country. The evil is probably occasioned, in great measure, by the nitrous quality of the air, and by those dreadful typhons or whirlwinds which sweep before them an impalpable sand, so hot that it pierces the lachrymal gland like a flake of flying fire. And, indeed, when no wind prevails, if the eye be extended over the smooth and arid plains which lie at a certain distance from the Nile, while the sun is at any great elevation, it is affected by a tremulous motion in the air, just as if it were looking at the fiercest flame.

The maladies that follow, the phthisis and the vomicae putres, are also unusually prevalent in Egypt.

VER. 132. *Ladas, if not stark mad, &c.*] Ladas was a celebrated runner of antiquity. Solinus thus speaks of him: *Primam*

“ For what do those procure him ? mere renown,
 “ And the starv’d honour of an olive crown.
 “ But grant the wrath of heaven be great ; ’tis
 slow,
 “ And days, and months, and years, precede the blow.
 “ If, then, to punish ALL, the gods decree,
 “ When, in their vengeance, will they come to me ?
 “ But I, perhaps, their anger may appease—
 “ For they are wont to pardon faults like these :
 “ At worst, there’s hope ; since every age and clime,
 “ See different fates attend the self-same crime ;
 “ Some made by villainy, and some undone,
 “ And This ascend a scaffold, That a throne.”

These sophistries, to fix awhile suffice,
 The mind, yet shuddering at the thought of vice ;
 And, thus confirm’d, at the first call they come,
 Nay, rush before you to the sacred dome :

*palnam velocitatis Ladas quidam adeptus est, qui ita supra cavum
 pulverem cursitavit, ut arenis pendentibus nulla indicia relinqueret
 vestigiorum :* but this is not the only wonderful story told of him.
 Juvenal, however, seems to have had in view a Greek epigram
 on a statue of this man by the celebrated Myro :

Such, as when flying with the whirlwind’s haste,
 In your foot’s point your eager soul you placed,
 Such, Ladas, here by Myro’s skill you breathe,
 Ardent through all your frame, for Pisa’s wreath.

Chide your slow pace, drag you, amazed, along,
 And play the raving Phasma, to the throng.
 (For impudence the vulgar suffrage draws,
 And seems the assurance of a righteous cause.)
 While you, poor wretch, suspected by the crowd,
 With Stentor's lungs, or Mars', exclaim aloud :
 " Jove ! Jove ! will nought thy indignation rouse ?
 " Canst thou, in silence, hear these faithless vows ?
 " When all thy fury, on the slaves accurst,
 " From lips of marble or of brass should burst !—
 " Or else, why burn we incense at thy shrine,
 " And heap thy altars with the fat of swine,

VER. 151. *And play the raving Phasma, &c.*] Juvenal is supposed to allude to a character in the drama of Q. Catullus, (Sat. VIII. v. 267.) It may be, for all is conjectural here, that the fugitive slave, like the perjured villains in the text, endeavoured to free himself from the suspicion of fraud, by the most clamorous and vehement protestations of innocence.

VER. 155. *With Stentor's lungs, or Mars',*] In this pleasant hyperbole, Juvenal indulges himself with a good-humoured smile at Homer, who represents Stentor, or rather Juno under his appearance, shouting as loud as fifty, and Mars as nine or ten thousand men, in the heat of battle, ἐπὶ δὲ ξυνάγων ἐς Ἀρηῶν.

VER. 156. *Jove ! Jove ! &c.*] Not much unlike the exclamation of the tragedian.

" ————— Magne regnator deum,
 " Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides !
 " Ecquando sævâ fulmen emittes manu
 " Si nunc serenum est ?"

“ When we might crave redress, for aught I see,
 “ As wisely of Bathyllus, as of thee !”

Rash man !—but hear, in turn, what I propose,
 To mitigate, if not to heal, your woes ;
 I, who no knowledge of the schools possess,
 Cynick, or Stoick, differing but in dress,
 Or thine, calm Epicurus, whose pure mind,
 To one small garden, every wish confined.
 In desperate cases, able doctors fee ;
 But trust your pulse to Philip’s boy—or me.

If no example of so foul a deed,
 On earth be found, I urge no more : proceed,
 And beat your breast, and rend your hoary hair ;
 ’Tis just :—for thus our losses we declare ;
 And money is bewail’d with deeper sighs,
 Than friends or kindred, and with louder cries.

VER. 167. *Cynick, or Stoick, differing but in dress.*] Salmasius (in Jul. Capitol.) says that the Cynicks wore no tunick under their cloak, which the Stoicks did. This, then, our author sarcastically remarks, was the only material distinction between the two sects : for as to the difference of opinion, he seems to think it unworthy of notice ! The truth of the matter is, that although he every where treats the founders of the different schools with a certain portion of respect, yet he had too much good sense not to discover that the frivolous and idle contest of their followers, (a vagabond, disputatious, and profligate horde, which swarmed at Rome about this time,) merited nothing but contempt. For Epicurus, see Sat. xiv.

There none dissemble, none, with scenick art,
 Affect a sorrow, foreign from the heart;
 Content in squalid garments to appear,
 And vex their lids for one hard-gotten tear:
 No, genuine drops fall copious from their eyes,
 And their breasts labour with unbidden sighs.
 But when you see each court of justice throng'd,
 With crowds, like you, by faithless friendship
 wrong'd,

See men abjure their bonds, though duly framed,
 And oft revised, by all the parties named,
 While their own hand and seal, in every eye,
 Flash broad conviction, and evince the lie;
 Shall you alone, on Fortune's smiles presume,
 And claim exemption from the common doom?
 —From a white hen, forsooth, 'twas yours to spring,
 Ours, to be hatch'd beneath some luckless wing!

Pause from your grief, and, with impartial eyes,
 Survey the daring crimes which round you rise;

VER. 192. —*From a white hen, &c.*] "*Albæ gallinæ filius*, Stapylton says, Sonne of a white hen, was a Roman proverb amounting to as much as ours of, wrapt in's mother's smock." I have looked into the commentators for the origin of so singular an expression, without being able to find any thing satisfactory. Erasmus, who is sometimes successful enough in his conjectures, has little to the purpose here, except the very obvious position, that *white* was a lucky colour. Columella observes that white hens are not fruitful. Upon which Curio remarks

Your injuries, then, will scarce deserve a name,
 And your false friend be half absolv'd from blame !
 What's he, poor knave ! to those who stab for hire,
 Who kindle, and then spread, the midnight fire ?
 Say, what to those who, from the hoary shrine,
 Tear the huge vessels age hath stamp'd divine,
 Offerings of price, by grateful nations given,
 And crowns inscribed, by pious kings, to heaven ?
 What to the minor thieves, who, missing these,
 Abrade the gilded thighs of Hercules,
 Strip Neptune of his silvery beard, and peel
 Castor's leaf-gold, where spread from head to heel ?

that it is wonderful how the proverb (chick of a white hen) should have come to signify fortunate and happy. It is so: unless we suppose, for want of a better solution, that it was the rarity, and not the felicity of the object, which the old adage had in view.

VER. 207. *Castor's leaf-gold, &c.*] After this line there follows :

“An dubitat solitus totum conflare Tonantem?”

What will they not, who, with irreverence dire,
 Steal and melt down the Thunderer entire !

Which affords another striking specimen of Juvenal's negligence or want of taste. He is now describing the minor pilferers, the traffickers in petty sacrilege, who content themselves with the scrapings of gilded images ; and whose puny baseness, therefore, is but awkwardly illustrated by the decisive and daring impiety of carrying off and melting down the Thunderer !

Or what to those who, with pernicious craft,
 Mingle and set to sale the deadly draught;
 Or those, who in a raw ox hide are bound,
 And, with an ill-starr'd ape, poor sufferer! drown'd?
 Yet these—how small a portion of the crimes,
 That stain the records of those dreadful times,
 And Gallicus, the city præfect, hears,
 From light's first dawning, till it disappears!
 The state of morals would you learn at Rome?
 No further seek than his judicial dome:

VER. 211. *And, with an ill-starr'd ape, &c.*] Parricides were sewed up in a hide, together with an ape, a dog, a cock, and a viper, and flung into the nearest river. Livy says, that the first who underwent this punishment was P. Malleolus, convicted of murdering his mother. It is not easy to account for the singular choice of animals: the viper, indeed, as being anciently supposed to eat its way into the world through the intrails of its dam, was not unaptly selected; but what had the rest done! Cicero gives several reasons for drowning the parricide, which are all unsatisfactory, and therefore not worth repeating. Juvenal seems to pity the poor ape; and there is reason in that.

One of the translators conjectures that these animals were fixed on “from a persuasion that, by deliberately preying on the flesh of the criminal, they prolonged his punishment.” This is a most luminous idea. We all know how deliberately drowning animals feed on flesh, especially if, as in the present case, most of them happen not to be carnivorous.

VER. 214. *And Gallicus, the city præfect*] I have already observed (in the Life of Juvenal) that Gallicus was præfect of Rome, from A. D. 85 to 88. This satire, therefore, was probably written about the middle of Domitian's reign, a dark and dismal period of tyranny and guilt!

Give one short morning to the horrors there,
And then complain, then murmur, if you dare!

Say, whom do goitres on the Alps surprise?
In Meroë, whom the breast's enormous size?
Whom locks, in Germany, of golden hue,
And spiral curls, and eyes of sapphire blue?
None; for the prodigy, among them shared,
Becomes mere nature, and escapes regard.

VER. 220. *Say, whom do goitres, &c.*] These goitres are prettily pointed out by Shakspeare, to whose knowledge they had not long been familiar:

————— “When we were boys,
“Who would believe that there were mountaineers
“Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
“Wallets of flesh! people, which now we find,
“Each putter out of one for five, will bring us
“Good warrant of.”

VER. 223. ————— *and eyes of sapphire blue?*] The people of the south seem to have regarded, as a phenomenon, those blue eyes, which with us are so common, and, indeed, so characteristick of beauty, as to form an indispensable requisite of every Daphne of Grub-street. Tacitus, however, from whom Juvenal perhaps borrowed the expression, adds an epithet to *cærulean*, which makes the common interpretation doubtful. The Germans, he says, (*De Mor. Ger.* 4,) have, *truces et cærulei oculi*, fierce, lively blue eyes. With us, this colour is always indicative of a soft, voluptuous languor. What then, if we have hitherto mistaken the sense, and instead of blue, should have said sea-green! This is not an uncommon colour, especially in the north. I have seen many Norwegian seamen

When clouds of Thracian birds obscure the sky,
To arms ! to arms ! the desperate Pigmies cry :

with eyes of this hue, which were invariably quick, keen, and glancing.

Shakspeare, whom nothing escaped, has put an admirable description of them into the mouth of Juliet's nurse :

“ O he's a lovely man ! an eagle, madam,

“ Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,

“ As Paris hath.”

Steevens, who had some glimpse of the meaning of this word, refers to an apposite passage in the Two Noble Kinsmen. It is in Æmilia's address to Diana :

“ ————— Oh vouchsafe

“ With that thy rare green eye, which never yet

“ Beheld things maculate,” &c.

It is, indeed, not a little singular, that this expression should have occasioned any difficulty to his commentators ; since it occurs in most of our old poets, and Drummond of Hawthornden uses it perpetually. One instance of it may be given :

“ When Nature now had wonderfully wrought

“ All Auristella's parts, except her eyes :

“ To make those twins, two lamps in beauty's skies,

“ The counsel of the starry synod sought.

“ Mars and Apollo first did her advise,

“ To wrap in colours *black* those comets bright,

“ That Love him so might soberly disguise,

“ And, unperceived, wound at every sight.

“ Chaste Phoebe spake for purest *azure* dyes ;

“ But Jove and Venus *green* about the light,

“ To frame thought best, as bringing most delight,

“ That to pined hearts hope might for aye arise.

“ Nature, all said, a paradise of *green*

“ Placed there, to make all love which have them seen.”

But soon, defeated in the unequal fray,
 Disorder'd flee ; while, pouncing on their prey,
 The victor cranes descend, and, clamouring, bear
 The wriggling mannikins aloft in air.
 Here, could our climes to such a scene give birth,
 We all should burst with agonies of mirth ;

VER. 232. *Here, could our climes to such a scene give birth, &c.]*
 The facetious Domitian, whom we have seen, in the first Satire, amusing himself with bringing women and dwarfs into the lists, seems, if I rightly understand Statius, to have treated himself with a spectacle of this kind :

“ Hic audax subit ordo pumilonum ;

“ Edunt vulnera, conseruntque dextras,

“ Et mortem sibi (qua manu !) minantur :

“ Ridet Mars pater, et cruenta Virtus !”

While these little creatures were fighting, a number of cranes appear to have been let loose about them : they did not, indeed, venture to attack them, for, as the poet, who was a spectator of the circumstance, adds, they were alarmed at the increased ferocity of these European pigmies ;

“ Casuræque vagis grues rapinis

“ Mirantur pumilos, ferociore !”

What Juvenal might have thought of such a scene I know not but Statius appears to have been highly diverted with it. Such were the contemptible amusements of this gloomy tyrant in his retirement !

I must not forget a weighty objection of the grave Lubin, to the veracity of this little narrative. Juvenal says that the cranes soar aloft with the pigmies in their crooked talons, *curvis unguibus* : How can this be, says Lubin, when cranes have no

There, unsurprised, they view the frequent fight,
Nor smile at heroes scarce a foot in height.

“ Shall then no ill the perjured head attend,
“ No punishment o’ertake this faithless friend ?”
Suppose him seiz’d, abandon’d to your will,
What more would rage ? to torture or to kill ;
Yet still your loss, your injury would remain,
And draw no retribution from his pain.
“ True ; but methinks the smallest drop of blood,
“ Squeezed from his mangled limbs, would do me
good :

“ Revenge, THEY SAY, and I believe their words,
“ A pleasure sweeter far than life affords.”

WHO SAY ? the fools, whose passions, prone to ire,
At slightest causes, or at none take fire ;

Whose boiling breasts, at every turn, o’erflow

With rancorous gall : Chrysippus SAID not so ;

Nor Thales, to our frailties clement still ;

Nor that old man, by sweet Hymettus’ hill,

Who drank the poison with unruffled soul,

And dying, from his foes withheld the bowl.

crooked talons ? *Quomodo hoc a grue fieri possit, quæ quidem curvos ungues non habet ?* In truth, I cannot tell. I have, however, done what I could for my author, and kept the obnoxious word out of sight.

VER. 251. *Nor that old man by sweet Hymettus’ hill,*] This is a

Divine philosophy ! by whose pure light
 We first distinguish, then pursue the right,
 Thy power the breast from every error frees,
 And weeds out all its vices by degrees :—
 Illumined by thy beam, revenge we find,
 The abject pleasure of an abject mind,
 And hence so dear to poor, weak, woman-kind.

But why are those, Calvinus, thought to scape,
 Unpunish'd, whom, in every fearful shape,
 Guilt still alarms, and conscience ne'er asleep,
 Wounds with incessant strokes, "not loud but deep,"
 While the vex'd mind, her own tormentor, plies
 A scorpion scourge, unmark'd by human eyes !
 'Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign,
 Can match the fierce, the unutterable pain

charming designation of Socrates by the place of his residence. The hill of Hymettus was not far from Athens : Juvenal calls it sweet Hymettus, because it was much celebrated for the richness of its honey.

VER. 265. *While the vex'd mind, &c.*] I have already observed that I love to meet with our old writers in the traces of Juvenal. He was evidently a favourite with them ; and the predilection may be considered as no slight indication of their taste and spirit. The following is a pretty close rendering of the text :

" ————— There's no punishment
 " Like that to bear the witness in one's breast
 " Of perpetrated evils, when the mind
 " Beats it with silent stripes." *Microcosmus.*

He feels, who night and day, devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.

A Spartan once the Oracle besought,
To solve a scruple which perplex'd his thought,
And plainly tell him, if he might forswear
A purse, of old, confided to his care.
Incens'd, the priestess answer'd—"Waverer, no!
"Nor shalt thou, for the doubt, unpunish'd go."
With that, he hasten'd to restore the trust;
But fear alone, not virtue, made him just:
Hence, he soon proved the Oracle divine,
And all the answer worthy of the shrine;

VER. 271. *A Spartan once, &c.*] This is taken from Herodotus. To save the reader the trouble of turning to him, I shall briefly give the story. A Milesian had entrusted a sum of money to one Glaucus, a Spartan. After a time, the sons of the Milesian came to re-demand it. Glaucus affirmed that he had no recollection of the circumstance, and sent them away. As soon as they were gone, he hastened to Delphi, to enquire, as Juvenal says, whether he might safely forswear the deposit? The priestess answered as in the text, but somewhat more at large; and the terrified Spartan sent for the young Milesians, and restored the money.

This story is appositely applied to the Athenians by Leutichydes, a Spartan prince, who concludes thus: "At the present day no descendant of Glaucus, nor any traces of his family are to be found; they are utterly extirpated from Sparta." The original is very strong: Γλαυκου νυν ουτε τι απογονον εστι ουδεν, εστι ουδεμιη νομιζομενη ειναι Γλαυκου· εκτετριπται τε προρριζοει εκ Σπαρτης. Erato 86.

For plagues pursued his race without delay,
 And swept them from the earth, like dust, away.
 By such dire sufferings did the wretch atone,
 The crime of meditated fraud alone !
 For, IN THE EYE OF HEAVEN, a wicked deed
 Devised, is done : What, then, if we proceed ?—
 Perpetual fears the offender's peace destroy,
 And rob the social hour of all its joy :

VER. 285. *For, IN THE EYE OF HEAVEN, a wicked deed
 Devised, is done :*] I did not call the reader's attention from the last paragraph but one ; though I trust it did not escape him, that neither Thales, nor Chrysippus, no, nor his great master Zeno, ever taught, or even conceived doctrines of such pure, such sublime morality as are there delivered : doctrines, in short, which the light of nature alone was incapable of discovering ; and which the author undoubtedly derived from that " true light " which now began to glimmer through the Roman world, and by which many sincere lovers of truth and virtue already began to direct their ways, while they were yet unconscious of the medium through which they received the illumination. With respect to the passage before us, it is not heathenism. It is not to be found in the precepts of their gravest teachers : and elevated as the morality of our author confessedly is, it is difficult to imagine that it could soar so far above the ethicks of his time, without the assistance of which I have spoken. What is more, this was the peculiar boast of Christianity. It was the vantage ground, on which its first professors stood, and proclaimed aloud the superiority of their faith : *Vos* (says Minucius Felix) *Ethnici, scelera admissa punitis : apud nos et cogitare peccare est : vos conscios timetis, nos conscientiam, &c.*

Feverish, and parch'd, he chews, with many a pause,
 The tasteless food, that swells beneath his jaws :
 Spits out the produce of the Albanian hill,
 Mellow'd by age ;—you bring him mellowed still,
 And lo, such wrinkles on his brow appear,
 As if you brought Falernian vinegar !

At night, should sleep his harass'd limbs compose,
 And steal him, one short moment from his woes,
 Then dreams invade ; sudden, before his eyes,
 The violated fane and altar rise ;
 And (what disturbs him most) your injured shade,
 In more than mortal majesty array'd,
 Frowns on the wretch, alarms his treacherous rest,
 And wrings the dreadful secret from his breast.

VER. 302. *And wrings the dreadful secret from his breast.*
 Thus Tibullus :

“ Ipse deus somno domitos emittere vocem
 Jussit, et invitos facta tegenda loqui.”

How much better is this, than the gloomy and unsatisfactory ideas of Lucretius upon the subject ; who, while he confesses the effect, endeavours to ridicule the cause ; and with the most palpable impressions of terour on his own mind, absurdly hopes to succeed in reasoning his followers out of their well-grounded apprehensions :

“ Etsi fallit enim divum genus, humanumque,
 “ Perpetuo tamen id fore clam diffidere rebus ;
 “ Quippe ubi se multi per somnia sæpe loquentes,
 “ Aut morbo delirantes procraxe ferantur
 “ Et celata diu in medium peccata dedisse.” *Lib. v.*

These, these are they, who tremble and turn pale,
At the first mutterings of the hollow gale !
Who sink with terrour at the transient glare
Of meteors, glancing through the turbid air !
Oh, 'tis not chance, they cry ; this hideous crash,
Is not the war of winds ; nor this dread flash,
The encounter of dark clouds ; but blasting fire,
Charged with the wrath of heaven's insulted sire !
That dreaded peal, innoxious, dies away ;
Shuddering, they wait the next with more dismay,
As if the short reprieve were only sent,
To add new horrors to their punishment.

VER. 303. *These, these are they, &c.*] Here again I think it very probable that the author had Lucretius in his thoughts :

- " Præterea cui non animus formidine divûm
- " Contrahitur ? cui non conrepunt membra pavore,
- " Fulminis horribili cum plaga torrida tellus
- " Contremittit, et magnum percurrunt murmura cœlum ?
- " Non populi, gentesque tremunt ? regesque superbi
- " Conripiunt divum percussi membra timore,
- " Ne quod ob admissum fœde dictumve superbe
- " Pœnarum grave sit solvendi tempus adactum ?"

Lib. v. 1217.

These are noble lines ; and, indeed, though I feel, and have often expressed, a contempt of this author's philosophical, yet I venerate his poetical, talents. The book here quoted, for example, is an unrivalled composition. In pathos, in energy, in richness of language, in full and genuine sublimity, it leaves every thing, I think, in the Latin language, very far beneath it.

Yet more ; when the first symptoms of disease,
 When feverish heats, their restless members seize,
 They think the plague by wrath divine bestow'd,
 And feel, in every pang, the avenging God.
 Rack'd at the thought, in hopeless grief they lie,
 And dare not tempt the mercy of the sky :
 For what can such expect ! what victim slay,
 That is not worthier far to live, than they !

With what a rapid change of fancy roll
 The varying passions of the guilty soul !—
 Bold to offend, they scarce commit the offence,
 Ere the mind labours with an innate sense
 Of right and wrong ;—not long, for nature still,
 Incapable of change, and fix'd in ill,
 Recurs to her old habits :—never yet
 Could sinner to his sin a period set.

VER. 321. *For what can such expect ! &c.*] An important truth, of which many of the ancients were well persuaded. Πως, says the virtuous Xenophon, θεοις δυσομεν ἡδεως, ποιουντες εργα ασεβη ; and Plautus :

“ Atque hoc scelesti illi in animum inducunt suum,

“ Jovem se placare posse donis hostiis,

“ Et operam et sumptum perdunt : ideo fit, quia

“ Nihil ei acceptum est a perjuris supplicii.

VER. 329. ————— *never yet*
Could sinner to his sin a period set.] The Christian can hardly wish for a more decisive inference in favour of the Gospel than is afforded by this passage. Heathenism could offer

When did the flush of modest blood inflame
 The cheek, once hardened to the sense of shame?
 Or when the offender, since the birth of time,
 Retire, contented with a single crime?

And this false friend of ours shall still pursue
 His dangerous course, till vengeance, doubly due,
 O'ertake his guilt; then shalt thou see him cast
 In chains, 'mid tortures to expire his last;
 Or hurried off, to join the wretched train
 Of exiled great ones, in the Ægean main.

THIS, THOU SHALT SEE; and, while thy voice applauds
 The dreadful justice of the offended gods,
 Reform thy creed, and, with an humble mind,
 Confess that Heaven is **NEITHER DEAF NOR BLIND!**

no sufficient inducement to repentance; and therefore the mind once engaged in sin was for ever enslaved to it; and in the just representation of the Apostle, "worked out all iniquity with greediness." From what a dreadful scene of determined vice and impenitence has the Christian world been rescued by the acceptance of the doctrine of remission of sins through the agency of a mediator! Those who would admit the morality of the Gospel without its doctrinal points, should think again of this. It is observable that Juvenal, who had been certainly benefited by the precepts of Christianity, was uninfluenced by its faith: but this was for a time the case of heathenism at large. The world was silently improved by the spreading influence of the Gospel; till at length the conviction of its divinity became too strong to be suppressed; and what began in the humbler admiration of moral purity, ended in the dignity of faith.

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SATIRE XIV.

Argument.

THE subjects of this Satire are of the most important kind, and the poet, as if fully aware of it, has treated them in his best manner. In none of his works does he take a loftier flight; in none is he more vigorous and energetick; in none more clear and precise in his style, more original in his conceptions, more happy in his illustrations, or more powerful and commanding in his general deductions.

The whole is directed to the one great end of self-improvement. By showing the dreadful facility with which children copy the vices of their parents, he points out the necessity, as well as the sacred duty, of giving them examples of domestick purity and virtue.

After briefly enumerating the several vices, gluttony, cruelty, debauchery, &c. which youth imperceptibly imbibe from their seniors; he enters more at large into that of avarice; of which he shows the fatal and inevitable consequences. Nothing can surpass the exquisiteness of this division of the Satire, in which he traces the progress of that passion in the youthful mind, from the paltry tricks of saving a broken meal, to the daring violation of every principle human and divine.

Having placed the absurdity, as well as the perplexity and danger, of immoderate desires in every point of view, the piece concludes with a solemn admonition to be satisfied with those comforts and conveniences which nature and wisdom require, and which a decent competence is easily calculated to supply. Beyond this, desire is infinite: a gulf which nothing can fill, an ocean without soundings and without shores!

“Drest snails or mushrooms voraciously before him;
“Perfum’d my senses, and taught him to make
“Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,

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146 SATIRE XIV. JUVENAL.
Has learn'd to pick his mushrooms, and, like him, sit
To souse the peccadilloes, till they swim in peak-bub
For take him, thus to early luxury bedded
Ere twice for his father's sake, he's ever his head
And let ten thousand teachers, poor withal, sit
Inculcate temperance from the stoic pages, sense
Or fury? He, who hears the scandalous
With furrow'd brow, and only says, "At all the old habits, and only last'd
"His palate should be pleas'd with humbler food."

SATIRE XIV.

TO FUSCINUS.

V. 1—10.

YEs, there are faults, Fuscinus, that disgrace
The noblest qualities of birth and place;
Which, like infectious blood, transmitted, run,
In one eternal stream, from sire to son.

If, in destructive play, the senior waste
His joyous nights, the child, with kindred taste,
Repeats, in miniature, the darling vice,
Shakes the small box, and cogs the little dice.

Nor does that infant fairer hopes inspire,
Who, train'd by the gray epicure, his sire,

VER. 10. *Who, train'd by the gray epicure, his sire, &c.*] This is appositely applied by old Knowell. Speaking of the education which he gave his son, he says

"——— neither have I

"Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him;

"Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'em,

"Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,

Has learn'd to pickle mushrooms, and, like him,
 To souse the beccaficos, till they swim!—
 For take him, thus to early luxury bred,
 Ere twice four springs have blossom'd o'er his head,
And let ten thousand teachers, hoar with age,
 Inculcate temperance from the stoick page;

“At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd

“His palate should degenerate, not his manners.”

Every Man in his Humour.

Quintilian reprobates, no less strongly than Juvenal, that early gluttony in which the children of his time were indulged: “we form their palate,” says he, “before their tongue:” *ante palatum eorum quam os instituimus.*

Professor Spalding has been induced, probably by his recollection of Juvenal, to give a meaning to this passage, which it will not bear: “*Quid non adultus concupiscet, qui in purpuris repserit? Nondum prima verba exprimit, et jam coccum intelligit, jam conchylium poscit!*” Lib. i. *Coccum*, he would read, or rather interpret *coquum*, and understand *conchylium* not of the colour, but of the fish which produced it. When the obvious meaning of the words is so pertinent, why should we meddle with the text? Where does it appear that the shell-fish which produced the purple dye, was ever eaten at Rome? As a general name, indeed, for shell-fish, *conchyliæ* are mentioned as eatables by Horace and others; but in this place, the word *purpuris* confines the sense to the *conchylium* which produced the precious dye. The child, whose swaddling clothes were of purple, was taught to distinguish and call for the most costly colours, (the bright, and the ferruginous, or dark-red purple,) before he could speak distinctly! An instance of absurd and pernicious indulgence, which well deserved the lash of the satirist, and which it is rather singular that Juvenal should have overlooked.

His wish will ever be, in state to dine,
And keep his kitchen's honour from decline!

Does Rutilus inspire a generous mind,
Prone to forgive, and to slight errors blind;
Instil the liberal thought, that slaves have powers,
Sense, feeling, all, as exquisite as ours;
Or fury? He, who hears the sounding thong,
With far more pleasure than the Syren's song;
Who, the stern tyrant of his small domain,
The Polypheme of his domestick train,
Knows no delight, save when the torturer's hand,
Stamps, for low theft, the agonising brand.—
O, what but rage can fill that stripling's breast,
Who sees his savage sire then only blest,
When his stretch'd ears drink in the wretches' cries,
And racks and prisons fill his vengeful eyes!

And dare we hope, yon girl, from Larga sprung,
Will e'er prove virtuous; when her little tongue,

VER. 21. ———— *that slaves have powers, &c.*] One of the best chapters in Macrobius is on the subject of slavery. It contains a direct allusion to this passage: *Tibi autem unde in servos tantum et tam immane fastidium? quasi non ex iisdem tibi et constant et aluntur elementis, eundemque spiritum ab eodem principe carpant! Vis tu cogitare eos, quos jus tuum vocas, iisdem seminibus ortos, eodem frui cælo, æque vivere atque mori?* Lib. i. 2. These last expressions are taken from Seneca, who is, indeed, a magazine of good things, to which, by the way, our author, as well as Macrobius, was fond of applying.

Ne'er told so fast her mother's wanton train,
 But that she stopt and breath'd, and stopt again?
 Even from her tender years, unnatural trust!
 'The child was privy to the matron's lust:—
 Scarce ripe for man, with her own hand, she writes
 The billets, which the ancient bawd indites,
 Employs the self-same pimps, and looks, ere long,
 To share the visits of the amorous throng!

So Nature prompts: drawn by her secret tie,
 We view a parent's deeds with reverent eye;
 With fatal haste, alas! the example take,
 And love the sin, for the dear sinner's sake.—
 One youth, perhaps, form'd of superiour clay,
 And warm'd, by Titan, with a purer ray,
 May dare to slight proximity of blood,
 And, in despite of nature, to be good:
 One youth—the rest the beaten pathway tread,
 And blindly follow where their fathers lead.
 O fatal guides! this reason should suffice,
 To win you from the slippery route of vice,
 This powerful reason; lest your sons pursue
 The guilty track, thus plainly mark'd by you!
 For youth is facile, and its yielding will
 Receives, with fatal ease, the imprint of ill:
 Hence Catilines in every clime abound;
 But where are Cato and his nephew found!

Swift from the roof where youth, Fuscinus, dwell,
 Immodest sights, immodest sounds expel;
 THE PLACE IS SACRED: Far, far hence, remove,
 Ye venal votaries of illicit love!

tempus Clodios fert, non omne Catones feret. By the nephew of Cato is meant D. Brutus. It argues great intrepidity in the poet, to introduce these two names thus honourably, since, as has been already observed, the bare mention of them was hateful to the tyrant of the day, and was almost sure to awaken suspicion, and call down punishment.

VER. 61. *Swift from the roof, &c.*] Fully sensible of the vast importance of his maxims, Juvenal delivers them in this place with a kind of religious solemnity, and a partial adoption of the form of words used for removing the profane from the presence of the initiated. That they were highly necessary, may be learned from Quintilian, who wrote about the same time: *Gaudemus (i. e. parentes) si quid filius licentius dixerit; verba nec Alexandrinis quidem permittenda deliciis, risu et osculo excipimus, nec mirum: nos docuimus, ex nobis audierunt, nostras amicas, nostros concubinos vident, omne convivium obscænis canticis strepit; fit ex iis consuetudo, deinde natura. Discunt hæc miseri antequam sciunt vitia esse: inde soluti ac fluentes, non accipiunt ex scholis mala ista, sed in scholas afferunt.* Lib. 1. How strong, yet how affecting a picture!

But does it suit the fathers of a former age only? Have we none at present who labour, with a perversity truly diabolical, to assimilate the morals of their sons to their own? Can the acquaintance of my reader furnish him with no parent who encourages his child to lisp indecencies, who forms his infant tongue to ribaldry, who accustoms him to spectacles of impurity, till what was habit becomes nature; who initiates him in debaucheries before the boy is sensible of their heinousness, and who finally dismisses him from his arms, to corrupt the semi-

Ye dangerous knaves, who pander to be fed,
 And sell yourselves to infamy for bread !
 REVERENCE TO CHILDREN, AS TO HEAVEN, IS DUE :
 When you would, then, some darling sin pursue,
 Think that your infant offspring eyes the deed ;
 And let the thought abate your guilty speed,
 Back from the headlong steep your steps entice,
 And check you, tottering on the verge of vice.
 O yet reflect ! for should he e'er provoke,
 In riper age, the law's avenging stroke,
 (Since not alone in person and in face,
 But ev'n in morals, he will prove his race,
 And, while example acts with fatal force,
 Side, nay outstrip, you, in the vicious course)

naries of learning, and amaze his tutors with a professor of
 licentiousness just escaped from the bib and go-cart !

I trust there is no such person :—if there be, let him profit
 by the morality of an unenlightened heathen, and retrace his
 steps with prudence and despatch : so Juvenal will not have
 written in vain.

VER. 69. *Think that your infant offspring, &c.*] I know not
 whether from right feeling or with an allusion to this passage,
 Sir Antony Cooke used to observe, that there were two ob-
 jects before whom he could never do any thing wrong : his
 conscience and his CHILDREN. A slight glance at his own life,
 and that of those children, who were amongst the most exem-
 plary characters of their age, will prove that his assertion was
 as just as it is important.

Vex'd, you will rave and storm ; perhaps, prepare,
Should threatening fail, to name another heir !
—Audacious ! with what front, do you aspire
To exercise the license of a sire ?

When all, with rising indignation, view,
The youth, in turpitude, surpass'd by you,
By you, old fool, whose windy, brainless head,
Long since required the cupping-glass's aid !

Is there a guest expected ? all is haste,
All hurry in the house, from first to last.

“ Sweep the dry cobwebs down ! ” the master cries,
Whips in his hand, and fury in his eyes,

“ Let not a spot the clouded columns stain ;

“ Scour you the figured silver ; you, the plain ! ”

O inconsistent wretch ! is all this coil,
Lest the front-hall, or gallery, daub'd with soil,

(Which, yet, a little sand removes,) offend

The prying eye of some indifferent friend ?

And do you stir not, that your son may see,

The house from moral filth, from vices free !

True, you have given a citizen to Rome ;

And she shall thank you, if the youth become,

VER. 94. *Lest the front-hall, &c.*] Atrium, the hall of entrance : this was usually a very filthy place ; and indeed nothing can be more so than the atria of the Italian nobility at this day. In one corner horses are tied up and fed, in another a cobbler is at work, in a third a pedlar displaying his wares, &c. &c.

By your o'er-ruling care, or soon or late,
 A useful member of the parent state :
 For all depends on you ; the stamp he'll take,
 From the strong impress which, at first, you make ;
 And prove, as vice or virtue was your aim,
 His country's glory, or his country's shame.

The stork, with snakes and lizards from the wood,
 And pathless wild, supports her callow brood ;
 And the fledg'd storklings, when to wing they take,
 Seek the same reptiles, through the devious brake.
 The vulture snuffs from far the tainted gale,
 And, hurrying where the putrid scents exhale,
 From gibbets and from graves the carcase tears,
 And to her young the loathsome dainty bears ;
 Her young, grown vigorous, hasten from the nest,
 And gorge on carrion with the parent's zest.
 While Jove's own eagle, bird of noble blood,
 Scours the wide champaign for untainted food,

VER. 118. *Scours the wide champaign for untainted food, &c.]*
 This is a vulgar prejudice. Buffon, who has too many errors
 of this kind, asserts, that the eagle, though famishing, will not
 touch carrion. *Quelqu'affamé qu'il soit, il ne se jette jamais sur les*
cadavres: and the editors of the "History of British Birds"
 unwarily follow him. 'Twas never well for truth, since natu-
 ralists took poets for their guides. The fact is, that the eagle
 is scarcely more delicate in the choice of his food than the
 vulture. Alas, for the credit of the feathered king!

Bears the swift hare, or swifter fawn away,
 And feeds her nestlings with the generous prey;
 Her nestlings hence, when from the rock they spring,
 And, pinch'd by hunger, to the quarry wing,
 Stoop only to the game they tasted first,
 When, clamourous, from the shell, to light they burst.

Centronius plann'd and built, and built and
 plann'd;

And now along Cajeta's winding strand,
 And now amid Præneste's hills, and now,
 On lofty Tibur's solitary brow,
 He rear'd prodigious piles, with marble brought
 From distant realms, and exquisitely wrought:
 Prodigious piles! that tower'd o'er Fortune's shrine,
 As those of gilt Posides, Jove, o'er thine!

VER. 132. *Ut spado Posides,*] “By the word *spado*,” Mr. Gibbon says, “the Romans very forcibly expressed their abhorrence” (rather, their contempt) “of that mutilated condition: the Greek appellation of eunuch, which insensibly prevailed, had a milder sound, and a more ambiguous sense.”

With respect to Posides, he was one of the freedmen of Claudius, who prostituted some of the most honourable rewards of military merit in his favour: thus Suet. *Libertorum præcipue suspexit Posidem spadonem, quem etiam Britannico triumpho inter militares viros hasta pura donavit.* Claud. 28. Posides, like most of this Emperour's favourites, amassed vast wealth, which, with somewhat better taste than the rest, he lavished in building. Pliny the Elder makes mention of the magnificent baths erected by him in the neighbourhood of Cumæ; but, indeed, the force

While thus Centronius crowded seat on seat,
 He spent his cash, and mortgaged his estate ;
 Yet left enough his family to content :
 Which his mad son, to the last farthing, spent,
 While, building on, he strove, with fond desire,
 To shame the stately structures of his sire !
 Sprung from a father who the sabbath fears,
 There is, who nought but clouds and skies reveres ;

of the Satire will be sufficiently apparent, if we call to mind the stupendous grandeur of the Capitoline temple of Jupiter. The temple of Fortune, mentioned in the preceding line, stood at Præneste. It was a noble edifice.

VER. 140. ——— *who nought but clouds and skies reveres ; &c.*] This popular error, with regard to the Jews, arose from their having no visible representation of the deity. When Pompey, using, says Tacitus, the license of victory, first entered the temple of Jerusalem, the report was, that he found no statue there. *Nulla intus deum effigie, &c.* Hist. v. 9. This confounded the gross conceptions of the Romans, and they instantly concluded that the Jews, whose adorations they had noticed, worshipped nothing but “ clouds and skies :” for whether we read with Henninius, *cæli numen*, or with Scaliger and others, *cæli lumen*, the sense is still the same, and can only mean the material or visible heaven.

“ The world,” saith the Apostle, “ by wisdom knew not God.” A truth which should sink deep into our minds. Hear how sublimely Tacitus describes the God of the Jews : *Judæi mente sola unumque numen intelligunt : profanos, qui deum imagines mortalibus materiis in species hominum effingant.* SUMMUM ILLUD ET ETERNUM, NEQUE MUTABILE, NEQUE INTERITURUM ! But did this “ immutable, and incomprehensible, this omnipotent, and everlasting God,” satisfy or fill the historian’s mind ? By no

And shuns the taste, by old tradition led,
Of human flesh, and swine's, with equal dread:—
This first: the prepuce next he lays aside,
And, taught the Roman ritual to deride,
Clings to the Jewish, and observes with awe,
All Moses bade in his mysterious law:
And, therefore, to the circumcised alone,
Will point the road, or make the fountain known;

means; he carelessly turned from a Being whom “wisdom alone” could not conceive, as a visionary creation of the Jews, and humbled himself before the impure and brutal idols of his own country!

Dio, too, speaks of the God of the Jews in lofty and energetic language. *Ἐνα δὲ (Θεόν) τινα ισχυρῶς σεβουσι· οὐδ' ἀγαλμα οὐδὲν ἐν αὐτοῖς ποτε τοῖς Ἱεροσολυμοῖς ἐσχόν· ἀρρητον δὲ δὴ καὶ αἰδῆ αὐτὸν νομιζόντες εἶναι, περισσοτάλα ἀνθρώπων θρησκεύουσι.* Lib. xxxvii. 17. But did Dio comprehend what he thus sublimely describes, or acknowledge the superiour understanding of the Jews in worshipping this “ineffable and invisible” Being, instead of the stocks and stones before which he himself bowed down? Neither: he dismisses the former from his thoughts, and continues to insult and revile the latter as a weak and credulous nation!

Thus, then, “the world by wisdom knew not God:” his attributes, though repeated by the wisest of the heathens after the Jews, conveyed no ideas to their minds. It is to Revelation only, that we are indebted for just and rational conceptions on the subject: and if the theists of modern times have more distinct and adequate notions of the Divine Being, than Tacitus and Dio; it is still to the manifestations which he has been pleased to make of himself, that they owe them, however prejudice or pride may operate to prevent the acknowledgment.

Warn'd by his bigot sire, who whiled away,
Sacred to sloth, each seventh revolving day.

VER. 147. *And therefore, to the circumcised alone, &c.*] “The letter of these laws,” says Gibbon, (Vol. I. p. 537,) with a sneer truly worthy of the disciple of Voltaire, “is not to be found in the *present* volume of Moses.” But is the *spirit* of them? On the contrary, does not the “volume of Moses” inculcate justice and humanity to strangers, by the most forcible and pathetick appeals to the feelings of the people! Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. Exod. xxii. Again. Thou shalt not oppress a stranger; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt, Exod. xxxiii. And again, in a most awful and impressive manner. The stranger shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. I AM THE LORD YOUR GOD. Lev. xix. In fact, one of the most striking features in the “volume of Moses,” is the anxious concern it constantly takes in the protection of the stranger. If a sheaf of wheat be forgotten in the field, it is not to be fetched; it is for the stranger: if the olives do not drop at the first beating, the trees are not to be touched again; the fruit is for the stranger: if the vines be not cleared at first, they are not to be gleaned: the grapes which remain are for the stranger, &c. &c. (Deut. xxiv. v. 17—22;) and, indeed, the stranger is invariably connected by Moses, with the two most interesting objects of human kindness, the fatherless and the widow. “But,” continues Mr. Gibbon, “the wise, the humane Maimonides openly teaches,” &c. Of what consequence is it to Moses, what a Spanish Jew of the twelfth century teaches! If Mr. Gibbon’s object had been truth, he would have consulted Moses himself, for the sense of his “volume,” which, however secret and mysterious it might be to Juvenal, was plain and open to him: but misrepresentation

But youth, so prone to follow other ills,
Are driven to AVARICE, against their wills;

was his aim, as it materially furthered his darling design of attacking Christianity through the sides of Judaism.

The word "*present*" is a sneer almost of too contemptible a nature for a caviller of the lowest kind. Mr. Gibbon certainly did not believe that "the volume" we now have, was different from that which existed in Juvenal's time; but he chose to sacrifice his reason to his prejudice. Surely, of all bigots, scepticks and atheists are the most blind and intolerant!

With respect to our author, who was confessedly as ignorant of the laws as of the practices of the Jews, all that he says amounts to nothing more than the old charges against them, which had been refuted a thousand and a thousand times. Even while he was writing, Josephus had noticed and repelled them.

Μηνυειν δε και τας οδους τοις αγνοοσι, και μη γελωτα θηρωμενους αυτοις εμποδιζειν, κ. τ. α. Antiq. Lib. iv. c. viii. § 31. And

again, more pointedly: τους εκ παρεργου προσιοντας αναμιγνυσθαι ταις συνηθειαις ουκ εδελησε· τ' αλλα δε προειρηκεν, ων εστιν η μεταδοσις αναγκαια· πασι παρεχειν τοις δεομενοις πυρ, υδωρ, τροφην, οδους φρασειν, κ. τ. α. Contra App. ii. 28. Moses certainly discouraged all unnecessary familiarities with such as were not sincerely attached to us; (Josephus is writing to Jews;) but he mentioned, at the same time, many things in which we must participate with others: he commanded us, for example, to supply those that asked us, with fire, water, food, to show the way, &c. &c.

A word may yet be added, says Dr. Ireland. The Pagans talked of Moses, but knew him only through the corrupt sects into which, in its latter age, Judaism was divided. From this circumstance alone, came all that abuse of the Hebrew system, with which the Greek and Roman writers abound, and which has been either ignorantly or wilfully continued to our time, by Voltaire, Gibbon, and others. About the age of Juvenal indeed,

For this grave vice, assuming Virtue's guise,
Seems Virtue's self, to undiscerning eyes.

the Jews had somewhat receded from their ancient integrity, in favour of the Pagans: the interested prudence of the Pharisees had tried to smooth the way for an intercommunity of sacrifice in the temple; and Philo and Josephus had manifested a certain laxity in their writings, which might have tended to soften the asperity of the heathen world towards them. But neither the genuine humanity which characterises the law of Moses, nor the corrupt accommodations of the later Jews, were at all regarded. The Roman government, it is true, had on various occasions shown some degree of respect to the worship and manners of the Jews: but the whole race was incessantly followed by the unmitigated odium of the Roman people. And what gave an apparent authority to their hatred, was the ungracious and forbidding spirit of some of those sects, whose singularity had pointed them out to the particular notice of the age. From these Juvenal draws his false, and exaggerated picture: he talks of Moses, not with any real knowledge, but with those impressions which had been made on him, in common with the rest of mankind, by the gloomy bigotry and fanatick austerity of the Essenians, Therapeutians, Zealots, &c.

It is to be lamented that the unsociable and wayward dispositions of those wrong-headed sectaries, prevented them from communicating to the people around them, a portion of their history, polity, laws, &c. especially, as they could not be unacquainted with the absurd fables propagated concerning them, and under which they were suffering. Tacitus derives the Jews from Crete, because he finds a Mount Ida there, whence, he thinks, they were originally called Idæos, which their barbarous pronunciation, it seems, changed into Judæos! Such is the deplorable ignorance of the most judicious of the Roman historians! The Greeks are equally uninformed.

The miser, hence, a frugal man, they name;
 And hence, they follow, with their whole acclaim,
 The griping wretch, who strictlier guards his store,
 Than if the Hesperian dragon kept the door.—
 Add that the vulgar, still a slave to gold,
 The worthy, in the wealthy, man behold;
 And, reasoning from the fortune he has made,
 Hail him, A perfect master of his trade!
 And true, indeed, it is—such MASTERS raise
 Immense estates; no matter, by what ways;
 But raise they do, with brows in sweat still died,
 With forge still glowing, and with sledge still plied.
 The father, by the love of wealth possest,
 Convinced—the covetous alone are blest,
 And that, nor past, nor present times, e'er knew
 A poor man happy,—bids his son pursue
 The paths they take, the courses they affect,
 And follow, at the heels, this thriving sect.

Vice boasts its elements, like other arts;
 These, he inculcates first; anon, imparts
 The petty tricks of saving; last, inspires,
 Of endless wealth, the insatiable desires.—
 Hungry himself, his hungry slaves he cheats,
 With scanty measures, and unfaithful weights;

VER. 178. *With scanty measures, &c.*] The Romans weighed,
 or rather measured out the food of their slaves. The or dinary

And sees them lessen, with increasing dread,
 The flinty fragments of his vinew'd bread,
 In dogdays, when the sun, with fervent power,
 Corrupts the freshest meat from hour to hour,
 He saves the last night's hash, sets by a dish
 Of sodden beans, and scraps of summer fish,
 And half a stinking shad, and a few strings
 Of a chopp'd leek—all told, like sacred things,
 And seal'd with caution, though the sight and smell,
 Would a starv'd beggar from the board repel.

But why this dire avidity of gain?
 This mass collected with such toil and pain?
 Since 'tis the veriest madness, to live poor,
 And die with bags and coffers running o'er.
 Besides, while thus the streams of affluence roll,
 They nurse the eternal dropsy of the soul,

allowance, Holyday says, was about a quart of bread-corn for a day: according to Donatus, it was, at least, double that quantity. The distribution was usually made on the Calends, *i. e.* the first day of every month.

VER. 183. ——— sets by a dish, &c.] In the conclusion of this admirable picture of sordid avarice, Juvenal had Theophrastus in his mind: τα δε καταλειπομενα απο της τραπεζης ημισυ των ραφανιδων απογραφεισθαι, ινα οι διακονουντες παιδες μη λαβωσιν. Περι εδελ.

VER. 193. Besides, while thus the streams, &c.] So Ovid, very beautifully:

“ Creverunt et opes, et opum furiosa cupido,

“ Et cum possideant plurima, plura volunt;

For thirst of wealth, still grows with wealth increast,
And they desire it less, who have it least.—

Now swell his wants : one manor is too small,
Another must be bought, house, lands, and all ;
Still “cribb’d confined,” he spurns the narrow
bounds,

And turns an eye on every neighbour’s grounds :
There all allures ; his crops appear a foil,
To the rich produce of their happier soil.

“And this, I’ll purchase, with the grove,” he cries,
“And that fair hill, where the gray olives rise.”

Then, if the owner to no price will yield,
(Resolv’d to keep the hereditary field,)

Whole droves of oxen, starv’d to this intent,
Among his springing corn, by night, are sent,
To revel there, till not a blade be seen,
And all appear like a close-shaven green.

“Monstrous !” you say—And yet, ’twere hard to tell,
What numbers, tricks like these have forced to sell.

“Quærere ut absumant, absumpta requirere certant,

“Atque ipsæ vitiis sunt alimenta vices.

“Sic quibus intumuit suffusa venter ab unda

“Quo sunt plus potæ, plus sitiuntur aquæ.”

Fast. lib. 1. 211.

There is a further allusion to Ovid, in the next sentence :

“Fertilior seges est alienis semper in agris,

“Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet.”

But, sure, the general voice has mark'd his name,
And giv'n him up to infamy and shame :—

“ And what of that ? ” he cries. “ I value more,
“ A single lupine, added to my store,
“ Than all the country's praise ; if curs'd by fate,
“ With the scant produce of a small estate. ” —

'Tis well ! no more shall age or grief annoy,
But nights of peace succeed to days of joy,
If more of ground to you alone pertain,
Than Rome possest, in Numa's pious reign !

Since then, the veteran, whose brave breast was
gored,

By the fierce Pyrrhick, or Molossian sword,
Hardly received for all his service past,
And all his wounds, TWO ACRES at the last ;
The meed of toil and blood ! yet never thought,
His country thankless, or his pains ill bought.
For then, this little glebe, improved with care,
Largely supplied, with vegetable fare,
The good old man, the wife in childbed laid,
And four hale boys, that round the cottage play'd,
Three free-born, one a slave : while, on the board,
Huge porringers, with wholesome pottage stored,
Smoked for their elder brothers, who were now,
Hungry and tired, expected from the plough. —
TWO ACRES will not, now, so changed the times,
Afford a garden-plot : — and hence our crimes !

For not a vice that taints the human soul,
More frequent points the sword, or drugs the bowl,
Than the dire lust of an “untamed estate” —
Since, he who covets wealth, disdains to wait:

VER. 239. *For not a vice, &c.*] This seems to bear more than an accidental resemblance to a very fine passage in the *Antigone* of Sophocles:

Ουδεν γαρ ανθρωποισιν, οιον αργυρος,
Κακον νομισμ' εβλασε· τουτο και πολεις
Πορθει, το δ' ανδρας εξανισησιν δομων·
Το δ' εκδιδασκει και παραλλασσει φρενας
Χρησας προς αισχυρα προαγμαδ' ισασθαι βροτων.
Πανουργιας δ' εδειξεν ανθρωποις εχειν,
Και πανλος εργου δυσσεβειαν ειδεναι. v. 301.

VER. 241. ——— “untamed estate”] —This is Holyday's version of *immodici census*. It seems a good one.

VER. 242. *Since, he who covets wealth, disdains to wait.*]

“————— nam dives qui fieri vult,
“Et cito vult fieri.”—————

This, Mr. Owen says, is a literal translation of an axiom of the Gospel; they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare. It is so; but even this might be taken from a heathen poet:

Ουδεις επλουτησε ταχεως, δικαιος ων. Menan.

Not to multiply quotations, however, I would observe, once for all, that the ancients held that the good grew rich by slow and imperceptible degrees; the wicked rapidly, and, as it were, at once. The first, say the commentators, because, if the good were to grow wealthy too suddenly, they might be suspected of cultivating virtue not for herself, but for what she brought them; the second, for a reason which I shall not transcribe on account of its want of charity.

The ancients have conveyed this opinion, (as they have most

Law threatens, Conscience calls—yet on he hies,
 And this he silences, and that defies, [rein,
 Fear, Shame,—he bears down all, and, with loose
 Sweeps headlong o'er the alluring paths of gain!

“ Let us, my sons, contented with our lot,
 “ Enjoy, in peace, our hillock and our cot,
 (The good old Marsian to his children said,)
 “ And from our labour, seek our daily bread.
 “ So shall we please the rural Powers, whose care,
 “ And kindly aid, first taught us to prepare
 “ The golden grain, what time we ranged the wood,
 “ A savage race, for acorns, savage food!
 “ The poor who, with inverted skins, defy
 “ The lowering tempest, and the freezing sky,

of those which relate to the conduct of life,) in a very pretty
 apologue. “ When I am sent to any one by Jupiter (says
 Plutus) I halt so that he usually grows old before I arrive.”
 “ That is hardly true, (replies Mercury,) for I have seen those
 who had not a groat yesterday, wallowing in riches to day.”
 “ You say right (rejoins Plutus,) but I was not sent to those
 people by Jupiter, but by Dis!”

VER. 255. “ *The poor who, with inverted skins, defy, &c.*] Ci-
 cero makes an admirable use of this sentiment in his oration for
 Sex. Roscius. *Qua in re prætereo illud, quod mihi maximo argu-
 mento ad hujus innocentiam poterat esse, in hac horrida incultaque
 vita istiusmodi maleficia gigni non solere. In urbe luxuries creatur:
 ex luxuria existat avaritia, necesse est: ex avaritia erumpat audacia;
 inde omnia scelera.—Vita autem hæc rustica, quam tu agrestem
 vocas. parsimoniæ, diligentia, justitiæ, magistra est, § 27.* And,
 indeed, the villagers of those days seem to have been a simple

“ Who, without shame, without reluctance go,
 “ In clouted brogues, through mire and drifted
 snow,

“ Ne’er think of ill: ’tis purple, boys, alone,
 “ Which leads to guilt,—purple, to us unknown.”

Thus, to their children, spoke the sires of yore.

Now, autumn’s sickly heats are scarcely o’er,
 Ere, while deep midnight yet involves the skies,
 The impatient father shakes his son, and cries,

“ What, ho, boy, wake! Up; pleas, rejoinders draw,

“ Turn o’er the rubrick of our ancient law;

“ Up, up, and study: or, with brief in hand,

“ Petition Lælius for a small command,

“ A captain’s;—Lælius loves a spreading chest,

“ Broad shoulders, tangled locks, and hairy breast:

and uncorrupt order of men: *Maxime pius questus consequitur, says Cato, de Re Rust. minimeque male cogitantes, qui in agricultura occupati sunt.* It was reserved for these monster-breeding times to see publick evils produced by the plough, and the patriarchal and innocent pursuit of agriculture converted into the means of licentiousness, and the annoyance of every civil and religious establishment, by authority.

The “inverted skins,” are noticed by Lucretius, in a passage which Juvenal might have had in his contemplation:

“ Tunc igitur pelles, nunc aurum et purpura curis

“ Exercent hominum vitam, belloque fatigant.”

VER. 266. *Turn o’er the rubrick, &c.*] He alludes, as Stapylton well observes, “to the titles of the ancient laws, which were written in red letters.”

“ The British towers, the Moorish tents destroy,
 “ And the rich Eagle, at threescore, enjoy !
 “ But if the trump, prelusive to the fight,
 “ And the long labours of the camp affright,
 “ Go, look for merchandise of readiest vent,
 “ Which yields a sure return of cent. per cent.
 “ Buy this, no matter what ; the ware is good,
 “ Though not allow’d on this side Tiber’s flood :

VER. 272. — *the rich Eagle,*] The eagle, or chief standard of the legion, was committed to the charge of the first centurion. This station,” says Kennet, “ was not only honourable, but very profitable too, for the primipilus (first centurion) had a special stipend allowed him, probably as much as a knight’s estate, (*locupletem aquilam,*) and when he left that charge, was reputed equal to the members of the Equestrian Order.”

Dryden translates the passage thus :

“ And when in service your best days are spent,
 “ Perhaps you may command a regiment :”

Which is not inaccurate : for as the centurion answered to a captain, so did the primipilus to a general, in a modern army. A legion, not to be too nice, consisted of six thousand men, divided into three battalions, which were again subdivided into sixty companies. Every company had a centurion at its head, and every ten a primipilus. This was a post, therefore, of great importance, and very capable of tempting an avaricious father. According to Kennet’s mode of computation, the pay of the primipilus was between three and four thousand pounds a year.

VER. 278. *Though not allow’d on this side Tiber’s flood :*] It may be just necessary to observe, that professions of an offensive nature, or what in technical language are termed “ nuisances,”

“ Hides, unguents, mark me, boy, are equal things,
 “ And gain smells sweet, from whatso’er it springs.
 “ This golden sentence, which the Powers of heaven,
 “ Which Jove himself, might glory to have given,
 “ Will never, never, from your thoughts, I trust,—
 “ NONE QUESTION WHENCE IT COMES ; BUT COME IT
 MUST.”

were not allowed to be carried on in the heart of the city.
 “ Dealers in hides,” therefore, together with the manufacturers
 and traders in a variety of noisome articles, were compelled to
 dwell on the further side of the river. This was a very judi-
 cious regulation, and might be enforced among ourselves, with
 equal propriety and advantage.

VER. 280. *And gain smells sweet, from whatsoe’er it springs, &c.*
 This honest man may be thought to have borrowed his precious
 apophthegm from Orestes :

Δοκῶ μὲν οὐδὲν ῥῆμα σὺν κερδαὶ κακόν.

He alludes, however, to the answer given by Vespasian to Titus,
 who had remonstrated with him on the sordid nature of his tax
 on urine. The Emperour very gravely held a piece of money
 to his nose, and asked him how it smelt. “ Not bad at all,”
 replied Titus : “ and yet,” rejoined Vespasian, “ this came from
 the very tax you reprobate.”

But we shall lose much of the humour of the Emperour’s answer,
 if we do not advert to the custom of the ancients in trying the
 purity of their money by the smell. Thus Arrian in Epict. i. 20.
 Ὁ ἀργυρογνῶμων προσχρηταὶ καλὰ δοκιμασίαν τοῦ νομίσματος τῇ
 οσφρασίᾳ κ. τ. α. And habit, and indeed necessity, had given
 them an acuteness of perception in these matters, of which we
 can scarcely have an idea. I much question whether the pre-
 caution of a Scapha would be necessary at this time, to deceive
 the keenest-scented lover. “ *Cape igitur speculum, &c.*” It

This, when the lisping race a farthing ask,
 Old women set them, as a previous task ;
 The wondrous apophthegm all run to get,
 And learn it sooner than their alphabet.

—But why this haste? Without your care, vain fool!
 The pupil will, ere long, the tutor school :
 Sleep then, in peace ; secure to be outdone,
 Like Telamon, or Peleus, by your son.
 O, yet indulge awhile his tender years :
 The seeds of vice, sown by your fostering cares,
 Have scarce ta'en root ; but they will spring at length,
 “ Grow with his growth, and strengthen with his
 strength.”

Then, when the firstlings of his youth are paid,
 And his rough chin requires the razor's aid,
 Then he will swear, then to the altar come,
 And sell deep perjuries, for a paltry sum !—

should be previously observed that the ancient mirrors were
 either formed of a mixture of tin and brass, or, as in the present
 case, of silver :

Scap. Here, take the mirror :—now, a towel, girl,
 And wipe your hands. *Phil.* My hands ! why so? *Scap.* For fear,
 As you have touch'd the mirror, they should smell
 Of silver, and Philolaches suspect
 You have been handling money. *Mostel. A. i. Sc. iii.*

The golden sentence mentioned in the next line, is taken
 from Ennius. It is introduced with admirable gravity and
 effect.

Believe your step-daughter already dead,
 If, with an ample dower, she mount his bed :
 Lo ! scarcely laid, his murderous fingers creep,
 And close her eyes in everlasting sleep.

For that vast wealth which, with long years of pain,
 You thought would be acquired by land and main,
 He gets a readier way : the skill's not great,
 The toil not much, to make a knave complete.

But you will say hereafter, " I am free :
 " He never learn'd those practices of me."

Yes, all of you :—for he who, madly blind,
 Imbues with avarice his children's mind,
 Fires with the thirst of riches, and applauds
 The attempt, to double their estate by frauds,
 Unconscious, flings the headlong wheels the rein,
 Which he may wish to stop, but wish in vain ;
 Deaf to his voice, with growing speed they roll,
 Smoke down the steep, and spurn the distant goal !

None sin by rule ; none heed the charge precise,
 THUS, AND NO FURTHER, MAY YE STEP IN VICE ;
 But leap the bounds prescribed, and, with free pace,
 Scour far and wide, the interdicted space.

VER. 307. *He gets a readier way, &c.*] This is an allusion to the following apophthegm :

Συνηγορία ἡ πονηρία, βραδεῖν ἡ ἀρετῇ

So, when you tell the youth, that fools alone
 Regard a friend's distresses as their own ;
 You bid the willing hearer riches raise,
 By fraud, by rapine, by the worst of ways ;
 Riches, whose love is on your soul imprest,
 Deep as their country's on the Decii's breast ;
 Or Thebes on his, who sought an early grave,
 (If Greece say true,) her sacred walls to save.
 Thebes, where, impregn'd with serpent's teeth, the
 earth

Pour'd forth a marshall'd host, prodigious birth !
 Horrent with arms, that fought with headlong rage,
 Nor ask'd the trumpet's signal, to engage.—
 But mark the end ! the fire, derived, at first,
 From a small sparkle, by your folly nurst,
 Blown to a flame, on all around it preys,
 And wraps you in the universal blaze.

VER. 328. *Deep as their country's on the Decii's breast, &c.*]
 For the Decii see Satire viii. The person alluded to immediately after, is Menœceus, son of Creon, king of Thebes. He had learnt from Tiresias that the city, which was then closely besieged, could not be taken if he would devote himself to a voluntary death ; which he readily did. All this, and more, is finely told by Statius.

Juvenal never forgets the verbiage and vanity of the Greeks, which he pleasantly imitates and ridicules in the succeeding lines.

So the young lion rent, with hideous roar,
His keeper's trembling limbs, and drank his gore.

“Tush! I am safe,” you cry; “Chaldæan seers,
“Have raised my Scheme, and promised length of
years.”

But has your son subscribed? will he await
The lingering distaff of decrepid Fate?
No;—his impatience will the work confound,
And snap the vital thread, ere half unwound.
Ev'n now your long and stag-like age annoys
His future hopes, and palls his present joys.

VER. 339. *So the young lion, &c.*] This alludes to a real incident which took place under Domitian, and is thus related by Martial:

“Læserat ingrato leo perfidus ore magistrum,

“Ausus tam notas contemerare manus:

“Sed dignas tanto persolvit crimine pœnas,

“Et qui non tulerat verbera, tela tulit.”

De Spect. x.

From the mention of *verbera*, say the criticks, it appears that the keeper had wantonly irritated the natural ferocity of the animal. This renders the application infinitely more striking.

VER. 347. ———— and stag-like age] —*longa et cervina senectus*. The longevity of the raven has been noticed in a former page; but that bird, notwithstanding his nine ages, was the creature of a day, compared to the crow, or even the stag.

Εννεα τοι ζωει γενεας λακερυσσας κορωνη

Ανδρων ηβωλων, ελαφθ δε τε τετρακορωνος.—

Sir Thomas Browne quotes a translation of these lines from

Fly then, and bid Archigenes prepare
 An antidote, if life be worth your care ;
 If you would see another autumn close,
 And pluck another fig, another rose :—
 Take mithridate, rash man, before your meat,
 A FATHER, you ? and without med'cine eat !

Come, my Fuscinus, come with me, and view,
 A scene more comick than the stage e'er knew.
 Lo ! with what toil, what danger, wealth is sought,
 And to the fane of watchful Castor brought ;

Ausonius, and by a fair statement of the different items, computes that the stag lives three thousand four hundred and sixty years ! “ A conceit,” he continues, “ so hard to be made out, that many have deserted the common and literal construction.” They had but one better way to take. This, however, is sufficient for the poet, who, in the extravagance of the idea, finds the principal force and acrimony of his satire.

VER. 349. *Fly then, and bid Archigenes prepare, &c.* Archigenes is frequently mentioned by Juvenal. The Scholiast says, he was “ a very celebrated physician of his own times, who practised at Rome.” It appears from Galen, that he was a native of Syria.

VER. 358. *And to the fane of watchful Castor brought ;* Εδος γαρ, says an old scholiast on Thucydides, παλαιον τα χρηματα εν τοις ιεροις ταμιευειν. It was anciently the custom to deposit their money in the temples for the gods to keep. This was judicious enough ; some unlucky wight, however, might have asked with our author, on another occasion—BUT WHO SHALL KEEP THE KEEPERS ? for it appears that both gods and money were sometimes swept away together.

The publick treasure was laid up at Rome in the temple of

Since MARS THE AVENGER slumber'd, to his cost,
 And, with his helmet, all his credit lost !
 Quit then the plays ! the FARCE OF LIFE supplies
 A scene more comick, in the sage's eyes.
 For who amuses most ?—the man who springs,
 Light, through the hoop, and on the tight-rope
 Or he, who, to a fragile bark confined, [swings ;
 Dwells on the deep, the sport of wave and wind ?
 Foolhardy wretch ! scrambling for every bale
 Of stinking merchandize, exposed to sale ;

Saturn, because (says Macrobius) when Saturn reigned in Italy, robbery was unknown ; which, I dare say, it was : and, indeed, the money continued there pretty safe, unless from the clutches of such mighty robbers as Julius Cæsar, as a good guard was constantly stationed at the doors.

Individuals kept their money in the temple of Mars, which stood in the Forum of Augustus ; hence our author says, in his tenth Satire :

“ ————— ut maxima toto

“ Nostra sit arca Foro.” —————

After the misfortune which befel this poor god, whom the author, with the bitterest sarcasm dignifies with the title of Ultor (the Avenger) they removed it to the temple of Castor and Pollux : here they were less fortunate than before. Mars was only stript of his armour, but these luckless beings, whose vigilance Juvenal also duly celebrates, were absolutely flayed—*bracteolam de Castore ducat !*

I should imagine that the temple of Peace succeeded to the credit of Castor and Pollux ; for when that truly magnificent structure was destroyed by fire, in the reign of Commodus, treasures to an enormous amount were lost in the conflagration.

And proud to Crete, for rosy wine, to rove,
 And jars, the fellow citizens of Jove !
 THAT skips along the rope, with wavering tread,
 Dangerous dexterity, which brings him bread ;
 THIS ventures life, for wealth too vast to spend,
 Farm join'd to farm, and villas without end !
 Lo, every harbour throng'd and every bay,
 And half mankind upon the watery way !
 For, where he hears the attractive voice of gain,
 The merchant hurries, and defies the main.—
 Nor will he only range the Libyan shore,
 But, passing Calpé, other worlds explore ;

VER. 369. *And proud to Crete, &c.*] Crete, the commentators gravely tell us, was the native country of Jove, who was born and nursed on mount Ida ! the satire totally escapes them. But Crete was not only the birth, but the burying-place of that deity, whose tomb the people of the island pretended to show. Callimachus, indeed, seems inclined to deprive them of their claims in both instances. The first he disputes rather faintly ; but for the second, he rebukes them with a solemnity that borders on the sublime, “The Cretans, and the Arcadians boast of having given thee birth,” says he to Jupiter :

———— ποτεροι, Πατερ, εψευσαντο ;
 Κρητες αιει ψευσαι· κα· γαρ ταφον, ω ανα, σεις
 Κρητες ετεκτρυναντο· Συ δ' ου θανεις· εσσι γαρ αιει.

Poor Jove makes but an awkward figure, with, what Stapylton calls, his “neighbour-borne flaggons,” by the side of this flattering picture.

See Phœbus, sinking in the Atlantick, lave
His fiery car, and hear the hissing wave.
And all for what? O glorious end! to come,
His toils o'erpast, with purse replenish'd, home,
And, with a traveller's privilege, vent his boasts,
Of unknown monsters seen on unknown coasts.

What varying forms in madness may we trace!—
Safe in his loved Electra's fond embrace,
Orestes sees the avenging Furies rise,
And flash their bloody torches in his eyes;
While Ajax strikes an ox, and, at the blow,
Hears Agamemnon, or Ulysses low:
And surely he, (though, haply, he forbear,
Like these, his keeper and his clothes to tear,)
Is just as mad, who, to the water's brim,
Loads his frail bark—a plank 'twixt death and him!
When all this risk, is but to swell his store,
With a few coins, a few gold pieces more.

VER. 398. *Concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.*
[With a few coins, &c.] This, which is merely a periphrasis for
coined money, is thus rendered by Dryden:

“But silver makes him all this toil embrace,

“Silver with titles stamp'd, and a dull monarch's face.”

I should not have noticed this, if his example had not seduced
the last translator; whose book, being designed for schools,
should carefully avoid those gratuitous and illiberal reflections.

I must observe here, that the notes subjoined to this Satire
by young Dryden, are ignorant, petulant, and licentious to the

Heaven lours, and frequent, through the mutter-
 ing air,
 The nimble lightning glares, or seems to glare :
 “ Weigh ! weigh ! ” the impatient man of traffick
 cries, [skies,
 “ These gathering clouds, this rack that dims the
 “ Are but the pageants of a sultry day ;
 “ A thunder shower, that frowns, and melts away.”
 Deluded wretch ! dash’d on some dangerous coast,
 This night, this hour, perhaps, his bark is lost ;
 While he still strives, though whelm’d beneath the
 wave,
 His darling purse with teeth, or hand, to save.
 Thus he, who sigh’d, of late, for all the gold,
 Down the bright Tagus and Pactolus roll’d,
 Now bounds his wishes to one poor request,
 A scanty morsel and a tatter’d vest ;
 And shows, where tears, where supplications fail,
 A daubing of his melancholy tale !

last degree. His father should have flung them into the fire.
 —It is not true, as has been sometimes said, that they are
 merely explanatory, and pretend to nothing beyond it. On the
 contrary, they are affectedly rude and ill-mannered, aping the
 vicious style of that most vicious age. The fact is, that both
 father and son appear to have read this satire to little purpose,
 though both might have profited by it.

VER. 413. *And shows, where tears and supplications fail,*
A daubing, &c.] Thus Persius :

Wealth, by such dangers earn'd, such anxious
 Requires more care to keep it, than to gain: [pain,
 Whate'er my miseries, make me not, kind Fate,
 The sleepless Argus of a vast estate!
 The slaves of Licinus, a numerous band, [hand,
 Watch through the night, with buckets in their
 While their rich master trembling lies, afraid,
 Lest fire his ivory, amber, gold, invade.
 The naked Cynick mocks such restless cares,
 His earthen tub no conflagration fears;
 If crack'd, to-morrow he procures a new,
 Or, coarsely soldering, makes the old one do.

“ ——— te fracta in trabe pictum

“ Ex humero portes.” ———

But Phædrus had said the same before him:

“ ——— Cæteri tabulam suam

“ Portant, rogantes victum.”

They carried about a coarse painting of their shipwreck, to
 move pity, perhaps, in countries where their language was not
 understood.

VER. 417. *Whate'er my miseries, &c.*] Juvenal seems to have
 embodied, in his picture of Licinus, the striking traits of avaricious
 solicitude which accompany the possession of vast wealth,
 in the vigorous satire of Horace:

“ An vigilare metu insomnis, noctesque diesque,

“ Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos

“ Ne te compilent, fugientes: hoc juvat? horum

“ Semper ego optarim pauperrimus esse bonorum!”

Even Philip's son, when, in his little cell,
 Content, he saw the mighty master dwell,
 Own'd, with a sigh, that he, who nought desired,
 Was happier far, than he who worlds required,
 And whose ambition certain dangers brought,
 Vast, and unbounded, as the object sought.—
 Fortune, advanced to heaven by fools alone,
 Would lose, were wisdom ours, her shadowy throne.

“What call I, then, ENOUGH?” What will afford,
 A decent habit, and a frugal board;
 What Epicurus' little garden bore,
 And Socrates sufficient thought, before:

VER. 427. *Even Philip's son, when, in his little cell, &c]* This circumstance in Alexander's history is alluded to by Butler with his usual humour:

“The whole world was not half so wide,

“To Alexander, when he cry'd,

“Because he had but one to subdue;

“As was a paltry, narrow tub, to

“Diogenes, who ne'er was said,

“For aught that I could ever read,

“To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,

“Because he'd ne'er another tub.”

VER. 437. *What Epicurus, &c.]* No one could hold the theological tenets of Epicurus in greater contempt and abhorrence than Juvenal, and yet he never omits an opportunity of doing justice to the simplicity of his life. This is the more laudable, as few have lain under greater obloquy, from the dissipated lives of his followers, than this philosopher, who, to say the least of him, was no ordinary man. He has been represented

These squared by Nature's rules their blameless
Nature and Wisdom never are at strife. [life—

You think, perhaps, these rigid means too scant,
And that I ground philosophy on want;
Take then, (for I will be indulgent now,
And something for the change of times allow,)
As much as Otho for a knight requires:—
If this, unequal to your wild desires,
Contract your brow; enlarge the sum, and take,
As much as two,—as much as three—will make.

as wallowing in sensuality! He placed, it must be confessed, the chief good in pleasure: but he meant by it, that calm and soothing delight which arises from a life spent in the contemplation of virtue. Diocles says that he was a perfect example of continence and simplicity; and Juvenal loves to dwell on his frugality—*parvis suffecit in hortis*. In a word, the garden of Epicurus was a school of temperance: and would have afforded little gratification, and still less sanction, to those sensualists of our day, who, in turning hogs, flatter themselves that they are becoming Epicureans!

After saying thus much of the man, it is but just to add a word respecting his doctrines. With regard to the beauty of temperance and sobriety; and the strong necessity of restraining the tumultuous and disorderly passions, Epicurus may be listened to with advantage; but on the higher and more important subjects of life, there does not exist a more false and destructive system than his, nor one so likely to make mankind worse by imitation. Perhaps he is the only philosopher, who never had one follower like to himself. *Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile*. All his imitators were vicious, and the old world was ruined by his virtues.

If yet, in spite of this prodigious store,
 Your craving bosom yawn, unfill'd, for more,
 Then, all the wealth of Lydia's king, increast
 By all the treasures of the gorgeous East,
 Will not content you ; no, nor all the gold
 Of that proud slave, whose mandate Rome controll'd,
 Who sway'd the Emperour, and whose fatal word
 Plunged, in the Empress' breast, the lingering sword!

VER. 455. *Who sway'd the Emperour, &c.*] The state of dependence in which this moon-calf (Claudius) was kept by his freedmen, is sarcastically alluded to by Seneca, in a passage of exquisite humour: *Excandescit Claudius: quid diceret nemo intelligebat. Ille autem febrim duci jubebat, illo gestu solutæ manus, quo decollare homines solebat. Jusserat illi collum præcidi; putares omnes illius esse LIBERTOS, ADEO ILLUM NEMO CURABAT.*" *Apokol.*

VER, 455. ————— and whose fatal word,

Plunged, &c.] This is agreeable to history. Narcissus, the person here meant, though inferiour in rank to Pallas, was the chief adviser, Tacitus says, in the whole affair.

But this is not all, for when Claudius appeared irresolute, and shewed marks of returning fondness for Messalina, Narcissus gave the orders for her death, without consulting him: fearful of her resentment if she recovered her influence, he would not even permit her to be heard. Such was the end of Messalina! Her two accusers were not much more fortunate. Pallas perished by the sword of Nero. (vol. i. p. 28.) Narcissus preserved his influence during the life of Claudius, but on the accession of Nero, Agrippina, whose designs he had endeavoured to thwart, threw him into prison; and, by a detestable refinement in cruelty, compelled him, through mere want of sustenance, to put an end to his own life. A strange catastrophe for one who had seen the resources of the Roman world at his feet!

SATIRE XV.

Argument.

IN this Satire, which was written after the author's return from Egypt, he directs his powerful ridicule at the sottish and ferocious bigotry of the natives. The enumeration of their animal and vegetable gods is a fine specimen of dignified humour; and though he may be thought to treat the actors in the horrid transaction, which makes the chief subject of his poem, with too indiscriminate a severity, yet it should be considered, that he had, for many justifiable causes, long regarded the country and the countrymen of Crispinus, with aversion: which was not much diminished, we may presume, by a nearer view of both.

The conclusion of the Satire, which is a just and beautiful description of the origin of civil society, (infinitely superiour to any thing that Lucretius or Horace has delivered on the subject,) does honour to the genius, good sense, and enlightened morality, I had almost said, piety, of the author. It is not founded in natural instinct, but on principles of mutual benevolence, implanted, not by Nature, as Mr. Gibbon carelessly or perversely makes the author assert, but by NATURE'S GOD, in the breast of man, and of MAN ALONE.

SATIRE XV.

TO VOLUSIUS BITHYNICUS.

V. 1—6.

Who knows not to what monstrous gods, my
The mad inhabitants of Egypt bend?— [friend,
The snake-devouring ibis, These inshrine,
Those think the crocodile alone divine;
Others, where Thebes' vast ruins strew the ground,
And shatter'd Memnon yields a magick sound,

VER. 6. *And shatter'd Memnon, &c.*] “The gigantick statue of Memnon, in his temple of Thebes, had a lyre in his hands, which, many credible writers assure us, sounded when the rising sun shone upon it.” *Darwin*. What credible writer says this? An old scholiast on Juvenal, indeed, mentions it; but he is totally unworthy of belief.

The history of this wonderful statue seems to be simply this: Herodotus, when he went into Egypt, was shown the fragments of a colossus, thrown down some years before by Cambyses. This he calls Memnon; but says not a syllable respecting its emitting a vocal sound: a prodigy, which appears to have been an afterthought of the priests of Thebes.*

The upper part of this statue has been covered by the sand

* Savary (Lett. sur l'Egip. Vol. III. p. 175) observes with a simplicity that excites a smile: “Herodotus is the first who

Set up a glittering brute of uncouth shape,
And bow before the image of an ape!

for many ages: it is that which yet remains on its pedestal, which performs the wonders mentioned by so many travellers, who have perpetuated their credulity on the spot, by inscribing their names on the stone. One man, indeed, of high respectability, bears a kind of testimony to the common report of a sound proceeding, not, indeed, from the harp of Memnon, for there never was any such thing, but from the statue. Strabo says, he heard a sound; but whether it came from the Colossus itself, or the base, or from some one of the numerous standers by, he could not tell. "Indeed," adds he, "one would be inclined to suppose almost any thing, rather than to believe stones, however disposed, capable of producing a sound." Germanicus too, according to Tacitus, (Ann. II. 61,) was indulged with the same favour. If he listened with patience to the nonsense first read to him by the priests, he was not unworthy of it.

In a word, the whole appears to have been a trick not ill-adapted to such a place as Egypt, where men went, and still go, with a face of gaping wonderment, predisposed to swallow the grossest absurdities. The sound (for some sound there was,) I incline to think, with De Pauw, proceeded from an excavation near the plinth, the sides of which might be struck, at a preconcerted moment, with a bar of sonorous metal. Even Savary, who saw nothing but prodigies in Egypt, treats this foolish affair as an artifice of the priests. So much for the harp of Memnon! which, though miserably out of its place in a work of philosophy, does very well in a poetick description:

"As Memnon's marble harp, renown'd of old

"By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch

speaks of the statue of Memnon, and indeed, it is but a word he says of it, *because*, when he was in Egypt, it had not been long mutilated. Since his time, a crowd of travellers have dwelt upon it with enthusiasm!" Do we need any better proof of the fact to which I have adverted?

Thousands regard the hound with holy fear,
 Not one, Diana : and 'tis dangerous here,
 To violate an onion, or to stain
 The sanctity of leeks with tooth profane.

“ Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string

“ Consenting, sounded through the warbling air

“ Unbidden strains.”

Akenside.

Akenside discovered his mistake respecting the harp of Memnon, somewhat sooner than Dr. Darwin; and, in his own copy of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, directed the passage to be read thus :

“ As Memnon's marble form, renown'd of old

“ By fabling Nilus, at the potent touch

“ Of morning utter'd from its inmost frame

“ Unbidden musick.”

“ But,” continues Dr. Darwin, who seems to have no objection to believe any miracle,—provided it be not in Scripture, “ the truncated statue is said, for many centuries, to have saluted the rising sun with cheerful tones, and the setting sun with melancholy ones.” This gross and palpable invention of one Philostratus (the scorn of every man of sense) was scarcely worth notice; the Doctor, however, thinks otherwise, he speculates profoundly upon it; and observes among other things, that the sun's light possesses a mechanical impulse: a truism, it seems, which would have been proved by Mr. Michel, if—the experiments had not totally failed.

I recommend this whole passage, (*Botanick Garden*, note ix.) to the curious. It contains such marvellous discoveries: and such ingenious and economical proposals for opening the glasses of melon and cucumber beds, as have not been equalled since the never-to-be-forgotten plan of constructing parish sundials with eight-and-forty pounders!

VER. 11. *To violate an onion, &c.*] Yet Herodotus was told of

O holy nations ! Sacro-sanct abodes !

Where every garden propagates its gods !

the immense quantity of onions consumed by the workmen who were employed on the pyramids. How shall we reconcile this ? In the book of Numbers, the children of Israel, now wandering in the Desert, regret, among other articles of luxury, the *onions* with which they were liberally supplied in Egypt. Were they, then, the constructors of those edifices ? This is a subject for an essay, not a marginal note. One thing, however, I cannot avoid saying : the men who inhabited Egypt when Herodotus visited that country, do not appear to be the descendants of those who produced the massy structures which encumber, rather than embellish it. Nay, I am tempted to think that they were not even the progeny of those for whom they were raised ; a people superiour in every respect to the timid and boastful race (the aborigines of the country) which the historian found there, and which, with little variation, has continued to our times. One reason, and indeed a principal one, for this supposition, is the profound ignorance of the natives respecting the purport of their sacred edifices, labyrinths, grottoes, rites, &c. which, if ever known to them, could not possibly be so totally obliterated from their minds as it appears to have been. Not many years had elapsed between the invasion of Cambyzes and the visit of Herodotus ; yet the origin of the pyramids, temples, and statues were no better known to the priests of that period, than to the imans, and Coptick cenobites of the present day. Could this have been the case, if their predecessors had possessed any information at the time of the Persian monarch ? Certainly not.

It is worse than trifling, therefore, to attempt, as many of the commentators do, to account for the practices found by Juvenal amongst this people, which, if they understood ill, he understood much worse. I do not think, indeed, that it will ever be found in Egypt. A ray of light, however, appears to be breaking

They spare the fleecy kind, and think it ill,
The blood of lambkins, or of kids, to spill;

upon us from another quarter; I mean India: there, at no very distant period perhaps, if the present learned race of investigators continue their researches, will a clue be found, to guide us through the hitherto inextricable maze of Egyptian history.

Meanwhile, the Egyptians have been fortunate. As few or none of their visitants understood their language, and as to those few, they could not explain what they did not know, all their absurd and bestial superstitions have been gratuitously supposed to be pregnant with sound sense, and a pure and enlightened system of morality. Ουδεν, says Plutarch, γαρ αλογον, ουδε μυθωδες, ουδε υπο δεισιδαιμονιας, κ. τ. α. "The Egyptians have inserted nothing into their worship without a reason, nothing merely fabulous, nothing superstitious." *O bone!* "as many suppose; but their institutions have either respect to morals or to something useful in life; and many of them bear a beautiful resemblance of some fact in history, of some appearance of nature, *οιον το περι κρομμυου,*" &c. And the ingenious translator of the Hymn to Ceres, adds, "The Egyptian priests threw an awful and ambiguous veil over their religious rites, and having enjoined silence and secrecy as indispensable terms of initiation, gave an air of pomp and solemnity to institutions that were trifling, and doctrines that were absurd."

This is too much. The Egyptians of profane history were neither a wise nor a moral people: nor did their priests give an air of pomp and solemnity to their religious rites, which, on the contrary, were sottish and obscene in the highest degree. To talk therefore, as some do, of their being the teachers of the old world, is truly ridiculous. What could Pythagoras learn from a nation, whose knowledge is not proved in a single instance? What did Herodotus learn? Milesian tales. What Plato? To sell oil, perhaps:—in short, it is time to have done with the prejudices of childhood, and to think for ourselves.

But, human flesh—O ! that is lawful fare,
And you may eat it without scandal there.

When, at the amazed Alcinoüs' board, of old,
Ulysses of so strange an action told,
He moved of some the mirth, of more the gall,
And, for a lying vagrant, pass'd with all.

“ Will no one plunge this babbler in the waves,
“ (Worthy a true Charybdis,)—while he raves
“ Of monsters seen not since the world began,
“ Cyclops and Læstrigons, who feed on man !
“ For me—I less should doubt of Scylla's train,
“ Of rocks that float and jostle in the main,
“ Of bladders fill'd with storms, of men, in fine,
“ By magick changed, and driven to grunt with
swine,

“ Than of his cannibals :—the fellow feigns,
“ As if he thought Phæacians had no brains.”

Thus, one, perhaps, more sober than the rest,
Observ'd, and justly, of their travell'd guest,
Who spoke of prodigies till then unknown ;
Yet brought no attestation but his own.

VER. 19. *When, at the amazed Alcinoüs' board, &c.]* All the wonders recorded in the subsequent lines, and more, are to be found in the tenth book of the Odyssey, to which the reader, if they are not familiar to him, should have recourse : they form perhaps, the most bewitching narrative that ever came from the tongue of man.

—I bring my wonders, too ; and I can tell,
 When Junius, late, was consul, what befel,
 Near Coptus' walls ; tell of a people stain'd,
 With deeper guilt, than tragedy e'er feign'd :
 For, sure, no buskin'd bard, from Pyrrha's time,
 E'er tax'd a whole community with crime ;
 Take then a scene yet to the stage unknown,
 And, by a nation, acted—IN OUR OWN !

Between two neighbouring towns a deadly hate,
 Sprung from a sacred grudge of ancient date,
 Yet burns ; a hate no lenients can assuage,
 No time subdue, a rooted, rancorous rage !
 Blind bigotry, at first, the evil wrought :
 For each despised the others gods, and thought

VER 38. *When Junius, late, was consul, &c.*] For Junius, see the Life of Juvenal.

VER. 49. *Blind bigotry, &c.*] The Ombites worshipped the crocodile, the Tentyrites the ibis, whose respective claims to superiority are not yet settled : I hold them both to be very excellent gods, and, as Lucian says, ἀληθως ἀξιοι του ουρανου, truly worthy of heaven ; but feel no inclination to fight or dispute for either.

The singularity here is, that the criticks will not allow Juvenal to know his own meaning. De Pauw seems to think, (I say, *seems*, for it is not always easy to discover his real opinion,) that this was not a religious war. It is owing to the corrupt text of Juvenal, he says “ that the false opinion prevailed of the Ombites having fought with the Tentyrites for a crocodile.*

* But why must the inhabitants of the two capitals be the people who fought? Each of the towns had a considerable

Its own the true, the genuine, in a word,
The only deities to be adored !

And now the Ombite festival drew near :
When the prime Tent'rites, envious of their cheer,

These two towns were near a hundred miles distant, and therefore not likely to have great interests to promote such vain pretexts. The dispute really took place between the Tentyrites and the inhabitants of Coptus, and was occasioned solely by a jealousy of trade !”

This is a little hard upon Juvenal: for though we should grant that he (or his transcribers) might have written Ombos for Coptos, still he could not well mistake the motives of the fray.

Bruce, who seems to have read our author, as he read “Peter Paez,” and indeed every other writer, as far as I have followed him, “rapidly, and looking for things only where they ought to be;” has another idea, as devoid of probability as of common sense. “It is remarkable (Vol. I. p. 142) these two parties were anthropophagi as late as Juvenal’s time; yet no author speaks of this extraordinary fact! which cannot be called in question, as he was an eye witness, and resided at Syene. A chain was stretched across the Nile, and as the Ombites and Tentyrites could only meet on that river, either one or the other possessing it, could hinder his adversary from coming nearer him. As the chain is in the Harmonthick nome, as well as the capital of the Ombi, I suppose it to be the barrier of this last state, to hinder those of Dendera from coming up to EAT THEM !”

As Bruce is very generally read, it may not be amiss to no-

district lying around it, and the borderers, therefore, might not be very remote neighbours. Even if this be disallowed, a voyage of fourscore miles up the Nile is no very tedious, or difficult matter. Superstitious frenzy has frequently impelled its votaries to more laborious undertakings.

Resolv'd to seize the occasion, to annoy
 Their feast, and spoil the sacred week of joy.—
 It came: the hour the thoughtless Ombites greet,
 And crowd the porches, crowd the publick street,
 With tables richly spread; where, night and day,
 Plunged in the abyss of gluttony, they lay:
 (For savage as the nome appears, it vies
 In luxury, if I MAY TRUST MY EYES,
 With dissolute Canopus :) Six were past,
 Six days of riot, and the seventh and last
 Rose on the feast: and now the Tent'rites thought,
 A cheap, a bloodless victory might be bought,
 O'er such a helpless crew; nor thought they wrong,
 Nor could the event be doubtful, where a throng
 Of drunken revellers, stammering, reeling-ripe,
 And capering to a sooty minstrel's pipe,
 Coarse unguents, chaplets, flowers, on this side fight;
 On that, keen hatred, and deliberate spite!

tice his errours. I am not hostile to his fame: though a careless reader, he was a curious observer; and though a mere pretender to ancient literature, a most indefatigable, enterprizing, and sagacious traveller.

VER. 72. *On that, keen hatred, &c.*] Holyday supposes that the Tentyrites envied the good cheer of the Ombites; and therefore fell on them with such fury. But *inde* in the text is opposed to *hinc*. Each word is placed at the head of the muster-roll of the respective armies. This personification of the combatants is spirited and pleasant in the original; but necessarily loses much of its effect in the translation.

At first both sides, though eager to engage,
 With taunts and jeers, the heralds of their rage,
 Blow up their mutual fury ; and anon,
 Kindled to madness, with loud shouts rush on ;
 Deal, though unarm'd, their vengeance blindly
 round,

And with clench'd fists print many a ghastly wound.
 Then might you see, amid the desperate fray,
 Features disfigured, noses torn away,
 Hands, where the gore of mangled eyes yet reeks,
 And jaw-bones starting through the cloven cheeks !

But this is sport, mere children's play, they cry—
 As yet beneath their feet no bodies lie,
 And, to what purpose should such armies fight
 The cause of heaven, if none be slain outright ?
 Roused at the thought, more fiercely they engage,
 With stones, the weapons of intestine rage ;
 Yet not precisely such, to tell you true,
 As Turnus erst, or mightier Ajax, threw ;
 Nor quite so large as that two-handed stone,
 Which bruised Æneas on the huckle-bone ;
 But such as men, in our degenerate days,
 Ah, how unlike to theirs ! make shift to raise.

VER. 94. *Ah, how unlike to theirs ! make shift to raise.*] "There prevailed," says Dr. Johnson in his life of Milton, "an opinion in his time, that the world was in its decay, and that we have the misfortune to be produced in the decrepitude of nature."

Even in his time, Mæonides could trace,
Some diminution of the human race :

The Doctor probably meant to confine his observation to this country: the opinion, however, was universal, and prevailed many thousand years before Milton was born; and seems derived from a natural predilection in the aged for the companions of their youth; or perhaps from an unconscious recurrence to the longevity of the antediluvian world. “Few and evil,” says the Patriarch, with pathetick simplicity, “few and evil have been the days of the years of my life, and have not attained to the days of the years of the life of my fathers, in the days of their pilgrimage.”

Homer seems to place the *maximum* of human strength and activity at the period of the Trojan war, when Nestor had already observed a decline of both. Where it really should be placed, we shall never know, though we all agree, as we advance in years, that it must be thrown back a little. As for Juvenal, he is pleased to be facetious, as usual. I am glad, however, that while he was indulging a smile at Homer's expense, he did not overlook Virgil, who, in copying him, manifests a lamentable deficiency of taste. These are the passages :

————— ὁ δὲ χερμαδιον λαβε χειρι
Τυδειδης, μεγα εργον, ὁ ου δυο γ' ανδρε φεροιεν,
Οἱοι νυν βροτοι εισι.

“————— saxum circumspicit ingens :—

“ Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,

“ Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.”

I know not how it is; but, generally speaking, Virgil's heroes always appear less striking, in their qualities both of body and of mind, than those of Homer; yet they perform greater feats upon occasion.

Now, earth, grown old and frigid, rears with pain
A pigmy brood, a weak and wicked train ;
Which every god, who marks their passions vile,
Regards with laughter, though he loaths the while.

But to our tale. Inforced with arm'd supplies,
The zealous Tent'rites feel their courage rise,
And wave their swords, and, kindling at the sight,
Press on, and with fell rage renew the fight.

The Ombites flee ; they follow :—in the rear,
A luckless wretch, confounded by his fear,
Trips and falls headlong ; with loud yelling cries,
The pack rush in, and seize him as he lies.

And now the conquerours, none to disappoint
Of the dire banquet, tear him joint by joint,
And dole him round ; the bones yet warm, they gnaw,
And champ the flesh that heaves beneath their jaw.
They want no cook to dress it—'twould be long,
And appetite is keen, and rage is strong.

VER. 109. *And now the conquerours, &c.*] This, and what immediately follows, is not much unlike a passage of terrible sublimity in that noble fragment, the Shield of Hercules :

Δηριν εχον περι πιπλοντων· πασαι δ' αρ' ιεντο

Αιμα μελαν πιεειν· ον δε πρωτον μεμαποιεν

Κειμενον η πιπλοντα νεουτατον, αμφι μεν αυλω

Βαλλ' ονυχας μεγαλους.

v. 251.

And here, Volusius, I rejoice at least,
 That fire was unprofaned by this curs'd feast,
 Fire, rapt from heaven! and you will, sure, agree
 To greet the element's escape, with me.
 —But all who ventured on the carcase, swore
 They never tasted—aught so sweet before!
 Nor did the relish charm the first alone—
 Those who arrived too late for flesh, or bone,
 Stoop'd down, and scraping where the wretch had
 With savage pleasure lick'd the gory plain! [lain,
 The Vascons once, (the story yet is rife,)
 With such dire sustenance prolong'd their life;

VER. 115. *And here, Volusius, &c.*] I cannot see the purport of this apostrophe to Volusius. It is not, indeed, unusual with our author, when he is ridiculing one species of superstition, to manifest something like tenderness for another: but even this caprice could not influence him here; for the Romans cared little for fire, and the Egyptians, I believe, still less.

The mysteries of Mithra were neither unknown, nor unpractised at Rome, when Juvenal wrote: if his friend was attached to them, a compliment might be intended; though, even in that case, the introduction of Prometheus would show a want of judgment. I can think of nothing to the purpose.

VER. 125. *The Vascons once, &c.* The Vascons were a people in the north-east of Spain, who took part with Sertorius, and stood a long and severe siege from Cn. Pompey and Metellus. Holyday says that Sertorius compelled these two chiefs to raise the siege, after their capital had been reduced to a state of the most dreadful necessity; but Val. Max. (lib. vii. 6.) who also mentions the calamities of the besieged, speaks of that general

But then the cause was different: Fortune, there,
 Proved adverse: they had born the extremes of war,
 The rage of famine, the still-watchful foe,
 And all the ills beleagured cities know.
 (And nothing less, should prompt mankind to use
 Such desperate means.) May this their crime excuse!
 For after every root and herb were gone,
 And every aliment to hunger known;
 When their lean frames, and cheeks of sallow hue,
 Struck even the foe with pity at the view,
 And all were ready their own flesh to tear,
 They first adventured on this horrid fare.
 And surely every god would pity grant,
 To men so worn by wretchedness and want,
 And even the very ghosts of those they ate,
 Absolve them, mindful of their dreadful state!
 True, we are wiser; and, by Zeno taught,
 Know life itself may be too dearly bought;
 But the poor Vascon, in that early age,
 Knew nought of Zeno, or the Stoick page.—

as already dead: *Horum* (the Numantines) *trucem pertinaciam in consimili facinore Calagurritanorum execrabilis impietas supergressa est; qui, quo perseverantius interempti Sertorii cineribus, obsidione Cn. Pompeii frustrantes, fidem prestarent, quia nullum jam aliud in urbe eorum supererat animal, uxores suas natosque ad usum nefariæ dapis verterunt.*

Now, thanks to Greece and Rome, in wisdom's robe,
The bearded tribes rush forth, and seize the globe:
Already, learned Gaul aspires to teach,
Your British orators the Art of Speech;
And Thulé, blessings on her! seems to say,
She'll hire a good grammarian, cost what may.

The Vascons, then, who thus prolong'd their
breath,

And the Saguntines, true, like them, to death,

VER. 149. *Already, learned Gaul, &c.*] Could any one suppose that a writer of eminence would seriously fix on a passage like this, to prove the migration of oratory from France to Britain? Yet this is done by La Bleterie, in his observations on the life of Agricola!—and the Frenchman seems to derive no little vanity from the circumstance. Certainly, “if two men ride upon a horse, one must ride behind:” and yet I doubt whether Gaul, with all her boasted pre-eminence, passed in Juvenal's mind for a much more enlightened spot than Britain. The fact is, that he laughs at both.

But apropos of La Bleterie. How would his patriotick triumph have increased, if it had luckily occurred to him that, near a thousand years after our author's time, “learned Gaul” had still the advantage of Britain! One of Abelard's correspondents, about the middle of the twelfth century, compliments him upon the general resort to his lectures; and adds, as the most extraordinary event of all, that even Britain purposed sending her brute beasts to be instructed by him—*remota Britannia sua animalia erudienda destinabat!*

VER. 154. *And the Saguntines, &c.*] Saguntum was destroyed by Hannibal, after one of the most dreadful sieges on record. Juvenal speaks of its fidelity to the Romans, as does Valerius

Brave too, like them, but by worse ills subdued,
Had some small plea for this abhorred food.

Diana first, (and let us doubt no more,
'The barbarous rites we disbelieved of yore,)
Rear'd her dread altar near the Taurick flood,
And ask'd the sacrifice of human blood :
Yet there the victim only lost his life,
And fear'd no cruelty beyond the knife.
Far, far more savage, Egypt's frantick train,
They butcher first, and then devour the slain !
But say, what cause impell'd them to proceed,
What siege, what famine, to this monstrous deed ?
What could they more, had Nile refused to rise,
And the soil gaped with ever-glowing skies,
What could they more, the guilty Flood to shame,
And heap opprobrium on his hateful name !

Maximus, and in a way which shows that he felt it. After observing that the citizens made a flaming pyre of their most valuable effects, on which they voluntarily threw themselves, and were consumed; he adds, *Crediderim tunc Ipsam Fidem, humana negotia speculantem, mæstum gessisse vultum; perseverantissimum sui cultum iniquæ fortunæ judicio, tam acerbo exitu damnatum cernentem.* Lib. vi. c. 6.

VER. 169. *What could they more, the guilty Flood to shame, &c.]*

“ — anne aliam, terra Memphitide sicca,

“ Invidiam facerent nolenti surgere Nilo?”

“None of the commentators,” Dr. Jortin observes, “at least

Lo! what the barbarous hordes of Scythia, Thrace,
Gaul, Britain, never dared,—dared by a race

none of those whom Henninius hath published, understand the sense of this phrase." The same may be said of the translators: Holyday, always learned, seldom incorrect, thus renders it:

" ————— By what fact
" Could they have more made their kind Nilus slow
" To rise and their parch'd Memphian land o'er-flow?"

Stapylton:

" For which methinks their Memphian Nile should grow
" Into a rage, and cease to overflow."

Dryden:

" Or did the miscreants try this conjuring spell,
" In time of drought to make the Nile to swell?"

It is the more extraordinary that the meaning should have been so generally mistaken, as it is completely ascertained by a passage in Petronius: *Nam quod invidiam facis nobis, ingenuos, honestosque clamando, vide ne deteriore facias confidentia causam.* p. 374. The same expression, and precisely in the same sense, is found in Ovid:

" Utque parum justæ nimiumque in pellice sævæ,
" Invidiam fecere Deæ." *Met. lib. iv. 546.*

They excited the publick odium against the goddess for her excessive cruelty: this is the purport of the phrase in Juvenal; and this I have endeavoured to express in the translation.

VER. 171. *Lo! what the barbarous hordes, &c.*] Thus Lucan, of Pompey's murderers:—

" O Superi! Nilusne et barbara Memphis,
" Et Pelusiaci tam mollis turba Canopi,
" Hos animos?" &c. *Lib. viii. 544.*

Of puny dastards, who, with fingers frail,
 Tug the light oar, and hoist the little sail,
 In painted pans! What tortures can the mind,
 Suggest for miscreants of this abject kind,
 Whom spite impell'd worse horrors to pursue,
 Than famine, in its deadliest form, e'er knew!

NATURE, who gave us tears, by that alone,
 Proclaims she made the feeling heart our own;
 And 'tis her noblest boon: This bids us fly,
 To wipe the drops from sorrowing friendship's eye,

VER. 175. *In painted pans! &c.*] Boats made of clay hardened in the fire, and varnished, so as to be water-tight. These *pictæ testæ* are catachrestically taken from Virgil's description of the same people: *Et circum pictis vehitur sua rura phaselis*. Grangæus is puzzled to know how they could possibly float. He might easily have made the experiment. They floated very well down the tranquil current of the Nile; and Strabo tells us, that he saw many of them on their passage from Upper to Lower Egypt. The only circumstance worth noticing in this place, is the miserable shifts to which the Egyptians were reduced by their absolute want of timber. Even under the Greeks, when they enjoyed a transient gleam of prosperity, their internal communications were carried on in canoes that would disgrace the New Zealanders. The Ptolomies, indeed, had vessels of a considerable size in the Mediterranean, but these came, as they still do, from Cyprus, Rhodes, &c.

VER. 179. *Nature, who gave us tears, &c.*] This is happily imitated by Thomson:

“ But man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 “ With every kind emotion in his heart,
 “ And taught alone to weep,” &c.

Sorrowing ourselves ; to wail the prisoner's state,
 And sympathize in the wrong'd orphan's fate,
 Compell'd his treacherous guardian to accuse,
 While many a shower his blooming cheek bedews,
 And through his scatter'd tresses, wet with tears,
 A doubtful face, or boy or girl's, appears.
 As Nature bids, we sigh, when some bright maid
 Is, ere her spousals, to the pyre convey'd ;
 Some babe—by fate's inexorable doom,
 Just shown on earth, and hurried to the tomb.

For who, that to the sanctity aspires,
 Which Ceres, for her mystick torch, requires,
 Feels not another's woes ? This marks our birth ;
 The great distinction from the beasts of earth !
 And therefore,—gifted with superiour powers,
 And capable of things divine,—'tis ours,
 To learn, and practise, every useful art ;
 And, from high heaven, deduce that better part,

VER. 192. ————— to the tomb.] *Et minor igne rogi*: i. e. too little for the funeral pile. The bodies of those infants who died before the seventh month were not burned, but committed to earth without sacrifice or solemnity of any kind. Cicero says that it was not usual to weep for them ; and Plutarch, in his consolation to his wife, endeavours to moderate her grief for her child, by a reference to the prevailing practice : Juvenal, however, with his usual good sense, produces this affecting circumstance, to show the power of unsophisticated nature over the refinements of custom.

That moral sense, denied to creatures prone,
 And downward bent, and found with man alone!—
 For He, who gave this vast machine to roll,
 Breathed LIFE in them, in us a REASONING SOUL;
 That kindred feelings might our state improve,
 And mutual wants conduct to mutual love;
 Woo to one spot the scatter'd hordes of men,
 From their old forest, and paternal den;
 Raise the fair dome, extend the social line,
 And, to our mansion, those of others join,
 Join too our faith, our confidence to theirs,
 And sleep, relying on the general cares:—
 In war, that each to each support might lend,
 When wounded, succour, and when fall'n, defend;
 At the same trumpet's clangor rush to arms,
 By the same walls be shelter'd from alarms,
 Near the same tower the foe's incursions wait,
 And trust their safety to one common gate.
 —But serpents, now, more links of concord bind:
 The cruel leopard spares the spotted kind;
 No lion spills a weaker lion's gore,
 No boar expires beneath a stronger boar;

VER. 220. *The cruel leopard, &c.*] “This is prettily said, but without truth: since the male beasts of every kind fight together, when hunger or lust stimulates them; and act, in this respect, just as if they were men.” Jortin. Crit. Rem. And this too is prettily said.

In leagues of friendship, tigers roam the plain,
 And bears with bears perpetual peace maintain.
 While man, alas ! flesh'd in the dreadful trade,
 Forges without remorse the murderous blade,
 On that dire anvil, where primæval skill,
 As yet untaught a brother's blood to spill,
 Wrought only what meek nature would allow,
 Goads for the ox, and coulter for the plough !

Even this is trifling : we have seen a rage,
 Too fierce for murder only to assuage ;
 Seen a whole state their victim piecemeal tear,
 And count each quivering limb delicious fare.

O, could the Samian Sage these horrors see,
 What would he say ? or to what deserts flee ?
 He, who the flesh of beasts, like man's, declined,
 And scarce indulged in pulse—of every kind !

VER. 238. *And scarce indulged in pulse—of every kind !* Juvenal alludes to the popular story of Pythagoras forbidding his followers the use of beans.

I do not intend to enter into the various conjectures of the learned respecting the origin of this singular and superstitious piece of abstinence : no two of them agree together, and all seem equally vague and unsatisfactory. For myself, when I consider many parts of this man's character, as it is to be collected from a variety of writers, and find him, in mathematicks, in astronomy, in theology, many centuries beyond his age, I am almost tempted to regard these tales, respecting his veneration or abhorrence for this or that particular kind of pulse, as the invention of later times. Instead, therefore, of wasting our ingenuity on endless conjectures, we should do better, perhaps, to call to mind the history of the golden tooth, and be previously certified of the existence of the fact !

In leagues of friendship, tigers roam the plain,
 And bears with bears perpetual peace maintain.
 While man, alas! is dash'd in the dreadful trade,
 Forges without remorse the murderous blade,
 On that dire anvil, where primeval skill,
 As yet untam'd, another's blood to spill,
 Wrought only what meek nature would allow,
 Goads for the ox, and collars for the plough!
 Even this is trifling: we have seen a rage,
 Too fierce for murder only to assuage;
 Seen a whole state their victim piecemeal tear,
 And count each quivering limb delicious fare.
 O, could the Samian sage these horrors see,
 What would he say? or to what deserts flee?
 He, who the flesh of beasts, like man's, declined,
 And scarce indulg'd in pulse—of every kind!

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SATIRE XVI.

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TO GALLUS.

Argument.

THE Argument of this Satire may be summarily despatched. Under a pretence of pointing out to his friend Gallus the advantages of a military state, the author attacks, with considerable spirit, the exclusive privileges which the army had acquired or usurped, to the manifest injury of the civil part of the community.

The outline presented scope for a picture not unworthy of the pencil of Juvenal; and, indeed, what is touched of it, possesses at times a considerable degree of merit. Much, however, yet remained to be filled up, when the writer, as if alarmed at the boldness of his own design, hurried on the conclusion, with an abruptness which mars the whole effect.

Nothing can be more amusing, in general, than the conjectures of the commentators on its origin, &c. I am chiefly entertained, however, by those of Callertani. He imagines, and I regret to say that he has "drawn it some better features," that Juvenal wrote it for the sake of putting the blame upon Paris! Paris (as every one knows) sent him to Egypt with a

SATIRE XVI

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THE Argument of this Satire may be summarily described Under a pretence of pointing out to his friend Gulliver the advantages of a military state, the author attacks with considerable spirit the exclusive privileges which the army had acquired or were about to acquire of the civil part of the community. The outline presented scope for a picture not unworthy of the pencil of Juvenal; and, indeed, what is touched of its progress at times a considerable degree of merit. Which, however, yet remained to be filled up, when the writer, as if alarmed at the boldness of his own design, hurried on the conclusion, with an awkwardness which ruins the whole effect.

SATIRE XVI.

TO GALLUS.

V. 1—4.

WHO can recount the advantages that wait,
Dear Gallus, on the Military State?—
For let me once, beneath a lucky star,
Faint as I am of heart, and new to war,

SATIRE XVI.] When this work was first given to the press, I was persuaded, no less from internal evidence, than from a review of the times in which he lived, that the present Satire was not the work of Juvenal. I am still of the same opinion, though in conformity to the usual practice, a translation of it is now subjoined. There is, indeed, some approach to his manner in two or three instances, but every where a want of his force and variety—of the latter, more particularly: after a preparation for a division of the subject, we have only one idea throughout, while the composition itself is neither vivid nor skilful.

Nothing can be more amusing, in general, than the conjectures of the commentators on its origin, &c. I am chiefly entertained, however, by those of Calderinus. He imagines, and I regret to say that he has “drawn in some better natures,” that Juvenal wrote it for the sake of putting the change upon Paris! Paris (as every one knows) sent him to Egypt with a

But join the camp, and that ascendant hour
 Shall lord it o'er my fate with happier power,
 Than if a line from Venus should commend
 My suit to Mars, or Juno stand my friend !

military command, under the specious pretence of doing him honour ; and Juvenal, not to be outdone by the actor, extols the advantages of the army, lest Paris should find out that he had made him miserable, (which, says Calderinus, he mightily wished, *quod maxime optaverit*,) and triumph in the success of his artifice ! And this drivelling tale is told of Juvenal ! And every plodding commentator from Calderinus to Henninius could discover the irony ; yet Paris, of whose sagacity, by their own accounts, there is no reason to think meanly, must swallow the deception, and be mortified at the vaunted happiness of the new-made soldier ! *pudet, pudet* :—but the favourite opinion that this little piece was written by Juvenal, in consequence of the military “ greatness thrust upon him,” can only be supported by these or similar absurdities.

Schurzfleisch accounts for the humbled style of this Satire, by supposing it to be produced when Juvenal was far advanced in life, *valde senem* ; yet to this remote period the commentators attribute the production of his most spirited and finished works ! Is it not better to acquiesce in the reasonable conjecture of Plathner, that some ancient poet (he was not a mean one) amused himself with writing this piece, in the name of Juvenal, to give support to the popular tale of his banishment ? He knows but little of literary history, who can think such a circumstance either singular or improbable.

Whatever may be thought of this, I am more and more convinced, that the oft repeated narrative of Juvenal's life, is a tissue of idle and contradictory fables.

VER. 7. *Than if a line from Venus should commend
 My suit to Mars, or Juno stand my friend !*] His mistress and his mother. This passage is intricate and tautologica

And first, of benefits which all may share :
 'Tis somewhat—that no citizen shall dare
 To strike you, or, though struck, return the blow :
 But wave the wrong ; nor to the Prætor show
 His teeth dash'd out, his face deform'd with gore,
 And eyes, no skill can promise to restore !

A Judge, if to the camp your complaints you bear,
 Coarse shod, and coarser greaved, awaits you there :
 By antique law proceeds the cassock'd sage,
 And rules prescribed in old Camillus' age ;
*To wit, Let soldiers seek no foreign bench,
 Nor plead to any charge, without the trench.*

n the original : there is, however, something of the humour, if not of the spirit of Juvenal in it.

VER. 9. *And first, of benefits which all may share ;*] i. e. all the soldiery : meaning, as I conceive, the impunity with which they may insult the citizens, on account of the difficulty and danger of obtaining justice in a cause where they are parties. This does not please Ruperti, who explains it, of benefits common to the whole people, civil and military : but can this be so ? a distinction seems intended in the very next sentence : the line however, is not very explicitly marked.

VER. 15. *A Judge, &c.*] This is a pleasant picture of the venerable bench of a camp. The coarse shoes and greaves, (*calceus et grandes suræ,*) and the cassock, intimate, at once, the contemptuous and indecent manner, in which the military tribunal usually assembled to hear and redress the complaints of the citizens. The law mentioned in a subsequent line, was made by M. Furius Camillus at the siege of Veiaë, when it was found necessary for the service, to prevent the men from following their suits at Rome.

O nicely do Centurions sift the cause,
 When buff-and-belt-men violate the laws !
 And ample, if with reason we complain,
 Is, doubtless, the redress our injuries gain !
 Even so :—but the whole legion are our foes,
 And, with determined aim, the award oppose.
 “ These snivelling rogues take special pleasure still,
 “ To make the punishment outweigh the ill.”
 So runs the cry ; and he must be possest,
 Of more, Vagellius, than thy iron breast,
 Who braves their anger, and with ten poor toes,
 Defies such countless hosts of hobnail’d shoes.

Who so untutor’d in the ways of Rome ?
 Say, who so true a Pylades ? to come,
 Within the camp ?—no : let thy tears be dried,
 Nor ask that kindness, which must be denied.

VER. 21. *O nicely do Centurions, &c.*] There can be no doubt, I think, but that the whole of this is ironical. Dryden, however gives it a serious turn ; and so, I observe, does the last translator :

Most wisely, therefore, to Centurions yield,
 Those who complain of brothers of the field, &c.

Owen understands it as I do ; and, in fact, the spirit of the satire is lost in any other way.

VER. 30. *Of more, Vagellius, &c.*] Of this intrepid advocate nothing is known but that he was of Mutina. Stapylton calls him “ a desperate ass,” and it is, indeed, probable that his celebrity arose from undertaking some cause, in which more than his “ ten toes” were hazarded.

For, when the Court exclaims, “Your witness,
here!”

Let that firm friend, that man of men, appear,
And testify but what he saw and heard;
And I pronounce him, worthy of the beard,
And hair of our forefathers! You may find,
False witnesses against an honest hind,
Easier than true, (and who their fears can blame?)
Against a soldier’s purse, a soldier’s fame!

But there are other benefits, my friend,
And greater, which the sons of war attend:
Should a litigious neighbour bid me yield
My vale irriguous, and paternal field;
Or from my bounds the sacred landmark tear,
To which, with each revolving spring, I bear,

VER. 49. *Or from my bounds the sacred landmark tear, &c.*] In the infancy of agriculture, when artificial boundaries, hedges, walls, &c. were unknown, large stones, set up at certain distances, separated the lands of one proprietor from those of another. As these were easily displaced, it became necessary to secure them by extraordinary precaution. Dreadful threats were accordingly denounced against such as removed them, in the old world, and “Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour’s landmark,” was probably found in the religious code of every nation. When men fell to idolatry, such comminations lost their terrour, and legislators and priests were driven to other expedients. A god (Terminus) was created; and these mere-stones were converted into altars to his name, and invested with a sacred character: it was consequently an act of sacrilege

In pious duty to the grateful soil,
My humble offerings, honey, meal, and oil ;

to stir them from their places ; and thus the divisions of land, were in a great measure, maintained. Of the innumerable superstitions of ethnicism, this was at once the most elegant and the most useful ; it was also one of the most innocent : for the offerings which were usually made by the rusticks in procession, consisted of the produce of the soil, flowers, fruits, unguents, and the invariable concomitants of every sacrifice, wine and the salted cake. The fullest account of it is in Dion. Halicarnassus : Θεοὺς τε γὰρ ἡγούνται τοὺς τερμόνας, καὶ θυοῦσιν αὐτοῖς ἐτι τῶν μὲν ἐμψυχῶν οὐδέν· οὐ γὰρ ὅσιον αἱματίζειν τοὺς λίθους· πελάνους δὲ δημητρίῳ, καὶ ἀλλὰς τινὰς καρπῶν ἀπαρχὰς. *Lib. xi.* This annual visitation, which was perpetuated, with the property it protected, from father to son, seems to have endeared the rite to the ancients, who speak of it with a degree of tenderness and affection, which they do not always express for those of a more publick and important nature :

“ Nam veneror, seu stipes habet desertus in agris,

“ Seu vetus in trivio florida sertā lapis : ” &c. *Tibul.*

The institution is attributed to Numa, by Plutarch : the more probable fact is, that this prince brought to the rude and barbarous hordes, whom, happily for themselves, he was called to govern, the rites and ceremonies of a more refined and virtuous people. His denunciations against those who removed “ the sacred landmark ” are even more severe than those of the Hebrew legislator : *Qui terminum exarasit, ipse et boveis sacri sunt.*

The fathers are much offended at this superstition, which continued to a late period ; and, was not given up without a struggle, as the husbandman persisted in connecting the idea of a prosperous year with the due observance of his rural ceremonies. Their fulminations at length prevailed, and Prudentius, who witnessed the desecration of these landmarks, observes

Or a vile debtor my just claims withstand,
Deny his signet, and abjure his hand ;

with some degree of triumph over the superstitious fears of the rusticks, that sunshine and rain still visited the earth, which had yet lost nothing of its pristine fertility :

“ ————— Et lapis illic
“ Si stetit antiquus, quem cingere sueverat error
“ Fasciolis, vel gallinæ pulmone rigare,
“ Frangitur, et nullis violatur terminus extis :
“ Nec tamen idcirco minor est, aut fructus agelli
“ Aut tempestatis clementia læta serenæ
“ Temperat aut pluviis qui culta novalia ventus.”

Cont. Sym. 1005.

But in his time, and, indeed, long before, the simplicity of the ancient worship had been corrupted :

“ Spargitur et cæsa communis terminus agna,
“ Nec queritur lactens cum sibi porca datur.” *Ovid.*

The blood of lambs and kids was now mingled with the primitive fruits and flowers : and, as property was secured by other means, its abolition was no less desirable than expedient.

These mere-stones must not be compared with the *βαιτυλία* of which such frequent mention is made by the ancients. The *βαιτυλία* were monuments of individual piety, commemorative of some remarkable event. They are said to have originated with Jacob, who consecrated the stone on which he had slept, at Bethel ; but it would seem from the manner, in which the fact is recorded in scripture, that the practice was already familiar in his time. Be this as it may, it was assuredly anterior to the other, which it has now survived for ages ; traces of it being still to be found in many countries of the East.

It was always reckoned ominous to pass those sacred stones without paying them some exterior mark of worship, or res-

Term after Term I wait, till months be past,
 And scarce obtain a hearing at the last.
 Ev'n when the hour is fix'd, a thousand stays
 Retard my suit, a thousand vague delays :
 The Cause is call'd, the witnesses attend, [end !
 Chairs brought, and cushions laid—and there an
 Cæditius finds his cloak or gown too hot,
 And Fuscus slips aside to seek the pot ;
 Thus, with our dearest hopes the judges sport,
 And when we rise to speak, dismiss the Court !
 But spear-and-shield-men may command the hour :
 The time to plead, is always in their power ;
 Nor are their wealth and patience worn away,
 By the slow drag-chain of the law's delay.

Add that the soldier, while his father lives,
 And he alone, his wealth bequeaths or gives ;
 For what by pay is earn'd, by plunder won,
 The law declares, vests solely in the son.

pect ; and Theophrastus mentions the reverence with which they were regarded in his time, among the most striking characteristics of what we should call his " Superstitious Man."

VER. 71. *For what by pay is earn'd, &c.*] This law, which was introduced so early as the time of Julius Cæsar, was meant to encourage the soldiery, the attachment of whom was now become of importance to the ambitious chiefs who contended for the empire. The privileges which he granted, his successors were careful to extend, till about the time that this Satire was probably written, nothing remained for them to bestow ; and

Coranus therefore sees his hoary sire,
 To gain his Will, by every art, aspire!—
 He rose by service; rank in fields obtain'd,
 And well deserved the fortune which he gain'd.
 And every prudent chief must, sure, desire,
 That still the worthiest should the most acquire;
 That those who merit, their rewards should have,
 Trappings, and chains, and all that decks the brave.

the distribution of favours—*imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia*—naturally changed hands.

I know nothing of Coranus, who was probably a soldier of fortune:—but there is something ludicrous, amid the disgusting picture of avaricious depravity, in making a father, tottering on the verge of the grave, (*jam tremulus,*) pay servile court to a son, in the full vigour of life, in hopes to be named his heir.

By the law, or rather the constitution of the republick, the power of a father over a son was unbounded; it extended not only to his property but his person, and terminated but with the death of one of the parties: yet it must be confessed that we do not find many instances in the Roman history, of its being abused: Natural affection is an excellent corrector of the anomalies of tyranny.

VER. 77. *And every prudent chief, &c.*] “O most lame and impotent conclusion!” To have a bitter sarcasm on the abuses of a military despotism suddenly terminate in a dull panegyrick on a soldier, which old Coranus himself might have delivered, was little to be expected from any man of judgment, and least of all from Juvenal; whose genuine compositions (a fact which I strongly recommend to the reader’s attention) invariably close with an epigrammatick smartness; and whom, therefore, I am desirous of exonerating from having written this Satire.

Corpus delicti is the body of the crime.
To gain his Will, by every art, he pur-
He rose by service; rank in battle obtained
And well deserved the fortune which he gained.
And every prudent chief must, sure, desire
That still the wealthiest should the most acquire;
That those who merit, their rewards should have;
Tapping, and climbing, and all that decks the brave,
They sought at every point of view.

The distribution of favors—supplies, honors, and
I know nothing of Corvus, nor was probably a soldier of
fortune—but there is something in the story, and the dis-
ing picture of avaricious depravity, in making a ruler, for-
on the verge of the grave, (and weak), pay tribute to
and in the full vigor of life, in hopes to be named his heir.
By the law, or rather the constitution of the republic, the
power of a father over a son was undoubted; it extended not
only to his property, but his person, and terminated not with the
death of one of the parties; yet it must be confessed that we
do not find many instances in the Roman history, of its being
abused. Natural affection is an excellent corrector of the im-

perils of tyranny.
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PROLOGUE.

VER. 1—2.

'Twas never yet my luck, I ween,
To drench my lips in Hippocrene ;

PROLOGUE.] There is a considerable degree of pleasantry and spirit in this little proem ; but the most incurious reader must be struck with its irrelevancy to the principal objects of the work to which it serves as an introduction. Scarcely has the rustick bard announced his humble opinion of his own talents, and professed to be driven by necessity alone to the exercise of them, ere he launches into a critical examination of the literary merits of his contemporaries, and enters with a decisive tone into all the nice and sedentary disquisitions of the schools. The semipaganus (the simple villager) never appears after the first page, and it would not be easy to find another instance where the mask was assumed to so little purpose.

It is not, therefore, a matter of much surprise that so many of the commentators should have puzzled themselves in deciding on the purport of this Prologue, when they came to the enquiry prejudiced in favour of its consistency : but Persius had little notion of what we call *keeping* ; and this is not the only place where he overlooks the character and the scenery with which he set out, in the compass of a few words.

The pseudo Cornutus informs us that, in the opening lines, the poet alludes to Ennius, who dreamed, (for he was a great dreamer,) that he fell asleep upon mount Parnassus, was favoured with a visit from Homer, &c. There was no absolute necessity for recurring to the example of Ennius : many poets nearer the times of Persius had advanced the same boast ; and

Nor, if I recollect aright,
 On the fork'd Hill to sleep a night,
 That I, like others of the trade,
 Might wake—a poet ready made !
 Thee, Helicon, with all the Nine,
 And pale Pyrene, I resign,
 Unenvied, to the tuneful race,
 Whose busts (of many a fane the grace)

it seems highly probable that in this elegant irony, a constant allusion is maintained to the trite follies of his immediate contemporaries. After all, Cornutus may not be entirely in the wrong: for it is sufficiently clear that our youthful censor regarded Ennius and the earlier dramatic poets with no particular kindness: he could scarcely be insensible to their real merits; but he was probably prejudiced against them by the injudicious imitation of their language, then so prevalent as to be characteristic of the age.

VER. 7. *Thee, Helicon, &c.*] While I was reading Hall for the purpose of marking his imitations of Juvenal, I was frequently struck with his happy allusions to his immediate predecessor. The following passage has great beauty:

“Trumpets, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,
 I them bequeath; whose statues, wandring twine
 Of ivy, mixt with bayes, circled around,
 Their living temples likewise laurel-bound.”

It is taken from his opening poem.

VER. 10. *Whose busts, &c.*] The Romans were late before they thought much either of books or busts. Sylla laid the foundation of a library in the immense number of volumes collected in his predatory progress through Greece; but Cæsar appears to have been the first who conceived the idea of throwing the collection open to the people. After his death, public libraries rose in various parts of the city. Generally speaking,

Sequacious ivy climbs, and spreads
 Unfading verdure round their heads.

Enough for me, too mean for praise,
 To bear my rude, uncultured lays
 To Phœbus and the Muses' shrine,
 And place them near their gifts divine,

these collections of books were placed in the temples, or in buildings attached to them; but Augustus and some of his successors had very extensive libraries in the Imperial residence on the Palatine Mount, which were also open to the people.

Private libraries were sufficiently common: these, like the former, were appropriately ornamented with the busts of eminent philosophers, statesmen, poets, &c. Of these Persius modestly speaks in this place. He resigns Helicon to the inspired few whose statues, crowned with ivy, graced the shelves of private citizens, an honour, to which the obscurity of his humble fame did not entitle him: and which, indeed, Horace himself seems to count among the *humanis majora bonis*.

“Me doctarum nederæ præmia frontium

“Diis miscent superis.”

but he will, he says, avail himself of a privilege enjoyed by all, and, mean as his pretensions to the rank of a poet are, deposit his verses in the public library.*

If *sacra vatum* may be taken for an allusion to a particular edifice (which, in truth, is not necessary,) we may suppose it to be the Library of Apollo, which was the most distinguished, and is, indeed, mentioned by Juvenal,

———“iste,

“Quem colis, et Musarum et Apollinis æde relictâ.”

* A practice somewhat similar to the one established by law among ourselves, prevailed at Rome—i. e. to deposit copies of every literary work in one of the public libraries. If it was good, the librarians probably took care to see it placed there; if otherwise, the author.

Who bade the parrot χαῖρε cry ;
 And forced our language on the pie ?
 The BELLY : Master, He, of Arts,
 Bestower of ingenious parts ;

VER. 17. *Who bade the parrot, &c.*] M. Sélis and some of the other translators are quite scandalized at the folly of those who suppose Persius intended to say that he wrote from pecuniary motives. That he really did not, we all know ; for he was rich : but that such was the meaning which he wished to convey, is quite clear ; and, indeed, the Prologue has no sense at all, unless this be admitted. It would naturally occur to ask, why, without inspiration, learning, or patronage of any kind, he turned his thoughts to poetry ? and *the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap*. “ I was driven to it by hunger,” &c.

It is but for a short time, (as I have already observed,) that Persius preserves his irony ; for though he begins stoutly, yet, as honest Trot says of his master, “ he canna hauld it :” it seems therefore quite unreasonable in the criticks to dispute his assumption of it at all,—but they are generally too grave for their author.

The couplet at the head of this note would, perhaps, present a fairer picture of the original, if it were rendered,

Who taught the parrot Grecian words,
 And Roman speech to vulgar birds ?

for Persius seems inclined to ridicule the fashionable taste of giving a superior education to the foreign bird. Every word, in fact, of this exquisite little piece is a satire.

Brewster has well observed that Jonson alludes to this and a subsequent passage, in the *Poetaster*.

—————“ They would think it strange, now

“ A man should take but colt's foot for one day,

“ And, between whiles, spit out a better poem

“ Than e'er the master of arts, or giver of wit,

“ Their Belly, made.—Yet this is possible !” Vol. ii. p. 547.

Powerful the creatures to endue
 With sounds their natures never knew !
 For, let the wily hand unfold
 The glittering bait of tempting gold,
 And straight the choir of daws and pies,
 To such poetick heights shall rise,
 That, lost in wonder, you will swear
 Apollo and the Nine are there !

VER. 25. *To such poetick heights, &c.*] The common editions have *cantare credas Pegaseium melos*; some, however, adopt a variation mentioned by the old scholiast, a man of little judgment, and read *Pegaseium nectar*. Undoubtedly metre is a good thing; common sense, however, is a better, and if one of the two be to give way, the choice need not be long in making. It happens, indeed, in the present case, as it frequently does, that both are reconcileable. Casaubon gives several instances in which the first syllable of $\mu\epsilon\lambda\omicron$ is made long, while we might look in vain for an example of the use of *Pegaseium nectar* with *cantare*. That any one should seriously imagine so violent a catachresis to be justified by those unforced and beautiful rhetorical figures adduced from the Greek poets by Koenig and others, is not a little surprising. “Pegaseian nectar” is indeed both poetry and sense; but the instant we attempt to “warble,” or even to “croak it,” it loses its character, and becomes mere jargon. In conclusion, if the criticks will not be satisfied without a Latin authority for the use of *melos* with the first syllable long, Marcilius has one at their command:

“*Matronæ melos complent spectare faventes.*” ENN. *Annal.* xiii.

SATIRE I.

Argument.

There is something peculiar in the opening of this Satire. The poet begins as if he intended a moral essay: and when interrupted by the apposite question of his friend, wanders without much apparent connection, into a tritcal censure of the wretched taste of the times.

To the contemporaries of Persius, this must have been a very amusing performance—always excepted those whose works form the subject of ridicule:—to us, who are ignorant of the true nature of his parodies, on which much of his merit originally depended, and who cannot, in a single instance, appropriate them with certainty, it is not altogether so pleasant: Enough, however, remains to give a most favourable impression of the humour and good taste of the youthful critic. He begins with expressing his contempt of that mania for public recitation which had already excited the ridicule of Horace, and not long after, called forth the spleen of Juvenal, and gives an amusing picture of one of those versifiers, and his auditory. These ancient sinners delight in impurity. We are next introduced to a younger set, whose passion appears to be the mawkishly tender and delicate, and who die away to the sound of elegiac woe. The cause of this depravation of taste is ingeniously traced to the pedantic nurture of the schools, and the interested and ignorant admiration of sycophants and dependants. The poet then makes a digression to the bar, of which the language was grossly vitiated by a meretricious glare of elocution, and an affected display of rhetorical subtleties: returning to the poets, he parodies and ridicules the favourites of fashion; this excites the alarm of his friend, and draws forth some cautious advice, which, as generally happens, only serves to render the writer more bold, and to give a spirited conclusion to the Satire.

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SATIRE I.

VER. 1—2.

ALAS, for man ! How vain are all his cares !
And oh ! what bubbles, his most grave affairs !

VER. 1. *Alas, for man ! &c.*] Sir W. Drummond pleasantly notices the mass of recondite wisdom which Casaubon supposed to be conveyed in this simple passage :—but he misapprehends him when he imagines that the commentator termed it a “facetious” opening of the Satire. By *satiricus cachinnus*, Casaubon meant *an angry sneer* ; and the object of his interminable criticism on the words, is to prove that they possess the severe gravity of an academick thesis. The commentator is, indeed, extravagantly laudatory : he finds a great resemblance between *O curas hominum !* and the opening of Ecclesiastes, and is persuaded that if the Romans had been as well acquainted with the Hebrews as with the Greeks, they would, at once, have exclaimed that Persius had pilfered the expression from the royal Preacher.

But though the verse may not contain all that was seen in it by Casaubon, it is not altogether so vague and irrelevant as some of the criticks have been pleased to represent it. It is connected with the *Scribimus indocti, &c.* which follows, though the sudden intervention of a new speaker appears to have diverted the poet’s attention for a moment, from the immediate subject of his satire.

Tush ! who will read such trite—Heavens ! this
to me ?

Not one, by Jove. Not one ? Well, two, or three ;

Or rather—none : a piteous case, in truth !

Why piteous ? *lest Polydamas*, forsooth,

VER. 6. *Lest Polydamas, &c.*] The criticks are sorely scandalized at this designation of Nero, which must have been detected at an early period, as it is noticed by the pseudo Cornutus ; and I think it not improbable but some blundering courtier may have addressed that prince on the occasion, as Goldsmith is said to have done a late statesman on the appearance of the Letters to Malagrida—"I wonder why they should call you Polydamas, for Polydamas was an honourable man !"

It may be doubted, however, whether Persius had any thing more in view than to point out the leaders of the fashionable taste in poetry, by an expression as readily applied as understood. The Greek poets, and above all Homer, were, to say the least, as familiar to the Romans as they are to us, and the application of passages from them to passing events, created no ambiguity in the mind of the reader. The Romans quoted them, as we do Shakspeare and Milton, without meaning to be literally interpreted. The purport was well comprehended, and the sense of the extract stretched no further than was necessary. The letters of Cicero are full of such happy applications of his reading, and, indeed, the very passage before us, is given by him : "*Αἰδέομαι non Pompeium modo*," (he was obliged to particularise here) "*sed Τρωας καὶ Τρωάδας*," &c. and Atticus, we may be confident, was at no loss for the rest of his meaning.

With respect to Labeo, nothing more is known of him than is told by the pseudo Cornutus ; who says that he translated the Iliad and Odyssey : one line of the former he has happily preserved ;

"*Crudum manduces Priamum Priamique pisinnos*."

From which it appears that Nero, if he indeed patronized the

And Troy's proud dames, pronounce my merits fall,
 Beneath their Labeo's ! I can bear it all.
 Nor should my friend, though still, as fashion sways,
 The purblind town conspire to sink or raise,
 Determine, as her wavering beam prevails,
 And trust his judgment to her coarser scales.

poet, was an admirer of literal versions, after the manner of Dr. Trapp, who, in his Virgil, has translated the line in a style not unworthy of his great prototype,

“ And eat up Priam, and his children raw.”

Some of the commentators suppose that Labeo had the honour of fathering a few of the Emperor's verses ; but besides that Nero was probably the better poet of the two, he was much too eager for fame to transfer the chance of it to any man.

VER. 11. *Determine, as her wavering beam, &c.*] *Examenve improbum in illa Castiges trutina.* Holyday, who has endeavoured not very successfully, to introduce these terms into his text, has explained them very correctly in his notes. *Lanx*, he says, is the scale, *libra* the beam, *examen* the tongue, and *trutina* the cavity in which it plays. There is no dispute, however, about the general meaning of the words : though the commentators, as far as I know, have not fallen upon the true sense of the passage. Persius is already got to one of those technical illustrations in which the Stoicks so much delighted ; *examenve improbum*, &c. means, to correct the errors of an apothecary's balance by a common pair of scales, such as are used in weighing heavy commodities ! Cicero has a similar metaphor in the second book of his *Orator*, where he speaks of subjects suited to popular, and to philosophical discussion : “ *Hæc enim nostra oratio multitudini est accomodanda, ad oblectandos animos, ad impellendos, ad ea probanda, quæ non aurificis statera, sed quadam populari trutina examinantur.*” § 159.

An observation of Dryden's will not be much out of place here. “ The reader may discern (he says) that our poet was a

O not abroad for vague opinion roam ;
 The wise man's bosom is his proper home :
 And Rome is—What? Ah, might the truth be
 told!—

And, sure it may, it must.—When I behold
 What fond pursuits have form'd our prime employ,
 Since first we dropt the play-things of the boy,
 To gray maturity, to this late hour,
 When every brow frowns with censorial power,
 Then, then——O yet suppress this carping mood.
 Impossible : I could not if I wou'd ;
 For nature framed me of satyrick mould,
 And spleen, too petulant to be controll'd.

Stoick philosopher ; and that all his moral sentences both here,
 and in all the rest of his Satyrs, are drawn from the dogmas of
 that Sect."

VER. 16. ——— *When I behold, &c.*] Here again is an
 attempt, like that in the Prologue, (just as the Satire begins to
 grow intelligible,) to mislead enquirers as to the real author.
 Persius evidently wishes us to understand (though his purpose
 is rather implied than exprest,) that he is advanced in years,
 and looks back upon the play-things of the boy, not, as some
 of the translators have it, as one of his censorial topicks ; but as
 one of the characteristicks of the time of life which justifies
 him in assuming the office.

The popularity of Persius must have been considerable soon
 after his death, and his authority of some weight even among
 the criticks, since Quintilian quotes a part of this passage as an
 example of the figure which he calls *partium mutatio*. *Ut in*
Satira—*nostrum istud vivere triste—cum infinitivo verbo sit usus*
pro appellatione nostram enim vitam vult intelligi.

Immured within our studies, we compose ;
 Some, shackled metre ; some, free-footed prose ;
 But all, bombast : stuff, which the breast may strain,
 And the huge lungs puff forth with awkward pain.

'Tis done ! and now the bard, elate and proud,
 Prepares a grand rehearsal for the crowd.
 Lo ! he steps forth in birth-day splendour bright,
 Comb'd and perfumed, and robed in dazzling
 white ;

VER. 30. *Prepares a grand rehearsal, &c.*] I have already noticed both the extraordinary fondness of the Romans for these rehearsals, (vol. i. p. 5.) and the zeal and anxiety of the less popular writers to collect audiences for them. Juvenal laughs at those who fastened on people in the publick walks, and forced their verses upon them ; a more cruel annoyance than private recitation.

The satire of Persius, however, is more poignant than that of his successor. The objects of it are of high rank, *ingentes Titos* ; and the depravity of the age is indignantly characterized by the meretricious language of the reciter, and the indecent applause which follows it.

VER. 31. ————*in birth-day splendour.*] *Et natalitia tandem cum sardoniche.* By a birth-day sardonix, Madan says, the poet probably meant one that had been presented to the man on that day : but this does not give the full force of the satire. The most solemn festival which a Roman knew, was that of his birth : on the anniversary of that day, they dressed themselves in all the magnificence which their circumstances allowed, and, after the customary sacrifices, sat at home, in state, to receive their friends, none of whom came without a present in their hands. It is to this practice that Persius alludes : and his indignation is directed at this egregious coxcomb, who puts on all the splendour of a high festival on the simple occasion of reciting a paltry poem. The expression in the text is general,

And mounts the desk ; his pliant throat he clears,
 And deals, insidious, round his wanton leers :
 While Rome's first nobles, by the prelude wrought,
 Watch, with indecent glee, each prurient thought,
 And squeal with rapture, as the luscious line
 Thrills through the marrow, and inflames the chine.

Vile dotard ! Canst thou thus consent to please !
 To pandar for such itching fools as these !
 Fools,—whose applause must shoot beyond thy aim,
 And tinge thy cheek, bronzed as it is, with shame !

though a ring set with precious stones, undoubtedly made a part of the show. Dryden gives the passage thus—

“ A birth-day jewel bobbing at his ear,”

which I took at first for one of those careless lines that sometimes escaped him, in translating : but I observe that he has the same strange expression in his notes. “ The poet who was about to rehearse (he says) *borrowed* a new gown, or *scoured* his old one, and adorned his ears with jewels,” &c. He did not see that this was one of the Titi, who had little occasion for borrowed finery, and that the force of the satire depends upon that circumstance, of which Persius does not lose sight for a moment. But Dryden was negligent, not ignorant.

VER. 40. ——— *Such itching fools.*] It is *ears* in the original ; but this connects so ill with what succeeds, that a tedious circumlocution alone could render it intelligible to the English reader. *Cute perditus*, which immediately follows, is variously rendered by the translators. Holyday translates it “ a skin-peeled ass,” Burton, “ a wrinkled countenance,” and Sheridan, (to my surprise) “ over-exertion, or fatigue :” it is, however, a common expression, and simply means, unblushing, lost to shame, &c.

But wherefore have I learn'd, if, thus repress,
The leaven still must swell within my breast?
If the wild fig-tree, deeply rooted there,
Must never burst its bounds, and shoot in air?

Are these the fruits of study! these, of age!
O times, O manners!—Thou misjudging sage,
Is science only useful as 'tis shown,
And is thy knowledge nothing, if not known?

“ But, sure, 'tis pleasant, as we walk, to see
The pointed finger, hear the loud *That's He*,
On every side:—and seems it, in your sight,
So poor a trifle, that whate'er we write,
Is introduced to every school of note,
And taught the youth of quality, by rote?
—Nay, more! Our nobles, gorged, and swill'd with
wine,
Call, o'er the banquet, for a lay divine.

VER. 51. *But sure 'tis pleasant, &c.*] *At pulcrum est digito monstrari.* Casaubon has given a pretty long list of our author's “Imitations of Horace,” in which this line is included: the passage imitated was, it seems —*at suave est magno tollere acervo!* Persius, indeed, keeps Horace so constantly in view, and follows him so closely, that it is sometimes difficult to persuade ourselves that we are not reading the earlier bard; but the genius of Fluellin must have been at Casaubon's elbow, when he pitched upon this notable proof of similarity. The old Scholiast had made a far happier hit long before, and referred to the real object of imitation:

“Totum muneris hoc tui est,

“Quod monstror digito prætereuntium.”

VER. 57. — *Nay, more! Our nobles, &c.*] Here Persius

Here one, on whom the princely purple glows,
 Snuffles some musty legend through his nose ;
 Slowly distils Hypsipyle's sad fate,
 And love-lorn Phillis, dying for her mate,
 With what of woeful else, is said, or sung ;
 And trips up every word, with lisping tongue.

The maudlin audience, from the couches round,
 Hum their assent, responsive to the sound.—
 And are not now, the poet's ashes blest !
 Now lies the turf not lightly on his breast !
 They pause a moment—and again, the room
 Rings with his praise: now will not roses bloom,
 Now, from his reliques, will not violets spring,
 And o'er his hallow'd urn their fragrance fling !

weary of his impertinence, interrupts the apologist of the modern school, and turns his plea into ridicule by extending it.—The latter dwells on the felicity of being read in schools by the sons of the nobility ;—" brave lads (as Holyday calls them,) with curled locks of gold : " this is nothing, the poet subjoins ; they are read, at table, by the nobility themselves ; whom he proceeds to overwhelm together with the tales, with all the contempt of which his nature was capable, which, to confess the truth, was not a little. Of the two heroines of these " divine poems," Phillis hung herself in a fit of impatience at the protracted absence of her husband ; and Hypsipyle, after running through more love adventures than any lady of romance, narrowly escaped the same fate.

It is the disastrous complection of these amorous tales, which recommends them to the soft and tender-hearted nobility of Rome : the reciter seems to have adapted his tones to the melancholy nature of his subject ; and every term used by Persius expresses mawkish softness, and ludicrous solemnity.

“ You laugh (’tis answer’d,) and too freely here,
 Indulge that vile propensity to sneer.
 Lives there, who would not at applause rejoice,
 And merit, if he could, the publick voice?
 Who would not leave posterity such rhymes,
 As cedar oil might keep to latest times ;
 Rhymes, which should fear no desperate grocer’s
 hand,
 Nor fly with fish and spices through the land !
 Thou, my kind monitor, whoe’er thou art,
 Whom I suppose to play the opponent’s part,
 Know—when I write, if chance some happier strain,
 (And chance it needs must be,) rewards my pain,
 Know, I can relish praise with genuine zest ;
 Not mine the torpid, mine th’ unfeeling breast :

VER. 78. *As cedar oil might keep, &c.* Vitruvius, with whom Pliny agrees, tells us that books and other substances rubbed with exudations from the cedar, are safe from moths and rottenness. The ancients appear to have kept their books, or rather rolls, in what we call pigeon holes, and occasionally in close chests : these, on account of the antiseptick quality of the wood, were usually made of the cedar tree ; at least, for the more valuable part of the collection : and to this, perhaps, the poet alludes—*cedro digna*, is equivalent to “ worthy of immortality.” The proposal of such a shrine for the deplorable ditties of this noble coterie, is so absurd, that Persius appears to feel some compunction for starting it ; and for the first and last time, in these Satires, condescends to apologize to his imaginary opponent for the outrageous folly in which he has gratuitously involved him.

But that I merely toil for this acclaim,
 And make these eulogies my end and aim :
 I must not, cannot grant : for—sift them all,
 Mark well their value, and on what they fall :
 Are they not shower'd (to pass these trifles o'er)
 On Labeo's Iliad, drunk with hellebore ?
 On princely love-lays drivell'd without thought,
 And the crude trash on citron couches wrought ?

VER. 92. *On Labeo's Iliad, drunk with hellebore,*] *Ilias Acci, Ebria veratro.*—Some of the translators suppose this to be the tragedian Accius; but he appears, in his proper place, in a subsequent passage. The author is speaking of flat and vapid productions, whereas those of the old dramatist were of a rugged and masculine cast. The pseudo-Cornutus, happily, assists us here. The person meant, he tells us, is Accius Labeo, the translator of Homer, p. 13. The scholiast roundly calls him an ass :—for an ass, however, he was not immodest; since he appears to have relied not so much on his natural talents for versification, as on the effects of hellebore: of which he unluckily took too strong a dose.

What specific advantage was sought by the use of this *cursed hebanon*, does not appear. On some constitutions it might operate like opium on the Asiatics, and produce a temporary derangement, during which the inspired wretch might see and hear ineffable things.—Pliny tells us, that though formerly very terrible, the drug was, in his time, so far deprived of its deadly quality, as to be in pretty general use by such as wished to sharpen their wits, and to see what they were about. He should have set down the recipe; for it is again become a perilous medicine, and merely enables those who apply to it, to see their way out of the world. One of the continental critics illustrates the passage, by the practice of Dryden, who, as he says, “*avoit coutume de prendre médecine, quand il vouloit composer pour le théâtre.*”

You spread the table—'tis a master-stroke,
 And give the shivering guest a thread-bare cloke,
 Then, while his heart with gratitude dilates,
 At the glad vest, and the delicious cates,
 Tell me, you cry,—for truth is my delight,
 What says the Town of me, and what I write?

VER. 95.] *You spread the table, &c.*] This is not unlike a little piece of humour in the Anthology.

Ποιήτης παναριστος αληθως εσιν εκειν

‘Οσις δειπνίζει της ακροασαμενης

‘Ην δ’ αναγινωσκη, και νησιας οικαδε πεμπη,

Εις αυλον τρεπετω την ιδιην μανιην.

VE. 99. *Tell me, you cry, &c.*] From Plautus: *Ego verum amo, verum volo mihi dici, &c.* Our poet was little scrupulous in the article of conveying, as the wise call it: this, however, seems less the effect of poverty, than of a youthful passion for shewing the extent of his reading, and of a *natural and prompt alacrity*, which he found in parody.

Some of the critics, who see Nero in every satire, have, as they think, caught a glimpse of him here——

“cum tibi, calve,

“*Pinguis aqualiculus propense sesquipede exstet.*”

The “*pinguis aqualiculus*” does, indeed, fit him, for his projecting belly is noticed by Suetonius; (Nero, § 51.) but he was not *bald*; on the contrary he had, like sir Andrew Aguecheek, an *excellent head of hair*, on which, in fact, he prided himself not a little; and Seneca, the most skilful of flatterers, does not forget to compliment him on it.

“talem jam Roma Neronem

Aspiciet; flagrat nitidus fulgore remisso

Vultus, et effuso cervix formosa capilio.”

I think, with Sir W. Drummond, that Persius simply “alludes

He cannot :—he has neither ears nor eyes.
 But shall I tell you, who your bribes despise ?
 —Bald trifier ! cease at once your thriftless trade ;
 That mountain paunch for verse was never made.

O Janus, happiest of thy happy kind !—
 No waggish stork can peck at thee behind ;

to those bloated habits incurred by indolence and gluttony.”
 Holyday kindles into wrath in this place, and utters very scur-
 rilous speeches——

——“ Wilt let me speak ?

“ Thou triflest, bald-pate ass ! and thy skill’s weak,

“ Seeing a flat hogge-trough-paunch before thee struts,

“ Full eighteen inches with a load of guts.”

Dryden is still more coarse, and rude. I believe that I have
 given the literal sense of the words ; their general import,
 perhaps, may be more correctly expressed in this way——

“ Dotard, this thriftless trade no more pursue ;

“ Your lines are bald and dropsical, like you.”

VER. 105. Here the poet (as is not unusual with him) inter-
 rupts the dramatic progress of his satire, for the sake of intro-
 ducing a pertinent, and to say the truth, a very pleasant apo-
 strophe to Janus, whom he felicitates upon the singularity of
 his conformation——

“ looking before and after

“ With godlike capability.”

“ By Janus (Burton says) we are to understand Nero” !
 Always Nero ?—*Mungo here, Mungo dere, Mungo every where.*
 This commentator seems to have been worse dealt with than
 the *patricius sanguis*, whose hard lot is so pathetically described :
 they only wanted eyes behind ; but he cannot even see before
 him.

No tongue thrust forth, expose to passing jeers ;
 No twinkling fingers, perk'd like ass's ears,
 Point to the vulgar mirth :—but you, ye Great,
 To a blind occiput condemn'd by fate,
 Prevent, while yet you may, the rabble's glee,
 And tremble at the scoff you cannot see !—

“What says the Town”—precisely what it ought :
 All you produce, sir, with such skill is wrought,
 That o'er the polish'd surface, far and wide,
 The critick nail without a jar, must glide ;
 Since every verse is drawn as straight and fine,
 As if one eye had fix'd the ruddled line.
 —Whate'er the subject of his varied rhymes,
 The humours, passions, vices of the times ;

The Romans were great adepts in the various arts of expressing contempt, and they appear to have bequeathed no small portion of their ingenuity to their descendants, the modern Italians. I have frequently seen them follow an unfortunate wight *occipiti cæco*, and ridicule him with the most expressive and ludicrous signs. The “ass's ears,” and “the stork's bill,” are still the popular modes of scoffing : these, the suppleness of their fingers enables them to imitate with great success ; but the manner of it must be seen to be fully understood.

VER. 113. *What says the town ? &c.*] Persius now returns to the great man's table, and gives the answer which his *petulant spleen* had intercepted. After expressing their unqualified approbation to their host, the guests are humorously supposed to turn round, and discuss his surprising merits among themselves. “Whate'er the subject,” &c. The lively march of this Satire is worthy of all praise.

The pomp of nobles, barbarous pride of kings,
All, all is great, and all inspired he sings !

Lo ! striplings, scarcely from the ferule freed,
And smarting yet from Greek, with headlong speed,

VER. 123. *Lo ! striplings, scarcely from the ferule freed, &c.*] If the various parts of this Satire were intended to bear one upon another, the author might be conjectured to insinuate here that the extravagant and profligate praise so cheaply purchased, encouraged the young nobility not only to premature exertions of their talents, but to subjects for which they were utterly unqualified. Casaubon, however, thinks that the allusion is to the preposterous mode of instruction then in vogue ; and that the masters are rather aimed at than the scholars : but these rath-ripe geniuses had already left school—*manum ferulæ subdixerant*—and were become candidates for the palm of epick poetry. 'This learned commentator seems to have deceived himself by connecting the *nugari solitos Græce* of the text with a passage in Quintilian, who informs us that, in his time, boys began with Greek, a practice which he reprobates ; *a sermone græco puerum incipire male*. But *nugari græce* can never mean drudging through the accidence : it rather signifies wasting time in Greek composition ; producing vile prose perhaps, or viler verse, in that language, on the trite themes of the sophists.

It has not escaped Casaubon, in this place, that there is a wonderful resemblance between the language of Persius and Petronius. The remark is strictly just ; and it may tend to corroborate an opinion elsewhere hazarded, that some injury has been done to our poet, by understanding his metaphysical expressions in a literal sense.

With respect to the passage above, it is, like many others in Persius, “ sealed” to us. The want of contemporary scholia has robbed him of much praise ; for there cannot be a doubt that he here parodies and plays upon some favourite of the town. The poem, thus ridiculed, appears to have been a rhapsody on the Golden Age, or the Delights of the Country, turgid in its

Rush on heroicks ; though devoid of skill
 To paint the rustling grove, or purling rill ;
 Or praise the country, robed in cheerful green,
 Where hogs, and hearths, and ozier frails are seen,
 And happy hinds, who leap o'er smouldering hay,
 In honour, Pales, of thy sacred day.
 —*Scenes of delight!—there Remus lived, and there,*
In grassy furrows, Quinctius tired his share ;
Quinctius, on whom his wife, with trembling haste,
The dictatorial robes, exulting placed,
Before his team ; while homeward, with his plough,
The lictors hurried—Good ! a Homer, thou !

There are, who hunt out antiquated lore ;
 And never, but on musty authors, pore ;

language, mean in its objects, and rambling and incoherent in its plan. Such as it was, however, its reception was sufficiently flattering to encourage a bolder attempt. Of this, we merely learn that it was an epic poem—*heroas sensus afferre videmus*.

The festival of Pales (verse 130) was celebrated by the rustics on the eleventh of the calends of May, (the anniversary, as some say, of the foundation of Rome,) with many antic feats of boisterous exertion, one of which was leaping or rather hopping over a succession of heaps of stubble previously set on fire.

“*Moxque per arduas stipulæ crepitantis acervos*

“*Trajiçies celeri strenua membra pede.*”

It appears from Varro that the amusement had something of superstition in it, even in his time, and that the country people attributed an expiatory power to the fire through which they passed : a notion, of which the origin is lost in the darkness of time, and perhaps coeval with the first falling to idolatry.

VER. 137. *There are, who hunt out, &c.]* The literary taste of

These, Accius' jagg'd, and knotty lines engage,
And those, Pacuvius' hard and horny page;

the Roman people seems not to have improved as rapidly as some of their best writers desired. Though furnished with correcter models, they continued to look back with fondness to the early specimens of art; and the obstinacy of their attachment to the writings of Pacuvius, Accius, Lucilius, &c. furnished the criticks of the Augustan age with perpetual subjects of complaint. The fretfulness of Horace on this subject, has been already noticed. His querulous remonstrances, however, had no effect:—and, after a lapse of three-score years, the same complaint is reproduced in stronger language. But the warmth of our author is better founded than that of his predecessor. It is not of their general merits that Persius speaks in this place; for of these he probably thought pretty much like his contemporaries; but of their defects, which the fashion of the day recommended to imitation. A corrupt age is always an affected one. Simplicity is lost in silliness; and vigour in gigantic tumour: the rude and obsolete terms of the old dramatists were sedulously culled out to gratify a morbid taste, a sickly delicacy which had no relish of nature, and to the indulgence of which the poet justly attributes the corruption of forensic eloquence, and the debility of metrical composition.

The Accius mentioned by Persius, (for there were several of the name.) was a tragick writer of considerable celebrity. His general style appears to have been uncouth but vigorous: dark, rugged, and sublime. All his tragedies were not like *Briseis*, which was probably strongly marked by his characteristic defects, and therefore selected as a model for the rising generation! One specimen of the tortuous bombast of this poet may amuse the reader.

“Indecorabiliter alienos alunt,

“Ut rorulentas terras ferro fidas proscindant glebas.”

Pacuvius, who preceded Accius many years, was yet more eminent. His tragedies were long the delight of the Roman

Where, in quaint tropes, Antiopa is seen
To——prop her dolorifick heart with teen !

O, when you mark the sire, to judgment blind,
Commend such models to the infant mind,
Forbear to wonder whence this olio sprung,
This sputtering jargon which infests our tongue ;
This scandal of the times, which shocks my ear,
And which our knights bound from their seats to
hear !

stage. Cicero speaks with commendation of his Orestes, though he does not overlook its defects. Of Antiopa, all that remains, perhaps, is the fragment in the text—*ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta*—which, to say the truth, has a suspicious appearance.

The metaphor, which is so forced and unnatural as to obscure the meaning, is thus paraphrased by Holyday :

“ Whose woeful heart was nourished with grief,

“ The depth of sorrow yielding some relief.”

which, though it defeats the object of the satire, is, at least, intelligible, and is not much unlike the language of Shakspeare's lady Constance ; who, as well as Antiopa, renounced the consolations of hope, to gather resolution from despair.

But Persius not only laughs at the quaintness, but at the antiquated barbarisms of this unfortunate verse. *Luctificabile*, I believe, must be given up ; and Quintilian seems to justify the censure of *ærumna*, which was then grown obsolete. What need is there, he says, of this word when we have *labor* ? There is no disputing with Quintilian on such a subject ; but *labor* must have lost, or *ærumna* gained considerably since his time, if we understand them rightly at present. Finally, though a profuse and indiscriminate introduction of obsolete terms is not to be commended, a sparing and judicious use of them has its advantages ; and, at all events, a language is not much the worse for possessing two words with nearly the same meaning.

How monstrous seems it, that we cannot plead,
 When call'd to answer for some felon deed,
 Nor danger from the trembling head repel,
 Without a wish for—*Bravo ! Vastly well !*
 This Pedius is a thief, the accusers cry.
 You hear them, Pedius : now, for your reply ?
 In terse antitheses he weighs the crime,
 Equals the pause, and balances the chime ;
 And with such skill his flowery tropes employs,
 That the rapt audience scarce contain their joys.
O charming ! charming ! he must sure prevail.
This, charming ! Can a Roman wag the tail ?

Were the wreck'd mariner to chaunt his woe,
 Should I, or sympathy, or alms bestow ?
 Sing you, when, in that tablet on your breast,
 I see your story to the life exprest ;
 A shatter'd bark, dash'd madly on the shore,
 And you, scarce floating, on a broken oar ?—
 No, he must feel that would my pity share,
 And drop a natural, not a studied tear.

VER. 153. *This Pedius, &c.*] The poet alludes to Pedius Blæsus, who was accused of peculation and extortion in his government : and who, instead of defending himself (as the old commentators say,) by adducing proofs of his innocence, strove to captivate the benevolence of Nero by scraps of poetry interlarded with rhetorical flourishes. If we substitute “the Court” for Nero, the observation will not be much amiss, perhaps.—It may be added, that Pedius lost his pains : he was found guilty, and expelled the Senate.

But yet, our numbers boast a grace unknown
To our rough sires, a smoothness all our own.

True : the spruce metre in sweet cadence flows,
And answering sounds a tuneful chime compose :
Blue Nereus here, the Dolphin swift divides ;
And Idè there, sees Attin climb her sides :

VER. 173. *Blue Nereus here, &c.*] This must look like mere jargon to the unlearned reader, who may, if he pleases, console himself with the assurance that it does not appear much otherwise to the learned themselves. The specific object is still a secret, which no translation will aid us to discover. The passage, whether doggedly turned, as it is by Holyday, or burlesqued, as it is by Brewster, is equally obscure : and the four lines which I have placed in the text, aspire to nothing more than filling up a blank in the page.

The *decor* and the *unctura* claimed by the defender of the modern system, are scarcely visible to our eyes ; but this is not the fault of Persius. *Berecynthius Atys* was probably an affected innovation ; in any case, there appears an over-refinement in the melting modulation of the two words. The next quotation *ceruleum dirimebat Nerea delphin*,—was probably censured for other faults. It has, indeed, an effeminate flow, a superabundance of mutes and liquids : but it seems more reprehensible for its mixed metaphors, its inflated and ænigmatical enunciation of a simple idea. The old scholiast tells us that the poet laughs at the jangling terminations, *Atyn* and *Delphyn* ; his copy, therefore, differed from ours ; and though I have no *exquisite reason* for it, I have adopted his reading.

The remaining quotation—*costam longo subduximus Apennino*—possesses every fault, that is, every excellence, which the taste of the day could give, and was probably regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of poetick art : it is quaint, obscure, tumid, affected, and emasculate. The verse is probably taken from some heroick poem on the final expulsion of Hannibal from Italy. *Subducere*

Nor this alone—for, in some happier line,

We win the chine of the long Apennine !

Arms and the man—Here, too, perhaps, you find,
A pithless branch beneath a fungous rind ?

Not so ;—a season'd trunk of many a day,
Whose gross and watery parts are drawn away.

costam is variously translated ;—to withdraw—to cleave—to carve out—It matters not greatly how such language is rendered ; but *subducere* is a military term, and means to pre-occupy a position by forced or stolen marches. A similar expression is used by Xenophon “ κλεπῶντες ὁρους,” and some pleasantry passes on the occasion between him and the Spartan, Chorisophus, on the relative dexterity of their countrymen in stealing, in which the latter has the advantage. Anab. lib. iv.

The quotation is thus explained by Madan, “ for the use of the young beginners.” “ He calls (says he) Hannibal's opening a way across the Alps, removing a rib from the Apennine” !

VER. 177. *Arms and the man*—] From the petulance of this retort, it would appear that the patience of the advocate of the modern style of poetry, was nearly exhausted by this successful ridicule. If this be pompous and overstrained, he says, what think you of Virgil's *Arma virumque*, &c.? Is not that also a spungy rind without pith or strength? Persius takes up the far-fetched metaphor, and, in the bitterness of mockery, adopting his opponent's own phraseology, answers— that, although the back might appear turgid and corky, it had firm and well-seasoned timber under it. It may not be amiss to add, that a depreciation of the standard poetry is, in every country, one of the most striking signs of a decay of taste ; and that it is usually accompanied, as here, by a passion for the crude and imperfect productions of an earlier age. “ There is more in this than nature was ever conduct of, if philosophy could find it out.”

But what, in fine, (for still you jeer me,) call
 For the moist eye, bow'd head, and lengthen'd drawl,
 What strains of genuine pathos ?
 — — — O'er the hill
 The dismal slug-horn sounded, loud and shrill

VER. 183. *O'er the hill, &c.*] Persius pursues his triumph ; and produces, as a specimen of the tender and delicate, a passage from some fashionable lay on the story of Agave. “ Dio tells us (says Sheridan) that Nero wrote a tragedy on the Bacchæ ; from which this was probably taken.” But, in the first place, Dio tells no such thing : — he says, indeed, that Nero attempted to sing, or rather squall, some part in a tragedy of that name, but drops not a hint that he wrote it — and, in the next place, if he had, Sheridan ought to have known that these lines could not be taken from it. The poem is evidently founded on the Bacchæ of Euripides, from which many of the expressions are closely copied.

— — — Αἱ δὲ νεμομεναις χλοὴν
 Μοσχοῖς ἐπηλθὼν χεῖρ' ἀσιδὴρβ μετα,
 Καὶ τὴν μὲν ἀν προσεῖδες εὐδηλὸν πορὶν
 Μυκωμένην ἐχέσαν ἐν χεῖροιν δίχα. κ. τ. α.

justifies, in some measure, the introduction of—*vitulo caput ablatura superbo* : yet it would seem that our poet had, with malice prepense, introduced a little of his own, and for the sake of increasing the ridicule, inserted *vitulo* in the place of *tauro*, or rather *cervo*, which was probably the author's word.

The pseudo-Cornutus, who, as usual, gives the honour of these exploded lines to Nero, adds, that their defects are an over-affected delicacy of modulation, and a perpetual labouring after similar sounds. Persius probably saw all this, and more, in them, to blame ; but we cannot follow him ; and fortunately the matter is of no great moment.

*A Mimallonian blast : fired at the sound,
In maddening groupes the Bacchants pour around,
Mangle the haughty calf with gory hands,
And scourge the indocile lynx with ivy wands ;
While Echo lengthens out the barbarous yell,
And propagates the din from cell to cell !*

O were not every spark of manly sense,
Of pristine vigour quench'd, or banish'd hence,
Could this be borne ! this cuckoo-spit of Rome,
Which gathers round the lips in froth and foam !
—The *haughty calf*, and *Attin's* jangling strain,
Dropt, without effort, from the rheumy brain ;
No savour they of bleeding nails afford,
Or desk, oft smitten for the happy word.

But why must you, alone, displeased appear,
And with harsh truths thus grate the tender ear ?

VER. 199. *But why, &c.*] It would seem as if the poet's antagonist had discovered at length, that all his arguments in favour of the reigning taste, only served to bring upon it an increasing weight of ridicule : he therefore changes his battery, and endeavours to deter the author from pursuing his satire by laying before him the contempt and even peril to which it exposed him.

Or shall we say (for no raree-show man shifts his figures quicker than Persius) that the friend, who interrupted him at first, and who seems to have listened with exemplary patience to a succession of new speakers, again steps forth, resumes the cautious council which broke off at *Nolo*, and enforces it, by stating his fears in stronger language ? The decision is not material. It is of more consequence to observe that the author

O yet beware! think of the closing gate!
 And dread the cold reception of the great:
 This currish humour you extend too far,
 While every word growls with that hateful gnar!
 Right! From this hour, (for now my fault I see,)
 All shall be charming—charming all, for me:

still affects the disguise which he put on at first, and reckons among the chief objects of alarm, the displeasure of the rich, and the consequent expulsion from their tables.

Casaubon seems to refer the growling in the next line—*sonat hic de nare canina Litera*—to the houses of the great; and Holyday has translated it, in this sense, with considerable humour——

“Methinks they’re touch’d already, and I hear

“The doggish letter R sound in my ear.”

But the meaning is evidently that which is given in the text. If the reader would know why R is the “doggish letter,” or, as it is more correctly termed by Juliet’s nurse, the “dog’s letter,” Lucilius, in a line which a dog almost might have written, will fully inform him:

“*Irritata canis quod homo quam planius dicit.*”

VER. 205. *Right! From this hour, &c.*] M. Sélis is in raptures with Boileau’s happy imitation of this passage:

“Puisque vous le voulez, je vais changer de style.

“Je le déclare donc, Quinault est un Virgile:

“Pradon comme un Soleil en nos ans a paru,

“Pelitier écrit mieux qu’Ablancourt ni Patru,” &c.

These lines are poor enough:—poor as they are, however, they apparently caught the fancy of Pope, who has closely followed them, and, as well as his predecessor, is praised by Dr.

What late seem'd base, already looks divine,
 And wonders start to view, in every line!
 'Tis well, you cry: this spot let none defile,
 Or turn to purposes obscene and vile.
 Paint, then, two snakes entwined; and write around,
 URINE NOT, CHILDREN, HERE; 'TIS HOLY GROUND.

Warton for the neatness and dexterity of his satire. Pope's lines are——

“Blunt could do business, &c.

“Is this too little? Come then, I'll comply.

“Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.

“Cobham's a coward, Polworth is a slave,

“And Lyttelton a base designing knave.”

I see nothing to admire here. Persius is composed and grave throughout; and this has a good effect, while Boileau and Pope set about their irony with a parade that at once defeats their purpose. Instead of the dry humour of the original, we have in the imitations, the prologue of a show-man. “Now, ladies and gentlemen, please to attend, for I am going to be very witty.” *Spirit of Arnall*, &c. is exceedingly bad; for we do not want to know how the poet can “lie,” but how ingeniously he can mask his purpose, and convey satire under the form of praise. In a word, I look upon the modern imitations as a complete failure.

VER. 211. *Paint then two snakes entwined.*] To signify that the place was consecrated to some local divinity, and therefore not to be polluted. Sir W. Drummond quotes a very apposite passage from Laurentius. *Veteres Gentiles serpentes appinxere ad conciliandam loco sacro reverentiam, quos mystæ suos interpretabantur, quemadmodum Christiani crucem appingunt.* Servius, too, says that every place had its genius, who was generally represented under the figure of a snake. Persius speaks of the circumstance as perfectly familiar; yet it is very rarely

Aw'd, I retire : and yet—when vice appear'd,
 Lucilius, o'er the town, his falchion rear'd ;
 On Lupus, Mutius, pour'd his rage by name,
 And broke his grinders on their bleeding fame.
 And yet—arch Horace, while he strove to mend,
 Probed all the foibles of his smiling friend ;
 Play'd lightly round and round the peccant part,
 And won, unfelt, an entrance to his heart :
 Well skill'd the follies of the crowd to trace,
 And sneer, with gay good humour in his face.

mentioned by the Roman criticks. There is considerable humour in making the poet, after he has been warned away by the appearance of this sacred symbol, to linger as he retires, and turn back, to justify his right to remain by the examples of Lucilius and Horace.

In the beautiful character given of this last, there is a passage with which the criticks have injudiciously tampered. Animals, when enraged, curl or turn back the extremity of their noses ; hence *nasus aduncus* came to signify scorn or anger ; hence too, the metaphorical expression *adunco suspendere naso*, to suspend on this curve, meant to hold up or expose to scorn. It was the peculiar talent of Horace to expose without manifesting the usual signs of ridicule. He shook every wrinkle out of his nose ; he gave it an appearance of perfect smoothness ; yet, with matchless dexterity, still continued to hold up to laughter the unsuspecting crowd—*excusso naso populum suspendit*. *Emuncto* and *exterso*, which Lubin and others would exchange for this happy expression, bear a very different meaning, and tend to prove that they did not comprehend its force.

And I !—I must not mutter ? No ; nor dare—
 Not to myself ? No. To a ditch ? Nowhere.
 Yes, here I'll dig—here, to sure trust confide
 The secret which I would, but cannot, hide.
 My darling book, a word ;—“ King Midas wears
 (These eyes beheld them, these !) such ass's ears !”—

This quip of mine, which none must hear, or know,
 This fond conceit, which takes my fancy so,
 This nothing, if you will ; you should not buy,
 With all those Iliads that you prize so high.

But thou, whom Eupolis' impassion'd page,
 Hostile to vice, inflames with kindred rage,

VER. 227. ——— *king Midas wears, &c.*] The allusion, as every schoolboy knows, is to the story told of this foolish prince and his barber. (Met. lib. xi.) Perhaps there is nothing more trite in all the works of Ovid, yet the old Scholiast gravely tells us that the poet's preceptor, the philosopher Cornutus, proposed to divert the keen eye of Nero from discovering the drift of the satire, by simply substituting *Quis non* for the name of his Phrygian majesty, “ This precaution (says Sélis after Bayle,) was exceedingly judicious : *Elle annonce de la part de Cornutus une grande connoissance du coeur humain*”!

VER. 233. *O thou whom Eupolis, &c.*] Of the three dramatick poets here mentioned, (the chief writers of the old comedy,) Cratinus was the first in point of time. He well merited the epithet (*audax*) which Persius has affixed to his name ; and indeed, carried this characteristick quality so far, that it was found necessary to restrain his personalities by a special edict. He lived to a very great age ; so that he must have found wine, to which he was much addicted, no less favourable to the longe-

Whom bold Cratinus, and that awful sire,
Force, as thou read'st, to tremble and admire ;

vity of the human species, than he did (according to Horace) to the duration of verse. Eupolis, who appeared some years after him, is distinguished by a still stronger epithet, (*iratus*) angry. His anger, however, was justified by the vices of his fellow citizens, and, generally speaking, seems to have been well directed. No personal considerations ever checked his reproof of the demagogues, to whose resentment, it is said, he finally fell a sacrifice ; being secretly thrown into the sea as he was passing the Hellespont. Of Aristophanes, nothing need be said here, except that some doubts have arisen as to the meaning of *prægrandis*, by which the poet designates him. It cannot mean age, for he was probably younger than either of the other two ; it cannot mean priority in time, for both of them were before him : yet Holyday calls him “ that old man,” and Madan “ that great old man.” I have supposed it to refer to the superior sternness, the severity of his satire, at which even the minions of the people trembled.

The conclusion of this paragraph

——— “ si quid decoctius audis,
“ Inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure :”

is not without its difficulties. Holyday, whom most of the translators follow, renders it thus :

“ If any thing more perfect thou shalt hear,
“ Among my lines,—grow hot with a purged ear ;”

but is it not rather an ear, i. e. a mind (for Persius adopts the language of the Porch,) enkindled, and catching a sympathetick ardour from the inspiration of the poet ? If I rightly understand Sir W. Drummond, he must have taken it somewhat in the same sense : his version is elegant but paraphrastick :

O, view my humbler labours :—there, if aught,
 More highly finish'd, more maturely wrought,
 Detain thy ear, and give thy breast to glow
 With warmth, responsive to the inspiring flow—
 I seek no further :—Far from me the rest,
 Yes, far the wretch, who, with a low-born jest,
 Can mock the blind for blindness, and pursue
 With vulgar ribaldry, the Grecian shoe :

“ Let them look here ; and if by chance they find
 “ Men well described, or manners well design'd,
 “ Let them acknowledge that my breast has known
 “ Fires not less pure, less generous than their own.”

One observation may yet be made on this passage, which is so far important as it serves to account for the perpetual succession of new speakers in Persius. We here see his object. Horace professes to imitate Lucilius ; Juvenal does the same, in the most express terms : while our youthful poet took for his model the Old Comedy ; and therefore threw his Satires altogether into the dramattick form. Many reasons might be alleged for this ; but as the real one might after all be overlooked, it is better not to indulge in conjecture. Vivacity and freedom he certainly secured by his choice ; and though his success might not be great, yet his ambition was not illaudable in striving to traverse a nobler field than that

“ Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus.”

VER. 244, ——— the Grecian shoe, &c.] Persius designates this people by the use of the *crepidæ*, a kind of slipper, still worn in the east. Perhaps it was a national distinction, and applied in opposition to the *calceus*, the wearing of which marked the Romans. The *abacus* (which, for want of a better

Bursting with self-conceit, with pride elate,
 Because, forsooth, in magisterial state,
 His worship (ædile of some paltry town,)
 Broke scanty weights, and put false measures down.
 Far too, be he—the monstrous witty fool,
 Who turns the numeral scale to ridicule;

name, I have called the “numeral scale,”) was a slender frame of an oblong shape, in the bottom of which counters, for reckoning, were ranged in grooves or furrows. Holyday has given a coarse print of one, from Pignorius. In some (which I have seen,) the counters traversed on graduated wires, and furnished an easy and compendious mode of calculation. The next lines will remind the reader of the economical sand-boards of the Madras School, which, as the reader sees, were no novelty eighteen centuries ago.

VER. 249. *Far too, be he, &c.*] Two sets of persons are here stigmatized. The downright clown, who ridicules every thing with which he is not familiar, and *labours for a joke*, at the sight of personal defects. The brutal stupidity of this piece of arrogance, is happily dashed out at a single stroke: *lusco—dicere, lusce!* this is all the wit which the lout can muster. The other is the sprightly blockhead, who, mainly ignorant, and, like Swift's captain, intrepidly boastful of his ignorance, derides all science, and enjoys the ridicule of its professors. There is much to praise in this passage: the poetry is good, the wit poignant, the satire well-directed: nothing, in short, seems wanting but judgment. How did it escape the author that there was no necessity whatever for repelling such characters as are here described from his writings? They, of all men, were the least likely to approach them, and his significant *avaunt!* was therefore entirely gratuitous.

For the ædile with whose ridiculous importance Persius, as well as Juvenal, amuses himself, see vol. ii. p. 19.

Derides the problems traced in dust or sand,
 And treads out all Geometry has plann'd—
 Who roars outright to see Nonaria seize,
 And tug the cynick's beard—To such as these,
 I recommend, at morn, the Prætor's bill,
 At eve, Calirrhoë, or—what they will.

VER. 253. ——— to see *Nonaria*, &c.] i. e. according to the criticks, a common woman; so called, Holyday says, “because such base queans might not be resorted to until the *ninth* hour, or (with us) three in the afternoon.” But these *base queans* appear to have been pretty much at liberty, and to have had the whole day as well as the whole town for their range. *Nonaria*, if not a real name, was probably some ignorant and impudent woman, who like *Baucis*, in the fourth Satire, cried pot-herbs to the lowest of the people, and was encouraged by the despiser of philosophy to insult the age and gravity of the passing stranger.

VER. 255. ——— the *Prætor's bill*.] This was a kind of programma, drawn up by authority, and announcing the publick amusements, or business of the day. It was fixed upon the walls and posts, where it probably “stood rubric,” and attracted the idle and dissolute. It is termed *edictum ludorum* and *edictum muneris gladiatoris* by Pliny, from whom Marcilius, (after quoting a variety of similar names,) cites the following apposite passage: “*Nemo qui parturienti filiæ obstetricem accersit edictum et ludorum ordinem perlegit.*” Epist. xcvi.

“*Calirrhoe*” is taken by the Scholiast and others, I know not why, for a common woman; but if, as they say, we have just had one in *Nonaria*, another is not necessary to the poet's object. Others suppose it was a tragedy of this name, which the idlers are invited to see. But where did the criticks learn that the Roman theatre was open in the afternoon? It seems far more

probable that it was a popular tale, and that the poet meant to recur to the subject with which he opened his Satire.

———“Ecce inter pocula quærunt
“Romulidæ satori quid dia poemata narrent?”

Calirrhoe is precisely such a woeful ditty as Phillis and Hypsipyle: there is a seduction, a flight, a murder, in a word, every thing to melt and charm the *tender-hefted natures*—*cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna est*.

(It was the custom of the Romans (as has been more than once observed) to offer songs, and send presents to their relations and friends on their birth days. Persius, who probably knew that his beloved Maecius, like Horace's Cyprius, delighted in verse, embraces the opportunity of this festival, to send him, instead of the *viridem umbellam*, the *succinea grandia*, by an excellent moral and religious poem.

In this little piece, which assumes a tone almost too serious and solemn for satire, the author has in view the sacred dialogue of Plato, the matter of which he has compressed, and arranged with great care.

Addison has justly compared this celebrated Dialogue to the Spectator; (No. 127.) where he observes, as Dryden had done before him, that the 10th Satire of Juvenal was also framed upon it. In the argument to his translation, Dryden has divided the Satire into three several parts; but what was intended to be displayed by the author. To give the Roman an air of solemnity address to Maecius, there is first an enumeration of heavenly and impious prayers; prayers, which, too numerous for the use of man, are only to be trusted to the gods in prayer. This is followed by a spirited exposure of their extravagance and ridiculous petitions for superfluous objects, which is done in a guarded and respectful manner. We have next an indictment against the rash copulations of those who frame prayers for things which they really labour to defeat by the excess of their lusts. The Satire then takes a more serious turn, and traces the source of those deplorable errors to the corrupt and vicious ideas entertained respecting the gods, concluding with

probable that it was a popular tale, and that the poet meant to recur to the subject with which he opened his Satire.

— "Face inter parva querunt

"Rommide satui quid die poemata narrent?"

Calpurne is precisely such a woolly ditty as Phillis and Hypsipyle: there is a seduction, a flight, a murder, in a word, every thing to melt and charm the tender-hearted natives—can

crena humoris hystericus lena est

of Calpurne's story. The story of Calpurne's seduction, flight, and murder, is a very common one, and is found in many of the Latin poets. The story of Calpurne's seduction, flight, and murder, is a very common one, and is found in many of the Latin poets. The story of Calpurne's seduction, flight, and murder, is a very common one, and is found in many of the Latin poets.

to look a new light. (184) The story of Calpurne's seduction, flight, and murder, is a very common one, and is found in many of the Latin poets. The story of Calpurne's seduction, flight, and murder, is a very common one, and is found in many of the Latin poets.

"Calpurne" is taken by the Scholiast and others, I know not why, for a common woman; but if, as they say, we have just had one of Calpurne, another is not necessary to the poet's object. Calpurne's story was a tragedy of this name, which the Romans were invited to see. But where did the critics learn that the Roman theatre was open in the afternoon? It seems far more

SATIRE II.

Argument.

It was the custom of the Romans (as has been more than once observed) to offer vows, and send presents to their relations and friends on their birth days. Persius, who probably knew that his beloved Macrinus, like Horace's Censorinus, delighted in verse, embraces the opportunity of this festival, to send him, instead of the viridem umbellam, the succina grandia, &c. an excellent moral and religious poem.

In this little piece, which assumes a tone almost too serious and solemn for satire, the author had in view the second Alcibiades of Plato, the matter of which he has compressed, and arranged with great care.

Addison has prettily analyzed this celebrated Dialogue in the Spectator; (No. 207.) where he observes, as Dryden had done before him, that the 10th Satire of Juvenal was also formed upon it. In the argument to his translation, Dryden has divided this Satire into three several heads; but more were evidently contemplated by the author. To pass the Exordium, or congratulatory address to Macrinus, there is first an enumeration of interested and impious prayers; prayers, which, too iniquitous for the ear of man, can only be trusted to the gods in private; this is followed by a spirited exposure of those extravagant and ridiculous petitions for superfluous objects, which originate in ignorance and superstition. We have next an indignant reproof of the rash expectations of those who frame requests for blessings which they madly labour to defeat by the excess of their own vices: the Satire then takes a more serious turn, and traces the source of these miserable errors, to the corrupt and vicious ideas entertained respecting the gods; concluding with

some just and elevated remarks on the true nature of sacrifice and prayer, which, as Sir W. Drummond somewhere observes, might be written up "in more than one Christian temple." Dryden tells us, in his concluding notes on this Satire, that "the first half of it was translated by one of his sons, then in Italy: he thought so well of it," he adds, "that he let it pass without alteration." That he could not have improved it, would be too much to affirm; but, in justice it must be said, that few will dissent from his opinion. It is spirited, poetical, and just.

SATIRE II.

TO PLOTIUS MACRINUS;

(ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.)

VER. 1—4.

HEALTH to my friend! and while my vows I pay,
O mark, Macrinus, this auspicious day,
Which, to your sum of years already flown,
Adds yet another—with a whiter stone.

Plotius Macrinus.] The pseudo Cornutus, who appears to have had access to the scholia of an earlier and more judicious critick than himself, tells us that this person was a man of considerable learning, and tenderly attached to our poet. He studied, he adds, in the house of Servilius, (who is incidentally mentioned as tutor to Persius,) so that they were, in some measure, fellow students.

There is another Macrinus,—Minucius, to whom Britannicus and others suppose this Satire to be addressed; but he was apparently too late in point of time.

VER. 4. *Mark——with a whiter stone.*] “The Scythians were accustomed to mark every happy day with a white stone,

Indulge your Genius, drench in wine your cares :--
It is not yours, with mercenary prayers,

and every unhappy day with a black one ; at the expiration of the year, the heaps were examined, and if the white predominated in number, they rejoiced ;" if otherwise, it is to be presumed, they wept ; though the Scythians were not much used to the melting mood. From them, say the criticks, who speak as if they wished to be believed, the Romans borrowed the practice.

This idle tale is handed down from age to age. It makes indeed a pretty figure in poetry :

" Et si calculus omnis huc et illuc
" Diversus bicolorque digeratur ;
" Vincet candida turba nigriorem :"

Mart. lib. xii. epig. 34.

and not a contemptible one in a tritcal essay on mortality, &c. but the expression is merely metaphorical, and means nothing more than lucky. It would probably puzzle more philosophical heads than ever stood upon a Scythian's shoulders, to distinguish the happy from the unhappy :—and were there no neutrals ? were their days never chequered ? did the evening always set upon the fortune of the morning ? A rude and barbarous people,

" Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,"
would scarcely occupy themselves in seeking for black and white stones to mark the colour of their fortune ; and all others would speedily discover the futility of so ridiculous a practice.

VER. 5. *Indulge your Genius, &c.*] Of this tutelary divinity, (if so he may be called) I can give no better account, than that which has been so frequently quoted from Censorinus. "*Genius est Deus, cujus in tutela, ut quisque natus est, vivit. Hic, sive quod, ut genamur, curat, sive quod una genitur nobiscum, sive etiam quod nos genitos suscipit ac tuetur : certe à genendo Genius adpellatur.*"

To ask of Heaven what, you would die with shame,
Unless you drew the gods aside, to name ;

De die Nat. c. This is not a little indistinct and confused ; and indeed the ancients seem to have been sorely perplexed, both as to the nature and the attributes of this god, whom they set over “ the little state of man.”—That we may not be too much alarmed, however, at the extent of his province and the weight of his cares, Censorinus lets us know that he had many co-adjutors—“ *alii sunt præterea dii complures, hominum vitam, pro sua quisque portione, adminiculantes.* The birth-day, however, was sacred to the Genius alone, and was annually celebrated with every mark of festivity. The customary offerings were incense, wine, and flowers : and the priest stood unbloody, if not unblamed—because, as Censorinus tells us from Varro, *cum munus annale Genio solverent, manum a cæde ac sanguine absterent, ne die qua ipsi lucem accepissent aliis demerent.*

Sir W. Drummond, who quotes a similar observation from Laurentius, *natale sacrum Genio factum sine victima*, calls it a mistake ; as is proved, he says, by these lines :

“ Natali, Corvine, die mihi dulcior hæc lux,

“ Qua festus promissa deis ANIMALIA cespes

“ Expectat.”——

That Laurentius is wrong seems probable ; but the passage adduced by no means proves him so. The poet is not speaking of a birth-day, but of a vow made in consequence of his friend's escape from shipwreck. Had the critick gone a line further, he would have seen that the ANIMALS were sacrificed to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva : and that the festival had nothing whatever to do with the Genius either of Juvenal or Catullus.

There is a passage in Horace far more germane to the matter :

“ Ridet argento domus : ara castis

“ Vincita verbenis avet immolato

“ Spargier agno.”

While other great ones stand, with down-cast eyes,
And, with a silent censer, tempt the skies!—

Hard, hard the task, from the low, mutter'd
prayer,

To free the fanes ; or find one suppliant there,

Who dares to ask but what his state requires,

And live to heaven and earth with known desires !

Sound sense, integrity, a conscience clear,

Are begg'd aloud, that all at hand may hear :

This was on the birth-day of Mæcenas. But the critick is not fortunate : he has a quotation in the line immediately preceding this, to shew the existence of a custom to which it has *no* relation ; while it establishes, beyond doubt, the practice which he attempted to prove by another quotation *not at all* connected with it.

“ *Moris erat quondam, &c.*

“ *Et natalitium cognatis ponere lardum,*

“ *Accedente nova, si quam dabat hostia, carne.*”

Having thus rendered the matter, as Terence's lawyer says, more perplexed than before—I leave the learned to settle the point with Varro and Laurentius ; observing only, how unsafe it is to venture a universal affirmative respecting any part of the religious worship of the ancients, among whom so great a laxity prevailed, that the gods themselves must have been frequently puzzled to distinguish their own rites.

Persius has copied Seneca, in this place. “ *Quanta dementia est hominum ? Turpissima vota diis insusurrant ; si quis admoverit aurem conticescent ; et quod scire hominem nolunt, deo narrant.*”

VER. 16. ——— *that all at hand may hear.*]—*ut audiat hospes ; i. e. such as incidentally entered the temple to pray : “ strangers and standers by,” as Holyday correctly renders it.*

But prayers like these (half-whisper'd, half suppress)
The tongue scarce hazards from the conscious
breast :

*O that I could my rich old uncle see,
In funeral pomp !—O, that some deity,
To pots of buried gold would guide my share !
O, that my ward, whom I succeed as heir,
Were once at rest ! poor child, he lives in pain,
And death to him must be accounted gain.—
By wedlock, thrice has Neriſus ſwell'd his ſtore,
And now—is he a widower once more !*

VER. 19. *O, that I could, &c.]—O si
Ebullit patruſi præclarum funus, &c.]* Cornutus reads
ebulliat, and is followed by Marcilius and others ; the word,
however, is inadmiſſible, and utterly repugnant to every me-
trical canon. It is wantonly introduced too, for *ebullit* has both
reason and authority on its ſide. It is an archaiſm, of which
Caſaubon produces many examples, ſuch as *axim* for *egerim*,
dedim for *dederim*, *comedim* for *comederim*, &c. But the old
ſcholiaſt has blundered in the meaning as well as the metre of
the line :—*non præclarum funus*, he ſays, *ſed quia præclaram dat
hæreditatem !*

Persius has made grievous encroachments on the property
of Horace in this part of his Satire ; but they are, like his de-
predations in general, too obvious for particular notice : in
return, he has ſhewn much good taſte in the application of
what he has taken. Nothing can be more ingenious, in fact,
than the manner in which he has contrived to frame theſe im-
pious requests, and calm the conſcience of his votary. The
ſupplicant meditates no injury to any one. The death of his
uncle is concealed under a wiſh that he could ſee his magnifi-

These blessings, with due sanctity, to crave,
Once, twice and thrice in Tiber's eddying wave

cent funeral! which, as the poor man must one day die, is a prayer becoming a pious nephew. Boileau has noted the humour of this passage, and given it in his happiest manner:

“ Oh, que, si cet hiver un rhume salulaire,
“ Guérissant de tous maux mon avare beau-pere,
“ Pourroit, bien confessé, l'étendre en un cercueil,
“ Et remplie sa maison d'un agréable deuil,
“ Que mon ami en ce jour de joie et d'opulence,
“ D'un superbe convoi plaindroit peu la dépense!”

The *bien confessé* is admirable.

The second petition is quite innocent.—If people will foolishly bury their gold, and forget it, there is no more harm in his finding it than another: the third is even laudable; it is a prayer uttered, in pure tenderness of heart, for the relief of a poor suffering child. With respect to the last——there can be no wrong in mentioning a fact which every body knows.—Not a syllable is said of his own wife: if the gods are pleased to take a hint and remove her, that is their concern, he never asked it.

For *ducitur* many of the old criticks read *conditur*. This is only worth notice, as it serves to shew how they understood the text; since it is an evident gloss, and like a hundred other glosses has, in some copies, usurped the place of the genuine word.

VER. 28. *Once, twice, and thrice, &c.*] Ablutions were familiar to the Romans, having descended to them from the earliest ages: a running stream was considered to possess superior efficacy in this typical purification of the mind, and the number three, however applied, had always something of mysterious import in it. But I know not if Persius does not mean to insinuate here, that his supplicant was attached to the Egyptian superstition, (of which his virtues made him truly worthy,) of

He dips each morn, and bids the stream convey
The gather'd evils of the night, away!

One question, friend:—an easy one, in fine—

What are thy thoughts of Jove? My thoughts!

Yes; thine.

Wouldst thou prefer him to the herd of Rome?

To any individual?—But, to whom?

To Staius, for example. Heavens! a pause?

Which of the two would best dispense the laws?

Best shield th'unfriended orphan? Good! Now

move

The suit to Staius, late preferr'd to Jove:—

“O Jove! good Jove!” he cries, o'erwhelm'd with
shame,

And must not Jove himself, *O Jove!* exclaim?

which lustration formed a conspicuous feature. Juvenal, who has noticed this at some length, seems indebted to Persius:

“Hibernam fracta glacie descendit in amnem

“Ter matutino Tiberi mergetur,” &c. vol. i. 260.

VER. 35. *To Staius, &c.*] The old Scholiast exhibits a caution in this place not very usual with him. “*Nomen fictum* (he says) *quomodo supra Nerio.*” He afterwards, indeed, discovers a certain Staius, who poisoned his wife, defrauded his ward, &c. but this person was a contemporary of Cicero, by whom he is mentioned. Unhappily, the poet's own times supplied corrupt judges and treacherous guardians, of the name, in abundance; and he was not in the mood to hunt back for what lay immediately before him.

VER. 40. *And must not Jove himself, O Jove! exclaim.*]—at

Or dost thou think the impious wish forgiven,
 Because, when thunder shakes the vault of heaven,
 The bolt innoxious flies o'er thee and thine,
 To rend the forest oak, and mountain pine?
 —Because, yet livid from the lightning's scath,
 Thy smouldering corpse (a monument of wrath)

sese non clamet Jupiter ipse! This is out of place. It accords ill with the grave and solemn tone of what precedes and follows; and though its wit may strike for a moment, it is but with a false glare. Casaubon seems to have puzzled himself as well about the reading, as the sense, of this simple passage.

VER. 46. *Thy smouldering corpse, &c.*] It has been already observed (vol. i. p. 270.) that the ancients had singular notions respecting lightning. They regarded it with a superstitious horror, of which we can have but a faint conception, and as a visible manifestation of divine wrath: hence whatever was struck with it, was looked on as sacred, (in its ceremonial sense of accursed,) and separated from human uses.

I cannot understand sir W. Drummond's note on this passage. "It was the duty of the priest, (he says) to decide where dead bodies should be interred." But there was no decision in the present case. The corpse of the person struck by lightning was *never* moved from its place; where it fell, it lay, and, with every thing pertaining to it, was covered with earth, and encircled by a rail or mound. "But Persius does not inform us, if any mark served to warn strangers not to approach the tomb," &c. What "mark?" The word itself implied an inclosed piece of ground, and nothing more was necessary. "The place of interment," adds the critick, "being a grove, was not remarkable nor extraordinary." This is a continuation of the error with which the note began. The text is very plain. Because, says Persius, you were not struck instead of the tree, (alluding to the *ilex* of the preceding line) and do not lie in the

Lies in no blasted grove, for publick care
 To expiate, with sacrifice and prayer ;
 Must, therefore, Jove, unscepter'd and unfear'd,
 Give, to thy ruder mirth, his foolish beard ?
 What bribe hast thou to win the Powers divine,
 Thus, to thy nod ? The lungs and lights of swine
 Lo ! from his little crib, the grandam hoar,
 Or aunt, well vers'd in superstitious lore,
 Snatches the babe ; in lustral spittle dips
 Her middle finger, and anoints his lips,

forest, a monument of divine vengeance, you suppose, &c.
 The "grove" therefore is an incidental circumstance, not a
 matter of preference : had the person been killed by lightning
 in the highway, or the forum, there he must have lain and had
 his bidental,

Brewster has literally copied Holyday on this subject, and
 even his extraordinary mistake on *bidens*—which he translates
two sheep, instead of a sheep of two years old :

——— "great Ergenna purifies
 "The place, by offering the entrails of *two sheep*."

But Holyday was a young man when he translated Persius.
Ergenna, the criticks say, is a Tuscan : the name, like Porsenna,
 Sisenna, &c. is, no doubt, Tuscan : and that he was also, like
 many of his countrymen, a soothsayer, seems implied in his
 office : at least, Juvenal places him in the worshipful fraternity
 of "philomaths," in his sixth Satire.

VER. 55. *In lustral spittle, &c.*] On the ninth day of its
 birth, the infant underwent some expiatory ceremonies, and
 received a name : the festival was termed *dies lustricus* ; and

And forehead :—" Charms of potency," she cries,
 " To break the influence of evil eyes !"
 The spell complete, she dandles high in air
 Her starveling Hope ; and breathes a humble prayer,

the officious gossip takes the opportunity of this solemn presentation, to *effascinate* the child, (as Holyday calls it,) and to offer up her prayers for its happiness ! Her spell is not of the first order :—but the ancients were all gossips here ; and even the philosopher Pliny observes, with a gravity which would not misbecome the *avia*, or *matertera* of the text.—" *in hominis saliva vim esse adversus veneficia et fascinationes.*" Dryden has translated this passage somewhat coarsely, for which he is not unjustly reprehended by Sir W. Drummond. The latter, however, is wrong in his turn. Dryden's lustration, he says, would indeed be a very nasty one." But he mistakes the meaning, which is precisely that of his own expression—with *spittle daubs its face*. Dryden was a great master of the English language ; and it is far more safe to question his taste than his knowledge.

Holyday has translated *spem macram supplice voto*—

———— " they vainly spend
 " Their poor lean hope in prayer to Jove," &c.

by which the humour of the original is quite lost. *Spem macram* is the poor puny wretchcock in whom the good old grandmother sees the future son-in-law of kings.

In the modest prayer which follows, there is considerable pleasantry : though it is probably not much unlike many of those that were really offered on such occasions. There is some doubt as to the Crassus and Licinius of whom she speaks ; (for there were many of the name immeasurably rich ;) but the matter is of little importance. It is sufficient to know that they must have been proverbial for the immensity of their possessions, and their names *familiar as household words* in the mouths of the people.

That heaven would only tender to his hands,
All Crassus' houses, all Licinius' lands!—

“Let every gazer by his charms be won,

“And kings and queens aspire to call him son:

“Contending virgins fly his smiles to meet,

“And roses spring where'er he sets his feet!”

Insane of soul—But I, O Jove, am free.

Thou know'st, I trust no nurse with prayers for me:

In mercy, then, reject each fond demand,

Though, robed in white, she at thy altar stand.

This begs for nerves to pain and sickness steel'd,

A frame of body, that shall slowly yield

To late old age:—’Tis well, enjoy thy wish.—

But the huge platter, and high-season'd dish,

VER. 74 ——— *high-season'd dish.*] From the receipt for making it, which is incidentally given by Apuleius, the *tucetum* appears to come very near our *minced-pie*. “*Sed tantum caram meam Fotidem, quæ suis dominis parabat viscum fartim concisum, et pulpam frustatim collectam ad pascua vinulenta, et quidem naribus jam mihi ariolabar tucetum perquam sapidissimum.*” lib. ii. Marcilius takes it to be a kind of rich jelly, “*crasso jure et quasi glaciali.*” whatever it was, it must have been a very savoury dish; *esca regia*, as Fulgentius calls it,

——— “ambrosio redolent tuceta sapore,”

The “cat’s-meat,” the *pulmo* and the *lactes* which the Romans piously set apart for the gods, are well contrasted by the poet, with the expensive luxuries reserved for their own tables.

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Day after day, the willing gods withstand,
And dash the blessing from their opening hand.

That sues for wealth : the labouring ox is slain,
And frequent victims woo the “ god of gain.”

“ O crown my hearth with plenty and with peace,
And give my flocks and herds a large increase ! ” —

Madman ! how can he, when, from day to day,
Steer after steer, in offerings, melts away ? —

Still he persists ; and still new hopes arise,
With harslet and with tripe, to storm the skies.

“ Now swell my harvests ! now my fields ! now, now,

“ It comes—it comes—auspicious to my vow ! ”

While thus, poor wretch, he hangs ’twixt hope and
fear,

He starts, in dreadful certainty, to hear

His chest reverberate the hollow groan

Of his last piece, to find itself alone !

If from my side-board, I should bid you take

Goblets of gold or silver, you would shake

With eager rapture ; drops of joy would start,

And your left breast scarce hold your fluttering heart :

VER. 93. ——— drops of joy would start, &c.] *Excultas guttas*. i. e. Casaubon tells us, to weep for joy, which he proves by many weighty authorities, the ancients sometimes did. But these drops came not from the eyes, but from the heart—*pectore lævo*, an expression which he seems also to misunderstand, since he considers it equivalent to *mens læva*, “ stricken with

Hence, you presume the gods are bought and sold ;
 And overlay their busts with captured gold.
 For, of the brazen brotherhood, the Power
 Who sends you dreams, at morning's truer hour,

folly." Persius evidently alludes to that insensible perspiration, that humid suffusion of the skin, which a sudden and unexpected flow of good fortune will sometimes produce. It is an amplification of his first word, *sudes*, and is both natural, and pleasing.

VER. 96. *And overlay their busts with captured gold.*]—*auro ovato*, i. e. with gold taken in war, and carried in the ovation or triumph with which the conquering army was honoured, on its return to Rome. The poet, as Shakspeare says, had probably some *moral* in his choice of *ovatum*; but I cannot decipher it: and whether any superstitious value was attached to gold thus acquired, or whether the expression was merely satirical, and meant to characterise the ambition and rapacity of the Romans, must be left to the reader. Holyday, whose version is a perpetual commentary on the text, thus renders it:

— "hence 'tis, thou dost hold
 "The gods are pleased so too, and overlay'st
 "Their statues faces, that *thereby thou may'st*
 "Procure their favour, with gold purchased
 "From the enemy, which was in triumph led."

VER. 97. *For, of the brazen brotherhood, &c.*] "There stood in the porch of the Palatine Apollo, fifty brazen statues of the fifty sons of Egyptus, the brother of Danaus; they were believed to have the power of answering all inquiries, in dreams of the night." So say the commentators.

"One of our old writers tells us that "*mons*, a mountain, cometh from *movendo*, because it standeth still:" and a similar train of reasoning seems to have influenced those who first gave

Most purg'd from phlegm, enjoys your best regards,
And a gold beard his prescient skill rewards !

Now, from the temples, GOLD has chased the
plain,

And frugal ware of Numa's pious reign ;

The ritual pots of brass are seen no more,

And Vesta's pitchers blaze in burnish'd ore.

O grovelling souls ! and void of things divine !

Why bring our passions to the Immortals' shrine,

the faculty of inspiring dreams to the fifty sons of Ægyptus. These poor youths were the last persons in the world who should have been selected for such a province : they were married to their fifty cousins, and without foreseeing or even dreaming of their fate, had their throats cut, like so many calves, (*"velut vituli"*) in the same night, with the exception of one, who was roused out of a sound sleep by his wife——

" Surge, quæ dixit juveni marito,

" Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde

" Non times, detur."——

VER. 105. *O grovelling souls, &c.*] Persius is and is not a Stoick in various parts of this Satire. It is true, that he might have somewhat profited by the ethical Dialogue before him ; but it is no less certain, that a brighter gleam must have occasionally broke upon the darkness of his mind, than the torch of Plato ever afforded : that he was unconscious of its source, is his misfortune. What Cornutus thought of this, cannot be told : he could not but see, however, that though the words, in this section, were those of the Porch, they were used in a more spiritual sense than the wisest and best of its sectaries ever gave them.

And judge, from what this CARNAL SENSE delights !
 Of what is pleasing in their purer sights ?—
 THIS, the Calabrian fleece with purple soils,
 And mingles cassia with our native oils ;
 Tears from the rocky conch its pearly store,
 And strains the metal from the glowing ore.
 This, this, indeed, is vicious ; yet it tends
 To gladden life, perhaps ; and boasts its ends ;
 But you, ye priests, (for, sure, ye can,) unfold—
 In heavenly things, what boots this pomp of gold ?
 No more, in truth, than dolls to Venus paid,
 (The toys of childhood,) by the riper maid !

VER. 117. *No more, in truth, &c.*] Persius answers his own question, and more directly, perhaps, than the priests would have done. “The *pupæ*,” Dryden says, “were little babies, puppets as we call them, which the girls, when they came to the age of puberty, offered to Venus.” The act is clear—the motive is not so well known. He translates it

“As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,

“To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys !”

which seems taken from Stelluti: *pupazze à Venere offerte per haverla propizia nel matrimonio accio da lei fusse lor concessi veri bamboli, e vere bambole*: and which, though fanciful, falls in with the tenor of the Satire in this place, which refers all the ostentation of piety to a principle of selfishness. Others suppose that these baby-toys were presented to the goddess, in token of the votarist having relinquished all childish amusements. But whatever be the purport of the practice, the poet is only concerned with the worthlessness of these play-things.

No ; let me bring the Immortals, what the race
Of great Messala, now depraved and base,
On their huge charger, cannot ;—bring a mind,
Where legal and where moral sense are join'd,

which he merely introduces as illustrative of the utter inefficacy of gold in sacrifice and prayer.

VER. 121. ——— the race

Of great Messala, now depraved, &c.] *Messalæ lippa propago*—The old scholiast, who seldom missed what he determined to find, says that this was one Cotta Messalinus, who, in his old age, was afflicted with an extraordinary inversion of the eyelids : but by *lippus*, Persius, like a good Stoick, probably means mentally blind, vicious. Others of the Messalæ are pointed out. It seems sufficient, however, to observe that the allusion is to some degenerate descendant of Corvinus Messala, one of the most illustrious generals and statesmen of the old republic. In what follows,

“Compositum jus fasque animo, sanctosque recessus

“Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto,”

Persius may be more easily admired than translated. His lines are not only the quintessence of sanctity, but of language. Closeness would cramp, paraphrase would enfeeble their sense, which, like Juvenal's abstract idea of a perfect poet, may be felt but cannot be expressed. None of the versions of them which I have seen, satisfy me ; and, least of all, my own.

It is pleasing to observe with what judgment Horace has adopted a similar thought to the plain understanding of his village maid :

“Immunis aram si tetigit manus

“Non sumptuosa blandior hostia

“Mollibit aversos penates

“Farre pio et saliente mica.”

With the pure essence ; holy thoughts, that dwell
 In the soul's most retired, and sacred cell ;
 A bosom dyed in honour's noblest grain,
 Deep-dyed :—with these, let me approach the fane,
 And Heaven will hear the humble prayer I make,
 Though all my offering be a barley cake.

This Satire opens not unhappily. A professor of the Stoick school abruptly enters the bed-room of his pupils, whom he finds asleep at mid-day. Their confusion at this detection, their real indolence amidst an affected ardour for study, are laid open, and the fatal consequences of such thoughtless conduct beautifully illustrated by apt allusions to the favourite topicks of the Porch.

The whole of this Satire manifests an earnest desire to reclaim the youthful nobility from their idle and vicious habits. The preceptor, after a brief ebullition of contempt, points out the evils to which the neglect of philosophy (i. e. the study of virtue) will expose them, and overthrows the objections which they raise against the necessity of severe application, on account of their birth and fortune. In a sublime and terrible apostrophe, he portrays the horrors of that late remorse which must afflict the vicious when they contemplate the fallen state to which the neglect of philosophy has consigned them. He then describes, in a lighter tone, the defects of his own education, and shows that the persons whom he addresses are without this apology for their errors : he points out with admirable brevity and force, the proper pursuits of a well-regulated mind, and teaches them to despise the scorn of the vulgar, and the rude buffoonery of those who make their wantonness their ignorance : lastly, he introduces a lively apologue of a glutton, who, in spite of advice, perseveres in his intemperance till he becomes its victim : concluding with an apposite application of the fable (more Stoicorum) to a diseased mind. The Satire and its moral may be fitly summed up in the solemn injunction of a wiser man than the Schools ever produced :—" But Wisdom is above all ; therefore get Wisdom.

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Persius may be more easily admired than translated. His lines are not only the quintessence of sanctity, but of language. Closeness would cramp, paraphrase would enfeeble their sense, which, like Juvenal's abstract idea of a perfect poet, may be felt but cannot be expressed. None of the versions of them which I have seen, satisfy me ; and, least of all, my own.

It is pleasing to observe with what judgment Horace has adopted a similar thought to the plain understanding of his village maid :

“Immunis aram si tetigit manus

“Non sumptuosa blandior hostia

“Mollibit aversos penates

“Farre pio et saliente mica.”

With the pure essence ; holy thoughts, that dwell
 In the soul's most retired, and sacred cell ;
 A bosom dyed in honour's noblest grain,
 Deep-dyed :—with these, let me approach the fane,
 And Heaven will hear the humble prayer I make,
 Though all my offering be a barley cake.

This Satire opens not unhappily. A professor of the Stoic school abruptly enters the bed-room of his pupils, whom he finds asleep at mid-day. Their confusion at this detection, their real indolence amidst an affected ardour for study, are laid open, and the fatal consequences of such thoughtless conduct beautifully illustrated by an allusion to the favourite topics of the Poet.

The whole of this Satire manifests an earnest desire to reclaim the youthful nobility from their idle and vicious habits. The preceptor, after a brief rebuke of idleness, points out the state in which the neglect of philosophy is, i. e. the study of rhetoric, will expose them, and overthrow the objections which they raise against the necessity of being application, on account of their health and fortune. In a sublime and terrible apostrophe, he denounces the fate of those late revivers which must afflict the student when they contemplate the fallen state to which the neglect of philosophy has consigned them. He then describes, in a lighter tone, the defects of his own education, and shows that the poems which he recited are without this apology for their errors: he points out such admirable brevity and force, the proper province of a well-regulated mind, and teaches them to despise the noise of the vulgar, and the rude buffoonery of those who make their wantonness their ignorance: lastly, he introduces a lively apologue of a glutton, who, in spite of advice, perseveres in his intemperance till he becomes its victim: concluding with an appropriate application of the fable (more Stoicorum) to a diseased mind. The Satire and its moral may be fitly summed up in the solemn injunction of a wiser man than the Schools ever produced :—"But Wisdom is above all; therefore get Wisdom."

With the pure essence; holy thoughts that dwell
 In the soul's most retired, and sacred cell;
 A bosom dyed in honour's noblest grain,
 Deep-dyed — with these, let me approach the fane,
 And Heaven will hear the humble prayer I make,
 Though all my offering be a barley cake.

*Proposui ad hunc altare, si deus, hoc munus
 In hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro,
 In hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro,
 In hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro,
 In hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro,
 In hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro,
 In hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro,
 In hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro,
 In hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro,
 In hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro, et in hoc sacro,*

Persius was not only a great translator. His
 lines are not only the most beautiful of poetry, but of language.
 Closeness would creep upon them, and would entice their sense,
 which, like Juvenal's, is a perfect poet, may be
 felt, but cannot be translated. None of the versions of them
 which I have seen, and none of all, my own.
 It is pleasing to observe that the judgment of Horace has
 adopted a similar manner to the plain understanding of his
 village poet:

*Incensum arum et tetigit manus
 Non sumpsit blandior hostia
 Sed avertit aversos penitus
 Fave pio et esiente mica.*

SATIRE III.

Argument.

This Satire opens not unhappily. A professor of the Stoick school abruptly enters the bed-room of his pupils, whom he finds asleep at mid-day. Their confusion at this detection, their real indolence amidst an affected ardour for study, are laid open, and the fatal consequences of such thoughtless conduct beautifully illustrated by apt allusions to the favourite topicks of the Porch.

The whole of this Satire manifests an earnest desire to reclaim the youthful nobility from their idle and vicious habits. The preceptor, after a brief ebullition of contempt, points out the evils to which the neglect of philosophy (i. e. the study of virtue) will expose them, and overthrows the objections which they raise against the necessity of severe application, on account of their birth and fortune. In a sublime and terrible apostrophe, he pourtrays the horrors of that late remorse which must afflict the vicious when they contemplate the fallen state to which the neglect of philosophy has consigned them. He then describes, in a lighter tone, the defects of his own education, and shews that the persons whom he addresses are without this apology for their errors: he points out with admirable brevity and force, the proper pursuits of a well-regulated mind, and teaches them to despise the scorn of the vulgar, and the rude buffoonery of those who make their wantonness their ignorance: lastly, he introduces a lively apologue of a glutton, who, in spite of advice, perseveres in his intemperance till he becomes its victim: concluding with an apposite application of the fable (more Stoicorum) to a diseased mind. The Satire and its moral may be fitly summed up in the solemn injunction of a wiser man than the Schools ever produced:—"But WISDOM is above all; therefore get WISDOM.

SATIRE III.

Argument.

This Satire opens not unhappily. A professor of the Stoick school abruptly enters the bed-room of his pupils, whom he finds asleep at midnight. Their confusion at this detection, their real indolence amidst an affected ardour for study, are laid open, and the fatal consequences of such thoughtless conduct beautifully illustrated by apt allusions to the favourite topics of the Torch.

The whole of this Satire manifests an earnest desire to reclaim the youthful nobility from their idle and vicious habits. The preceptor, after a brief exhibition of contempt, points out the evils to which the neglect of philosophy (i. e. the study of virtue) will expose them, and overthrows the objections which they raise against the necessity of severe application, on account of their birth and fortune. In a sublime and terrible apostrophe, he portrays the horrors of that late remorse which must afflict the vicious when they contemplate the fallen state to which the neglect of philosophy has consigned them. He then describes, in a lighter tone, the defects of his own education, and shews that the persons whom he addresses are without this apology for their errors: he points out with admirable brevity and force, the proper pursuits of a well-regulated mind, and teaches them to despise the scorn of the vulgar, and the ridicule of those who make their wantonness their ignorance: lastly, he introduces a lively apologue of a glutton, who, in spite of advice, perseveres in his intemperance till he becomes its victim: concluding with an opposite application of the fable (more Stoicorum) to a dissipated mind. The Satire and its moral may be fitly summed up in the solemn injunction of a wiser man than the Schools ever produced:—"But Wisdom is above all; therefore get Wisdom."

SATIRE III.

VER. 1—4.

WHAT! ever thus? See! while the beams of day,
In broad effulgence, o'er the shutters play,
Stream through the crevice, widen on the walls,
On the fifth line the gnomon's shadow falls!

VER. 1. *What! ever thus?*] From the manner in which the speaker announces himself, it would seem as if he were a kind of domestick instructor, engaged, perhaps, to complete the education of the young nobility who had passed through the usual discipline of the schools. Tutors of this description were invested with considerable authority, and assumed, as here, a lofty and decisive tone. With the decay of literature, and the empire, their importance diminished; and A. Gellius has a passage in which Taurus, one of these masters of philosophy, notices their fallen state in very significant terms: "*Nunc, inquit, videre est philosophos ultro currere, ut doceant, ad fores juvenum divitum, eosque ibi sedere atque operiri prope ad meridiem, donec discipuli nocturnum omne vinum edormiant.*" lib. x. c. 6. The opening of this Satire, in Sheridan's translation, is the perfection of absurdity.

VER. 4. *On the fifth line the gnomon's shadow falls.*] Holyday has a long and learned note on this subject. "The Romans (he says) greatly differed from us in the division of the day; for we use a civil day, i. e. the space of day and night, which

Yet still you sleep, like one that, stretch'd supine,
Snores off the fumes of strong Falernian wine.

Up ! up ! mad Sirius parches every blade,
And flocks and herds lie panting in the shade.

we divide into twenty-four equal parts, whereas they used a natural day, which is the space from the sun rising to the sun setting, as Censorinus shews, *De Die Nat.* c. 24.; so that their hours varied according to the season of the year." At this time, therefore, "when the dog-star raged," and when each division of the dial must have been about one hour and one third of an hour long, the shadow fell upon the fifth line a little before eleven o'clock.

The invention of sun-dials has appeared so important, that great pains have been taken to discover the people to whom mankind is indebted for it. The Chinese, the Mexicans, and half the barbarous and ignorant nations of the old and new world, have been complimented with it in turn ; but the great majority of the criticks seem inclined to attribute it to the Egyptians, whose pyramids and obelisks are, it seems, nothing but magnificent gnomons : the Egyptians were a learned people, and, if this opinion be correct, they must have been as economical as wise. After all, the first shepherd who struck his crook into the ground, could scarcely fail to discover that he had erected a kind of sun-dial.

Tornorupæus observes, on this line, that sun-dials came into use at Rome, about the period of the first Punick war ; they were, he adds, at that time, sufficiently rude and imperfect :—*cum prius ortus et occasus postmodo meridiei ratio haberetur.* A fact taken from Pliny, who gives it much fuller and better. *Lib. vii. c. 60.* When the Romans had found out that these were not much to be depended on in cloudy weather, Scipio Nassica taught them the use of clepsydræ or water-clocks ; a homely contrivance, as the critick represents it : but with which they were content for ages.

Here my youth rouses, rubs his heavy eyes,
 “Is it so late? so *very* late?” he cries;
 “Shame, shame! Who waits? Who waits there?
 quick, my page!
 Why, when!” His bile o’erflows; he foams with
 rage,
 And brays so loudly, that you start in fear,
 And fancy all Arcadia at your ear.

Behold him, with his bedgown and his books,
 His pens and paper, and his studious looks,

VER. 12. *Why, when!*] I have adopted this expression from the dramatick writers, who use it as a mark of the highest impatience: this did not escape Dryden, who owes some of his popularity to a judicious use of our ancient phraseology. For the droves of Arcadia, see vol. i. p. 312. Marcilius says, “*Arcadiæ pecuaria, asini. Arcadia, asinorum patria in Græcia, in Italia, Reate.*” Here is something gained—and the critick adds, with unusual briskness, “*Comparat eleganter Flaccus hic Persius, cum illis Arcadiæ civibus hunc Arcadicum juvenem.*”

VER. 15. *Behold him—with his books, &c.*] The pompous apparatus with which the youth proceeds to study, the book, the parchment, the paper, &c. is well described; and has a pleasant effect when contrasted with the ridiculous result of the effort. The book, it is probable, contained the thesis, or subject of the morning’s contemplation; the charta, or coarse paper, was destined to receive his first thoughts, which, when matured and corrected, were to be transferred to the parchment. This last, Persius terms *bicolor*, because it was white within and yellow without; but, indeed, the Romans seem to have been a little foppish in this article, and to have had it of all hues. Juvenal mentions *crocea membrana*. Tibullus *lutea*, a variation of the former colour, and Ovid says—

Intent and earnest ! What arrests his speed,
 Alas ! the viscous liquid clogs the reed.
 Dilute it. Pish ! now every word I write
 Sinks through the paper, and eludes the sight :
 Now the pen leaves no mark, the point's too fine ;
 Now 'tis too blunt, and doubles every line !

O wretch ! whom every day more wretched sees—
 Are these the fruits of all your studies ? these !
 Give o'er at once : and like some callow dove,
 Some prince's heir, some lady's infant love,
 Call for chew'd pap ; and, pouting at the breast,
 Scream at the lullaby that woos to rest !

“ But why such warmth ? See what a pen ! nay,
 see ! ”——

And is this subterfuge employed on me ?
 Fond boy ! your time, with your pretext, is lost ;
 And all your arts are at your proper cost.

“ Nec te purpureo velent vaccinia succo.”

The purple seems to have been the fashionable colour ; it was certainly the most costly, and when we add to it the golden clasps and rollers, in which the ancients were very profuse, it may be doubted whether their libraries appeared less variegated and rich than our own. The practice seems to have reached rather a late period. St. Jerome is very angry at the use of these *purple vellums* written with letters of gold and silver. Brandt's ignorant book-hunter has a very spruce library, which yet is far excelled by that of his proto-type in Lucian, who exhibits his Βιβλίον παγκαλον, πορφυραν μεν εχον την διφθεραν, χρυσεν δε τον ομφαλον. κ. τ. α.

Glimpses of the “ Venusinian lamp ” break upon the reader in many of the opening passages of this Satire.

While with occasion thus you madly play,
 Your best of life unheeded leaks away,
 And scorn flows in apace : the ill-baked ware,
 Rung by the potter, will its fault declare ;
 Thus——But you yet are moist and yielding clay :
 Call for some plastic hand without delay,
 Nor cease the labour, till the wheel produce
 A vessel nicely form'd, and fit for use.

“ But wherefore this ? My father, thanks to fate,
 Left me a fair, if not a large, estate :—

VER. 34. *Your best of life, &c.*] Here the poet gives the illustration before the example ; which renders the thought obscure, and increases the difficulty of following him. He had the defective pottery in view from the first ; you leak, and will therefore be thrown aside ; *contemnere*—the explanation follows. This is one of the vulgar metaphors in which the Stoicks so much delighted. They did well in borrowing from common life ; but their selection confers no great credit on their taste. I will not say, with Sir W. Drummond, that “ the whole of this passage is insufferably strained,” because the phraseology appears sufficiently familiar ; but the metaphor is involved in too many words, and the author doubles too often upon his own expressions.

VER. 41. *But wherefore this, &c.*] This is the language of the “ single-soled squire” in Hall, and has been that of vicious indolence from the first moment that wealth became heritable.

“ What needs me care for anie bookish skill,

“ To blot white paper with my restless quill ;

“ Or waste o’er painted leaves, on winter nights,

“ Ill-smelling oyles, or some still-watching lights,

A salt unsullied on my table shines,
And due oblations, in their little shrines,

“ Let them that meane to earne their bread—for me,

“ Busie their braines with deeper bookerie :

“ Have I not landes of faire inheritance

“ Derived by right of long continuance

“ To first-borne males,” &c. Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

VER. 43. *A salt unsullied, &c.*] —*purum et sine labe salinum.*

The salt-cellar, or, as our old writers more simply termed it, the salt, formed a distinguished feature in the garniture of the Roman tables. As salt was the general seasoning of the food of man, and was also used to check the progress of putrefaction, it was associated, from the earliest ages, with notions of moral purity, and occasionally employed in metaphors too sacred to be repeated here. Salt made a part of every sacrifice, and hence the vessel which held it acquired a certain degree of sanctity; and was supposed to consecrate the table on which, at meal times, it was reverently placed.

With these claims to peculiar veneration, the salt-cellar appears to have been regarded as a kind of heir-loom, and to have descended from sire to son. More cost was lavished on it than on the rest of the furniture. In the poorest times, the most frugal and rigid of the old republicans indulged themselves with a silver salt, which, with the patella, (a little platter for the household gods) was frequently all the plate they possessed. Marcilius tells us, from Livy, that when the necessities of the State obliged the Senate to call for a general sacrifice of the gold and silver of the people, the salt-cellar, and the patella were expressly exempted from the contribution. The precise import of the words *purum et sine labe* has been questioned: they cannot relate altogether to the brightness of the silver, as the old scholiast says, for this was a matter of domestick economy, and scarcely worth a boast:—perhaps the allusion is, to the fair and honest means by which the family was raised—

My household gods receive ; my hearth is pure,
 And all my means of life confirm'd, and sure :
 What need I more" ? Nay, nothing ; it is well.
 —And it becomes you, too, with pride to swell,
 Because, the thousandth in descent, you trace
 Your blood, unmix'd, from some high Tuscan race ;
 Or, when the knights march by the censor's chair,
 In annual pomp, can greet a kinsman there !

taking *salinum* in the large sense of competence, in which it sometimes occurs :—and this is strengthened by the succeeding line, in which the youth appears to reckon on the perpetuity of his wealth, from a due observance of the domestick piety of his fathers.

VER. 50. —*from some high Tuscan race.*] The boasts of this descent are very frequent. It would really seem as if some respectable families from Etruria, had, at a very early period, joined the vagabonds of the Asylum—*aut pastor aut illud quod dicere nolo*—and conferred a kind of *éclat* on the motley assembly. The honour was duly appreciated, and the Slys, *who came over with Richard Conqueror*, were not more vain of their origin, than the great men of Rome were of deducing their blood from the ancient Tuscans.

VER. 51. *Or, when the knights, &c.*] Madan mistakes the sense of this passage. The allusion is not to the census, nor were the ceremonies such as he describes,—“There was (Marcius says) a two-fold lustration (muster) of the Roman knights, *censio* and *transvectio*, and it is of the latter that Persius speaks. The *censio* was held every five years, the *transvectio* annually ; hence Dio terms it *ετησιαν εξετασιν*. In the *censio*, which was strictly a review, the knights marched on foot, leading their horses ; in the *transvectio* they rode : in fact, the

Away ! these trappings to the rabble show :
 Me, they deceive not ; for your soul I know,
 Within, without.—And blush you not to see,
 Loose Natta's life and yours so well agree ?

ceremony had more of military pomp than service in it, as they appeared in grand *costume*, wearing the *trabea*, a splendid robe, bordered with bright purple, and crowned with olive wreaths. On these occasions, the knights mustered in the temple of Mars, which stood without the walls, and rode through the streets to the Capitol, defiling by the Censors, who sat in the Forum, in front of the temple of Castor, and saluting them as they past. 'This custom, which was of ancient date, had fallen, Suetonius tells us, into neglect, when it was revived by Augustus. It flourished for a few years ; but as the emperors grew jealous of all authority but their own, they assumed the Censor's office, and neglected its duties ; when the practice was entirely laid aside. I have already noticed the diffusiveness of Holyday, the following is an amusing instance of it :

“ Wilt swell, because clad in thy purple graine,
 “ Meeting Rome's censour with his pompous traine,
 “ Thou canst salute him by the name of *Cuzze*,
 “ And arrogantly aske him how he does ?”

Who would have foreseen in the author of this inaccurate verbosity, the future translator of Juvenal !

VER. 56. *Loose Natta's life, &c.*] The old Scholiast refers to Horace, in this place.

“ Ungor olivo,
 “ Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis :”

but the characters are totally unlike. Horace speaks of a sordid and disgusting miser, Persius of a bloated epicure, of a man so abandoned, so deeply immersed in sensuality as to be dead to the distinctions of virtue and vice. Some of the trans-

—But Natta's is not *life*: the sleep of sin
 Has seiz'd his powers, and palsied all within;
 Huge cawls of fat envelope every part,
 And torpor weighs on his insensate heart:
 Absolv'd from blame by ignorance so gross,
 He neither sees, nor comprehends his loss;
 Content in guilt's profound abyss to drop,
 Nor, struggling, send one bubble to the top!

Dread sire of Gods! when lust's envenom'd stings
 Stir the fierce natures of tyrannick kings;

lators wish to identify him with the Natta of Juvenal. Sat. viii. v. 142. This is worse than the former. If a parallel be sought in Juvenal, he will be found (if found at all) in Peribomius.

“Horum simplicitas miserabilis; his furor ipse

“Dat veniam.”——

It would be unjust to Persius to pass unnoticed the superior force and gravity of his description: perhaps, the palsy of the mind, the deadening effects of habitual profligacy, was never more skilfully or more strikingly delineated. It is admirably translated by Holyday; and may well atone for many such passages as that just quoted from him. Dryden has done little more than copy it.

“Art not asham'd to live like dissolute

“Loose Natta? but (alas!) he's destitute

“Of sense! He stands amazed in vice! the deep

“Fat brawne of sin makes his heart soundly sleep

“That now he doth not sinne! No, he's so grosse,

“So stupid, that he's senseless of his losse!

“And sunk down to the depth of vice, he'll swim

“No more againe up to the water's brim.”

VER. 65. *Dread sire of Gods! &c.*] This is a noble apo-

When storms of rage within their bosoms roll,
 And call, in thunder, for thy just control,
 O, then relax the bolt, suspend the blow,
 And thus and thus alone, thy vengeance show,
 In all her charms, set Virtue in their eye,
 And let them see their loss, despair, and—die!

Say, could the wretch severer tortures feel,
 Closed in the brazen bull?—Could the bright steel,

strophe; poetical, impassioned, and even sublime: that it is ineffectual, is not the fault of Persius. Well did St. Augustin observe, in allusion to it, “*Mox ut eos libido perpulerit ferventi, ut ait Persius, tincta veneno magis intuentur quid Jupiter (magnus pater divum) fecerit quàm quid docuerit Plato, vel censuerit Cato.*” De Civ. Dei. lib. v.

This passage is well given by one of our earliest poets.

“None other payne pray I for them to be
 “But when the rage doth lead them from the right
 “That looking backwarde Vertue they may see
 “Even as she is, so goodly faire and bright,
 “And while they claspe their lustes in arms a crosse,
 “Graunt them good Lord, as thou maist of thy might,
 “To freat inward for losing such a losse?”

Wyat's Epistle to Poynes.

VER. 73. *Say, could the wretch, &c.*] Perillus who, to gratify the savage cruelty of Phalaris, fabricated the brazen bull, and, as a just reward for his ingenuity, was condemned to make the first trial of its tortures. The “guest” mentioned in the next couplet was Damocles, an outrageous flatterer of Dionysius of Syracuse, who believed, or pretended to believe, like Vertigo in the play, that the sum of human happiness was comprized in regal state. The tyrant, (for all tyrants delight in practical

That, while the board with regal pomp was spread,
 Gleam'd o'er the guest, suspended by a thread,
 Worse pangs inflict, than he endures, who cries,
 (As, on the rack of conscious guilt, he lies,
 In mental agony,) "Alas! I fall,
 Down, down the unfathom'd steep, without recal!"
 And withers at the heart, and dares not show
 His bosom wife the secret of his woe!

Oft (I remember yet,) my sight to spoil,
 Oft, when a boy, I blear'd my eyes with oil,

jest,) to give him a convincing proof of it, caused him to be clothed in purple, and served with a magnificent banquet at his own table. So far all was admirable—but immediately over the head of the mock-monarch glittered a naked sword, suspended by a single hair. Damocles lost his appetite* at the sight, and, for a time, no doubt, enjoyed all the felicity of a real despot. These fables, it must be confessed, are a little trite; but it is sometimes proper to notice them. The poet's application of his examples, is strikingly awful: it is to be lamented that Dryden should, through mere heedlessness, deprive his readers of all its advantages. "*Quod proxima nesciat uxor,*" he renders

"Even in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,

"And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife!"

* Rather his taste;

"Districtus ensis cui super impia

"Cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes

"Dulcem elaborabunt saporem."—HOR

What time I wish'd my studies to decline,
 Nor make great Cato's dying speeches mine;
 Speeches, my master to the skies had raised,
 Poor pedagogue! unknowing what he praised;
 And which my sire, suspense 'twixt hope and fear,
 With venial pride, had brought his friends to hear.

For then alas! 'twas my supreme delight
 To study chances, and compute aright,

VER. 88. *Poor pedagogue! &c.*] The poet is not quite so complimentary, he calls him (*non sanus*) insane; which the pseudo-Cornutus, alarmed probably for the scholar's gratitude, explains by (*valde sanus*) full of wisdom! The truth is, that the unfortunate race of men who taught the rudiments of learning at Rome, were held in little esteem; and the humble labours of Orbilius, Ruffus, and the "bum-brusher" before us, were forgotten or ridiculed as fast as the youths escaped from their hands. The criticks are not agreed upon the precise sense of *non sanus*. Marcilius thinks that it means *iracundus*; but the master of the text was a placid, good-natured soul; Koenig says that it alludes to the absurdity of proposing such grave subjects to boys: while Sir W. Drummond refers it to the dogma of the Stoicks, who maintained all to be *non sani* that "did not understand and practise their philosophy." I am somewhat inclined to Madan's opinion, notwithstanding the ridicule of Sir W. Drummond, and believe that the poet, proud of his superior knowledge, laughs at the weakness of his old master, who could be delighted with such fustian.

VER. 91. *For then, alas! &c.*] There is nothing more obscure than the nature of the Roman games of chance, except, perhaps, that of our own ancestors; and the commentators who treat expressly on either, fall into perpetual inconsistencies. I know as little of the matter as the wisest of my predecessors,

What sum the lucky sice would yield in play,
And what the fatal aces sweep away :
Anxious, no rival candidate for fame
Should hit the long-neck'd jar with nicer aim ;

and shall therefore hazard nothing beyond a simple explanation of the terms of the text. The Romans appear to have had two species of dice ; the *tessera*, (our dice,) and the *talus*. It is of this Persius is supposed to speak ; so that the former may be dismissed. The *talus* was an oblong square, figured on the four sides : the numbers, which did not follow in succession, were the ace (*canis*, or, as Persius terms it, *canicula*,) the tray, (*ternio*) the cater, (*quaternio*) and the sice (*senio*.) The ace was always a losing cast, the sice a winning one : this is familiarly noticed by Isidorus, “ *Nisi parva felicitas tibi videtur vincere alea, et cum aliis in unionem (canem) evolvitur — tibi semper senionem emergere.*” lib. xviii. c. 66. They did not play with a pair of dice as we do, but with four. Suetonius has had the taste to preserve a letter of Augustus to Tiberius, where the good old emperor talks with great complacency of the amusement which he found in this te-totum kind of business. “ *Cænavi, mi Tiberi, cum iisdem. Accesserunt convivæ Vinicius et Silvius pater. Inter cænam lusimus γερωνίως et heri et hodie. Talis enim jactatis, aut quisque canem aut senionem miserat, in singulos talos singulos denarios in medium conferebat : quos tollebat universos qui Venerem jecerat.*” lib. ii. c. 70. Here a single dice was thrown, and a denarius staked for each point ; the four tali were then put into the box, and the person who first threw *Venus*, that is, sices, or, as some say, the four different numbers, swept the stakes—but enough of this.

VER. 96. *Should hit the long-neck'd jar, &c.]* This puerile sport appears to be an improved kind of *cherry-pit*, where the boys, instead of pitching nuts, &c. into a hole dug in the ground, pitched them into a jar. Holyday, however, who is closely followed by Dryden, and Brewster, takes the *orca*, with

Nor, while the whirling top beguiled the eye,
With happier skill the sounding scourge apply.

But you have pass'd the schools; have studied
long,

And learn'd the eternal bounds of Right and Wrong,
And what the Porch, (by Mycon limn'd, of yore,
With trowser'd Medes,) unfolds of ethick lore,

its "narrow neck," for a dice box: although the word occurs
just below in the very sense which it evidently bears here,

"Mænaque quod prima nondum defecerit orca."

But thus he gives it:

"Watch'd that my fellows did not put false play

"Upon me, neatly cogging forth a die

"Out of the small-neck'd casting-box."——

The note on this passage is worthy of the text. "They used (he says) to cast their dice out of boxes, as now adais we doe out of small sawcers, [an odd illustration, by the way, of "a small neck'd box,"] to prevent the sleight of the hand, which notwithstanding some more cunning gamesters did often practice." O bone! these were school-boys. How did this distich escape the translator?

"Vas quoque sæpe cavum spatio distante locatur

"In quod missa levis nux cadit una manu." *Nux. v. 85.*

VER. 101. *And what the Porch, &c.*] It is thus incidentally described by Corn. Nepos, in the life of Miltiades. "*Huic (Milt.) talis honos tributus est in Porticu, quæ Pæcile vocatur, quum pugna depingeretur Marathonis; ut in decem Prætorum numero, prima ejus imago poneretur.*" This Porch (Στοα) was painted by Mycon, and his more celebrated son, Polygnotus; it formed the favourite retreat of Zeno, and the founders of the

Where the shorn youth, on herbs and pottage fed,
 Bend, o'er the midnight page, the sleepless head :
 And, sure, the letter where, divergent wide,
 The Samian branches shoot, on either side,

Stoick philosophy, which took its distinctive appellation from this circumstance.

Persius, like Juvenal, uses *Mede*, as a generic term for the people under the sway of the Persian monarch : from the description of them, they appear to have worn pretty nearly the same dress at the battle of Marathon as at this day. The “ painted porch ” long survived the age of Persius ; it was an object of veneration to the *budge doctors of the Stoick fur*, who appear to have made annual pilgrimages to it, so late as the fifth century, when it was wantonly demolished by a Proconsul of Attica.

VER. 105. *And sure the letter, &c.*] The allusion is to the Greek hypsilon (Y) selected by Pythagoras as the symbolical representative of human life : the early part, or that which passes before any distinct character is assumed, is typified by the trunk or stem, while the two-branches prefigure the different and opposite routes of Virtue and Vice. The right hand branch, which was the finer drawn line of the two, leads, it seems, to Virtue, the other, to Vice. There is nothing very ingenious in the thought, for the philosopher's finger and thumb would have furnished quite as apt an illustration of his theory ; yet it took greatly with the Ancients. Persius alludes to it again in the fifth Satire, and it is thus noticed in the *Virgiliana* :

“ *Litera Pythagoræ discrimine secta bicorni*

“ *Humanæ vitæ speciem præferre videtur.*”

It is scarcely possible to notice this weak and imperfect symbol, without adverting to another, not necessary to be given here, in which all is congruent, impressive, and awfully instructive.

Has to your view, with no obscure display,
Mark'd, on the right, the strait but better way.

And yet you slumber still ! and still opprest,
With last night's revels, knock your head and breast !
And, stretching o'er your drowsy couch, produce
Yawn after yawn, as if your jaws were loose !
Is there no certain mark, at which to aim ?—
Still must your bow be bent at casual game ?
With clods, and potsherds, must you still pursue,
Each wandering crow that chance presents to view ;
And, careless of your life's contracted span,
Live from the moment, and without a plan ?

When bloated dropsies every limb invade,
In vain to hellebore you fly for aid :
Meet, with preventive skill, the young disease,
And Craterus will boast no golden fees.

VER. 122. *And Craterus will boast no golden fees.*] It is curious to learn from the elder Pliny, that a physician in repute made nearly as much money by his practice, in Rome, as is now made by the most popular of their successors, with us: he notices several whose fees amounted to five or six thousand a year.

Craterus, like all the physicians in vogue, was a Greek ; he is mentioned by Cicero, and by Horace, and is said to have been physician to Augustus. There were practitioners at Rome, in the poet's age, whose credit and whose fees were equal to those of Craterus, and whose name would therefore have furnished as apt an example : but Persius could never keep his

Mount, hapless youths, on Contemplation's wings,
 And mark the Causes and the End of things :—
 Learn what we are, and for what purpose born,
 What station here 'tis given us to adorn ;
 How best to blend security with ease,
 And win our way through life's tempestuous seas ;
 What bounds the love of property requires,
 And what to wish, with unrepov'd desires :

thoughts, nor his fingers from Horace, whose Satire (lib. ii. sat. 3.) he must have had at this time before him.

VER. 123. *Mount, hapless youths, &c.*] In this section there is not much of novelty ; nor indeed, is it to be looked for. Besides the Greek philosophers, the poet had in view Cicero, and, perhaps, Seneca. From the lib. *De Finibus*, in particular he has drawn largely ; it is, however, due to him to add, that he has given a beautiful summary of the pure ethicks of his school, and expressed the sense of his eloquent but wordy masters, with admirable force and brevity.

Persius is here very much in earnest : his language is direct, and remarkably free from his besetting fault, harsh and overstrained metaphors. The only passage which creates any difficulty was, no doubt, plain to those for whom he wrote, and, perhaps, is come down to us in a corrupted state.—*Aut metæ quam mollis flexus, et undæ*, is variously read ; we have *qua* for *quam*, *unde* for *undæ*, &c. In this uncertainty, I have given what I conceive to be the general import of the words :—but the author evidently alludes to an actual contention, i. e. to a boat, or a chariot race. If *unde* be genuine, the passage would, perhaps, be more correctly rendered in this manner :

How best to take your station, whence to start,
 And where to turn the goal with nicest art.

How far the genuine use of wealth extends ;
 And the just claims of country, kindred, friends ;
 What Heaven would have us be, and where our
 stand,
 In this GREAT WHOLE, is fix'd by high command.
 Learn these—and envy not the sordid gains,
 Which recompense the well-tongued lawyer's pains;
 Though Umbrian rusticks, for his sage advice,
 Pour in their jars of fish, and oil, and spice,

VER. 133. *What Heaven would have us be,*]—*Quem te Deus esse Jussit*, &c. Holyday translates the passage thus :

“ Whom God hath made thee, and in what degree

“ And state of life, he here hath placed thee.”

On which he observes—“ Methinkes these lines of mine author, and especially, his word *Deus*, seemes to be of that high straine of Divinitie (in a heathen) which Plato reached unto, when he did professe that he writ but in jest, when he said *Gods*.

VER. 135. *Learn these—and envy not the sordid gains.*] “ Among all the Romans who were brought up to learning, (says Dryden, from Casaubon,) few besides the lawyers grew rich;” and he is inclined to be severe on their rapacity. But Dryden did not recollect that all was changed since the days of Cicero. The Bar, which was then frequented by the principal men of the state, was now, in a great measure, abandoned to those who professed law as a regular occupation, and whose sole dependance was on their fees. They were chiefly taken in kind, (this appears also from Juvenal; (Sat. vii.) and seem little calculated to “ enrich” any thing but a larder. A few splendid exemptions may undoubtedly be found : but generally speaking, the profession was not a gainful one.

So thick and fast, that, ere the first be o'er,
A second, and a third, are at the door.

But here, some brother of the blade, some coarse
And shag-hair'd captain, bellows loud and hoarse ;

“ Away with this cramp, philosophick stuff !
My learning serves my turn, and that's enough.
I laugh at all your dismal Solons, I ;
Who stalk with downcast looks, and heads awry,

VER 145. *I laugh at all your dismal Solons.*] There is another object mentioned in the text—Arcesilas—the founder, as Sir W. Drummond says, of the middle Academy. “ *Or cet Arcesilas, tout habile qu'il étoit, avoit le défaut d'être fort petulant dans le dispute, et d'établir pour principe qu'on ne pouvoit rien sçavoir.*” It might perplex a plain-dealing man to account for such a person's disputing at all.—He was, however, a very subtle caviller ; and is therefore charged by Cicero with weakening the foundation of philosophy, and effecting in morals what the Gracchi attempted in politicks.

There is great humour in the intrepid and forthright ignorance of this noble captain, who is made to laugh at all practical as well as speculative knowledge. Hall has imitated, or rather translated the passage with considerable success, though he has somewhat blunted the edge of the satire by introducing names of his own. He was not aware apparently of the sly malice of the poet in his notice of Solon :

“ Tush ! what care I to be Arcesilas,

“ Or some sad Solon whose deep-furrowed face,

“ And sullen head, and yellow-clouded sight

“ Still on the stedfast earth are musing pight ;

“ Muttering what censures their distracted minde,

“ Of brain-sicke paradoxes hath definde ;

Muttering within themselves, where'er they roam,
 And churning their mad silence, till it foam !
 Who mope o'er sick men's dreams, howe'er absurd,
 And on protruded lips poise every word ;
Nothing can come from nothing. Apt and plain !
Nothing return to nothing. Good, again !
 And this it is, for which they peak and pine
 This precious stuff, for which they never dine !"

Jove, how he laughs ! the brawny youths around,
 Catch the contagion, and return the sound ;
 Convulsive mirth on every cheek appears,
 And every nose is wrinkled into sneers !

" Doctor, a patient said, employ your art,
 I feel a strange wild fluttering at the heart ;
 My breast seems tighten'd, and a fetid smell
 Affects my breath,—feel here ; all is not well."

Med'cine and rest the fever's rage compose,
 And the third day, his blood more calmly flows.

" Or of Parmenides or darke Heraclite,
 " Whether all be one, or nought be infinite," &c.

The impudent vivacity with which the captain opens his
 harangue in Dryden, is exceedingly characteristick and
 amusing :

" Tush ! I have sense to serve my turn, in store ;

" And he's a rascal who pretends to more :

" D—— me ! whate'er those book-learn'd blockheads say,

" Solon's the veriest fool in all the play !"

The fourth, unable to contain, he sends
 A hasty message to his wealthier friends,
 And *just about to bathe*—requests, in fine,
 A moderate flask of old Surrentin wine.

“ Good heavens ! my friend, what sallow looks
 are here ? ”

Pshaw, nonsense ! nothing ! “ Yet ’tis worth your
 fear,

VER. 167. *And, “ just about to bathe,” &c.]* This is urged as a kind of apology for his freedom, and a modest hint (not, however, to be taken) that he only wished for a small quantity. The flask was filled, of course ; and the convalescent glutton drank it out—*Hinc subitæ mortes, &c.*

Surrentine wine, of a good quality, was not common ; hence, says Marcilius, the poet sends his servant to a great friend (*maiore domo*) for it. If Pliny may be trusted, it was well adapted to the occasion. “ *Surrentina in vineis tantum nascentia, convalescentibus maxime probata propter tenuitatem, salubritatemque* ”—Here seems to be a distinction between the cultivated grape, and that which grew wild, and of which probably the common drink of the people, *vin du pays*, was made. Yet he adds “ *Tiberius dicebat, consentisse medicos, ut nobilitatem darent, alioquin esse generosum acetum.* ” In which opinion he is supported by the judicious Caligula, who calls Surrentine wine *vappam nobilem*. Perhaps its qualities were improved by time ; for it was kept, Pliny adds, five or six and twenty years by people of taste. The curious reader who should now make a journey to Surrentum for the purpose of enjoying this celebrated wine would be sorely disappointed ; in return, he would find most excellent veal there, the calves of this district being in high repute among the Neapolitan cognoscenti.

VER. 169. — *what sallow looks are here, &c.]* The trans-

Whate'er it be : the waters rise within,
 And, though unfelt, distend your sickly skin."
 —And yours still more ! Whence springs this
 freedom, tro' ?

Are you, forsooth, my guardian ? Long ago
 I buried him ; and thought my nonage o'er :
 But you remain to school me ! " Sir, no more." —

Now to the bath, full gorged with luscious fare,
 See the pale wretch his bloated carcase bear ;
 While from his lungs, that faintly play by fits,
 His gasping throat sulphureous steam emits !—
 Cold shiverings seize him, as for wine he calls,
 His grasp betrays him, and the goblet falls !

lators give this line to the physician. I believe with Koenig, that it belongs to an acquaintance who accidentally falls in with the patient as he is tottering from the table to the bath, and who, justly alarmed at the complication of asthma and dropsy which he discovers in him, tries to persuade him to turn back. The petulance and ill-humour with which this kindness is received, are highly characteristick, and satirical. The dying wretch was too much in the wrong to bear good advice. Boileau has tried his skill on this passage, but with no great success :

" Qu'avez vous ? Je n'ai rien. Mais—Je n'ai rien, vous dis-je,

" Repondra ce malade, à se taire obstiné ;

" Mais cependant voilà tout son corps gangrené,

" Et la fevre demain, se rendant la plus forte,

" Un benitier aux piés, va l'étendre à la porte."

From his loose teeth, the lip, convuls'd, withdraws,
 And the rich cates drop through his listless jaws.
 Then trumpets, torches come, in solemn state;
 And my fine youth, so confident of late,

VER. 185. *Then trumpets, torches, &c.*] The poet has shaken his description a little out of order: but it is nevertheless exceedingly sprightly and pleasant. Previously to the last ceremony, the corpse was washed, rubbed with unguents and perfumes, and laid, as the text describes it, upon an open bier. It was now that the trumpets and torches assembled, and that the funeral procession began its march towards the pyre. Dryden and others take *porta* for the gate of the city, and give many fanciful reasons for pointing the feet of the dead towards it; but the word is used here simply for the passage out of the house, the vestibule, in short; and no better motive than a sense of decency need be adduced for the position of the body. In *portas extendere* is perfectly synonymous with *foras spectare*, which is found in Seneca, Epist. xii.

“Adults (*Tornorupæus* says) were accompanied by torches, children by wax-lights.” He is therefore at a loss to discover why the “adult of Persius should be carried forth *cum cereis*, as he is pleased to interpret *candelæ*: at length he recollects a passage in Seneca, which put an end to his difficulties. “*At mehercle istorum funera tanquam qui minimum vixerint, non ad faces, sed ad cereos deducenda sunt.*” But the critick mistakes the philosopher as he had before mistaken the poet. *Candela* is put for any inflammable matter; and Seneca is not stating a fact, but suggesting a measure for the attainment of a moral purpose.

As the Roman funerals were frequently by night, a number of torches were carried to add to the pomp of the procession; but torches were at all times necessary, for, after the pile had been fired, they were thrown into the flames to increase the

Stretch'd on a splendid bier, and essenced o'er,
Lies, a stiff corpse, heels foremost at the door.
Romans of yesterday, with cover'd head,
Shoulder him to the pyre, and——all is said!

“ But why to me? Examine every part;
My pulse:—and lay your finger on my heart;

conflagration, and hasten the consumption of the body. Children were not burned; this accounts for their being taken to the grave with tapers or wax-lights.

I was at first perplexed to discover why Sir W. Drummond supposed these *candelæ* to allude to the lamps placed in the sepulchres.—But he had by him, it appeared, an elaborate and learned disquisition on “ that species of fire which burns without consuming the combustible matter that supports it.”

I had nearly overlooked the “ Romans of yesterday.” They were slaves just manumitted by the Will of the deceased, who claimed, according to custom, the honour of conveying the body of their benefactor to the grave. The cap (*pileum*) was the type of freedom; they were not likely, therefore, to forget it; and accordingly they are characterised by the poet, as appearing, *induto capite*, with covered heads. “ Romans of yesterday,” is, after all, a very inadequate translation of *Hesterni Quirites*; but the dry humour of this combination, simple as it appears, would require more than one line to do it justice.

VER. 191. *But why to me? &c.*] The conclusion of the satire is worked up with equal spirit and ingenuity. Drowsy as the poet's youthful companion (*unus comitum*) is represented, he is yet alert enough to discover, that he is somehow or other involved in the present apologue. As the preceptor, however, appears to labour under a considerable mistake, he prepares to set him right; and in a somewhat indignant tone (this is the

You'll find no fever : touch my hands and feet,
A natural warmth, and nothing more, you'll meet."

'Tis well ! But if you light on gold by chance,
If a fair neighbour cast a sidelong glance,
Still will that pulse with equal calmness flow,
And still that heart no fiercer throbbings know ?

Try yet again. In a brown dish behold,
Coarse gritty bread, and coleworts stale and old :
Now, prove your taste. Why those averted eyes ?
Hah ! I perceive :——a secret ulcer lies
Within that pamper'd mouth, too sore to bear
Th'untender grating of plebeian fare !

Where dwells this *natural warmth*, when danger's
near,

And "each particular hair" starts up with fear ?

import of *miser*,) affirms himself to be in no danger of
"trumpets and torches," as is falsely insinuated, for that his
state of health is excellent. It is now that the philosopher
sees his advantage, and turns upon the poor dreamer with
the moral of his fable, which he enforces with all the
poignancy of satire, and all the dignity of truth. The student
can no longer mistake, for he is presented with an epitome of
his most besetting vices, and, among the rest, that of ungo-
vernable passion—of which he had furnished a tolerable speci-
men in the opening lines—

" ————— turgescit vitrea bilis.

" Finditur, ut Arcadiæ pecuaria rudere credas."

Or where resides it, when vindictive ire
 Inflames the bosom ; when the veins run fire,
 The reddening eye-balls glare ; and all you say,
 And all you do, a mind so warp'd betray,
 That mad Orestes, if the freaks he saw,
 Would give you up at once, to chains and straw !

SATIRE IV.

Argument.

This Satire is founded on the first Alcibiades of Plato, and many of the expressions are closely copied from that celebrated dialogue. It naturally arranges itself under three heads; the first of which treats of the preposterous ambition of those who aspired to take the lead in State affairs, before they had learned the first principles of civil government. The second division, which is of singular merit, and possesses a rich vein of strong but appropriate humour, and acute reasoning, turns on the general neglect of self-examination, enforcing, at the same time, the necessity of moral purity, from the impossibility of escaping detection, and of restraining all wanton propensity to exaggerate the foibles of others, from its tendency to provoke severe recrimination on our own vices. The conclusion, or third part, reverts to the subject with which the Satire opens, and arraigns, in terms of indignant severity, the profligacy of the young nobility, and their sottish vanity in resting their claims to approbation on the judgment of a worthless rabble.

"The commentators before Casaubon, (Dryden says) were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to publick magistracy: but this excellent scholiast has unravelled the whole mystery, and made it apparent, that the sting of this Satyr was particularly aimed at Nero."

Casaubon has sufficient merit of his own, and needs not therefore be complimented at the expense of others. The translator's acquaintance "with the commentators" was of a limited kind, or he might have known, that Casaubon had been preceded by many in

“ unravelling the mystery.” Some of the *French* criticks attribute the “ discovery” to *Britannicus*; but neither was he the fortunate person!—It may seem a little extraordinary, that the old scholiast, who commonly saw *Nero* in every character, should not have recognised him in that of *Alcibiades*: yet he speaks of the *Satire* as pointed, at those—*qui honoris cupidi supra modum ætatis suæ, publici moderaminis gubernacula quærunt suscipere.*

Sir W. Drummond thinks, with *Dryden*, and the other translators, that *Nero* is the subject, and in a disquisition of exquisite elegance, has instituted a parallel between this prince and *Alcibiades*. Though I have many doubts as to the confined nature of the *Satire*, I can have none as to the propriety of the critick’s concluding remarks. “ To read this *Satire*, may be useful to the young. It may help to correct petulance; it may serve to warn inexperience — From it the youthful statesman may learn that, even in remote times, and in small states, government was considered as a most difficult science: from it, too, the high-born libertine may see, that as the sphere in which he moves, is wide and brilliant, his conduct and character are in proportion conspicuous, and his follies ridiculous.”

SATIRE IV.

VER. 1—8.

WHAT! you, my Alcibiades, aspire
To sway the state!—(Suppose that bearded sire,
Whom hemlock from a guilty world remov'd,
Thus to address the stripling that he lov'd.)—
On what apt talents for a charge so high,
Ward of great Pericles, do you rely?
Forecast on others by gray hairs conferr'd,
Haply, with you, anticipates the beard!

VER. 3. *Whom hemlock, &c.*] The poet speaks of Socrates. See Juvenal, Sat. xiii.

VER. 6. *Ward of great Pericles.*] Alcibiades lost his father while he was yet a child. He was committed to the care and guardianship of Aripnon and Pericles; the latter of whom took him into his own house, and discharged his trust with great fidelity. Both these great men were his relations. The pseudo-Cornutus tells us that Pericles was his uncle: it appears, however, from Cornelius Nepos, that he was his step-father. "*Educatus est in domo Periclis, (privignus enim ejus fuisse dicitur,) eruditus a Socrate.*"

And prompts you, prescient of the public weal,
 Now to disclose your thoughts, and now conceal !
 Hence, when the rabble form some daring plan,
 And factious murmurs spread from man to man,
 Mute and attentive you can bid them stand,
 By the majestick wafture of your hand !

Lo ! all is hush'd : what now, what will he
 speak,

What floods of sense from his charg'd bosom break !
 “ Romans ! I think—I fear—I think, I say,
 This is not well :—perhaps, the better way.”—

VER. 17. *Romans ! I think—&c.*] “ Pere Jouvenci, who had marked this passage, honestly confesses that he cannot comprehend how Alcibiades could harangue the Romans in an assembly of Grecians ! he is therefore inclined to believe (he says,) that *Quirites* is catachrestically used for *Athenienses*. “ Catachrestically,” indeed ! In truth, it must appear very strange to those who have not adverted to the little care which Persius takes to preserve the *keeping* of his plot, that the first word uttered by Alcibiades should be one which by no possibility could come out of his mouth. Instead of attributing this absurdity to a want of taste or judgment in the writer, the commentators are eager to discover in it, what Polonius terms a *fetch of warrant*. Thus M. Monier : “ *Il est visible que Perse met ce mot dans la bouche d'un Grec, exprès pour faire sentir aux Romains que c'est eux qu'il veut désigner !*” This compassionate condescension to the obtusity of his readers is a beautiful feature in the character of the poet ; and we have so many proofs of it in this Satire (such as, *Cures, puteal, &c.*) that if any one rises from it in the persuasion that he has been listening to

O power of eloquence ! But you, forsooth,
 In the nice, trembling scale can poise the truth,
 With even hand ; can with intentive view,
 Amidst deflecting curves, the right pursue ;

Socrates and Alcibiades at Athens all the while, he cannot
 justly charge the illusion on the author.

VER. 20. *In the nice, trembling scale, &c.*] Here is a cluster of figurative expressions, of which the purport may be more easily guessed at than explained. The properties seem to be taken from the balance, the plummet, and the rule or square, a more complicated instrument, apparently, than that in use amongst us. The reference of these intractable terms to the equable distribution of justice, to the clear discernment of the right between perplexing and opposite claims ; and to the application of some corrective principle when the strict observance of the letter of the law (*regula*) would lead to a violation of its spirit (all which the poet evidently has in view) must be left to the reader. I have supplied him, to the best of my ability, with the original phraseology, at the expense of some harshness ; conceiving that he might be better pleased to exercise his ingenuity, than to peruse a smooth paraphrase of a most obvious topick.

In the concluding line of this paragraph, Persius returns pretty nearly to the language of common life. To affix the theta Θ, is to condemn. It is the first letter of Θάνατος, (death) and was probably set against the names of those sentenced to capital punishment ; this, at least, seems implied in the following passage :

“ Nosti mortiferum quæstoris, Castrice, signum :

“ Est operæ pretium discere theta novum,” &c.

Mart. lib. vii. 37.

Or, where the rule deceives the vulgar eye
 With its warp'd foot, th' unerring line apply :
 And, while your sentence strikes with doom precise,
 Stamp the black Theta on the front of vice !

Rash youth ! relying on a specious skin,
 While all is dark deformity within,
 Check the fond thought ; nor, like the peacock
 proud,

Spread your gay plumage to the applauding crowd,
 Before your hour arrive :—Ah, rather drain
 Whole isles of hellebore, to cool your brain !
 For, what is your chief good ? “ To heap my board
 With every dainty earth and sea afford ;

VER. 32. *Whole isles of hellebore,*] *Meras Anticyras*. Anticyra was a maritime city, or as Ainsworth says, an isle in the Malian Gulph. It was fertile in hellebore, and, if the ancient satirists may be trusted, drove a thriving trade in this valuable drug, which was in great request. Some skill, however, was necessary in the administering of it : for its effects were very capricious. A small dose, a single draught, (*sorbitio*,) would cure a patient labouring, like Socrates, under a complication of wisdom and virtue ; whereas two Anticyras, we see, were required to remove the symptoms of youthful presumption ; and Horace mentions a deplorable case of poetry, where three were found insufficient—“ *tribus Anticyris caput insanabile* !”—The last two complaints are still very prevalent ; and it is truly melancholy to think, that no specifick can be found for them either in nature or art.

To bathe, and bask me in the sunny ray,
And doze the careless hours of life away.”—

Hold, hold ! yon tatter’d beldame, hobbling by,
If haply ask’d, would make the same reply.

“ But I am nobly born.” Agreed. “ And fair.”

’Tis granted too : yet goody Baucis there,

Who, to the looser slaves, her pot-herbs cries,

Is just as philosophick, just as wise.—

VER. 41. *Who, to the looser slaves, &c.*] *Cum bene discincto cantaverit ocyma vernæ.* “ In this place,” (says Holyday, and he says truly) “ plentiful is the phansie of interpreters. First, some would have the word *ocymum*, here to signifie an unprofitable herb,—and so would have it be used as a reproach to an unprofitable servant ! 2dly. Some think that *ocymum*, called so from the quickness of it in growing, implies the upbraiding of a servant with his sloath.”—This, as Michael Cassio observes, is a better song than the other.—“ 3rdly. Others take it to signify basil, which some tell us was anciently sowed with cursing, and thus to imply the woman’s railing at an evil servant. 4thly. Some think that *ocymum* being the same with *basilicum*, which signifies kingly or lordly, was for this cause a word odious to servants, as upbraiding them with their servitude !” —There are yet three reasons to come ; but the reader will probably think that he has already had four too many. The secret of all this nonsense (and Holyday’s collections form but a very small part of it) is, that Persius, being usually regarded as an obscure author, the criticks have persuaded themselves that his words can never have a simple meaning. In any other poet this line would have passed without observation ; and, in fact, one more plain and direct could not easily be found. *Ocyma* or *ocima* is used in the general sense of *olera*, for greens, and

How few, alas ! their proper faults explore !
 While, on his loaded back, who walks before,
cantare is the appropriate word for crying them. The Italians
 have no other at this day :

“ ————— quella

“ Alto cantando ai dissoluti servi.

“ L'erbette, ” —

is the version of Stelluti ; and that of Silvestri agrees with it. The *verna*, or home-bred slave was, as has been already observed, (vol. i. p. 370.) the *enfant gaté* of the family, rude, petulant, and dissolute ; this is the meaning of *discinctus* : and the whole argument runs thus. Your high pretensions (Persius says to the young statesman) savour more of folly and insanity than of true wisdom : but, to put the matter to the test, — what is your idea of the sovereign good, the great end of life ? The answer is honest, at least. To indulge in idleness, and to fare well. That, retorts the poet, is precisely what this poor old herb-woman would reply. And the observation is just and pertinent. The Baucises who cry primroses and water-cresses in our streets, have no conception of any happiness that is not connected with the table, and freedom from labour of every kind.

Having given his illustration, the poet leaves the reader to form his estimate of the practical knowledge of this young pretender to state affairs : who now urges other claims, such as birth, beauty, &c. in which he has decidedly the advantage of the old woman : but our stoick treats them with silent contempt, and changes the subject.

Plato has shown more delicacy and tenderness for Alcibiades, than his imitator has for the Roman youth. Instead of confuting his vanity by the agency of an ignorant market-woman, he introduces Amastris, the widow of Xerxes, whose language is grave and dignified, and tempts one to regret that she had not thought of it some years before, and tried its efficacy on her husband.

Each eye is fix'd,—You touch a stranger's arm,
 And ask him, if he knows Vectidius' farm?
 "Whose," he replies? That rich old chuff's,
 whose ground
 Would tire a hawk to wheel it fairly round.

"O, ho! that wretch, on whose devoted head,
 Ill stars and angry gods their rage have shed!

VER. 43. *How few, alas, &c.*] An allusion to the well known fable of Æsop, of Phædrus, and of every body,

"Peras imposuit Jupiter nobis duas.
 Propriis repletam vitiis post tergum dedit,
 Alienis ante pectus suspendit gravem.
 Hac re videre nostra mala non possumus;
 Alii simul delinquent, censores sumus."

VER. 49. *O, ho! that wretch, &c.*] There is a malicious pleasure shown by the speaker at the sudden recognition of Vectidius, and the opportunity thus afforded of calumniating him, *Hunc, ais! hunc!*—This I have endeavoured to express:—but who can do full justice to the lively caricature of Avarice which follows?

The festival mentioned in the next line, was one of great celebrity; a kind of rustick Saturnalia. It was held after the seed-season, on a day annually named by the prætor, but generally on or about the second of January. On the morning of this day, the peasantry assembled near the cross-roads, probably for the advantage of space: here they erected a tree, somewhat in the manner of our may-poles, (while may-poles were found among us) on which the idle plough was hung, or, as some say, broken up—but as the Romans were advanced in civilization beyond the savages of Louisiana, and could not but know that it might be wanted again, this is rather ques-

Who, on high festivals, when all is glee,
 And the loose yoke hangs on the cross-way tree,
 As, from the jar, he scrapes the incrusted clay,
 Groans o'er the revels of so dear a day ;
 Champs on a coated onion dipt in brine ;
 And, while his hungry hinds, exulting dine
 On barley-broth, sucks up, with thrifty care,
 The motherly dregs of his pall'd vinegar !”

But, if “ you bask you in the sunny ray,
 And doze the careless hours of youth away,”
 There are, who at such gross delights will spurn,
 And spit their venom on your life, in turn ;
 Expose, with eager hate, your low desires,
 Your secret passions, and unhallow'd fires.—
 “ Why, while the beard is nurst with every art,
 Those anxious pains to bare the shameful part ?

tionable. Under this tree, some slight shed appears to have been raised, where they sacrificed, feasted, and gave themselves up to riotous mirth and jollity.

The origin of this festival, which was probably, at first, an expression of pious gratitude, is lost in antiquity. The Roman writers refer it to one of their kings, according to custom, and as a god was also necessary, they fixed upon the Lars, who, like Autolycus, were great *snappers up of unconsidered trifles*, and the solemnity was therefore consecrated to the honour of the *Lares compitalitii*.

VER. 65. *Why, while the beard, &c.*] “ I can find” (Dryden says) “ no authority in history for charging these vices on

In vain :—should five athletick knaves essay,
 To pluck, with ceaseless care, the weeds away,
 Still the rank fern, congenial to the soil,
 Would spread luxuriant, and defeat their toil !”

Misled by rage, our bodies we expose,
 And while we give, forget to ward, the blows ;
 This, this is life ! and thus our faults are shown,
 By mutual spleen : we know—and we are known !
 But your defects elude inquiring eyes !—
 Beneath the groin the ulcerous evil lies,
 Impervious to the view ; and o’er the wound,
 The broad effulgence of the zone is bound !
 But can you, thus, the inward pang restrain,
 Thus, cheat the sense of languor and of pain ?

Nero ; but Persius wished to cast a veil over his true meaning.” This also is the opinion of Burton and others, who discover this unfortunate prince in every line.

But these criticks do not seem to be aware of the poet’s drift in this part of his Satire. He neither charges Nero, nor any other person with the actual commission of the excesses here mentioned. His object is to recommend a charitable construction of our neighbour’s actions. Vectidius was probably nothing worse than a frugal, thrifty man ; yet he is represented as the most sordid of misers : the young nobility were indolent and luxurious, and the same witty malice, the same wanton propensity to scandal, which had so grossly caricatured the peasant, converts their culpable indulgences into the most frightful licentiousness. The application follows naturally. *Cædimus inque vicem, &c.* Thus all is consistent.

“ But if the people call me wise and just,
Sure, I may take the general voice on trust !”—

No :—If you tremble at the sight of gold ;
Indulge lust’s wildest sallies uncontroll’d ;
Or, bent on outrage, at the midnight hour,
Girt with a ruffian band, the Forum scour ;

VEB. 85. *Or, bent on outrage, &c.*] The criticks maintain that Nero is the person here meant : and, indeed, the vices in the preceding couplet, rapacity and lust, may be fixed upon him without injustice : the next charge (if simply understood) applies still more directly to him :—but simplicity will not serve the turn, and therefore he must be taxed with a fault that can by no possibility belong to him. The original stands thus :

Si puteal multa cautus vibice flagellas.

The *puteal* was a small inclosure in the most frequented part of the Forum ; it contained a low-raised piece of masonry, and appears to have been sometimes used as an altar.* When, or why it was railed in, was a matter of uncertainty even in Cicero’s time. He supposed that the famous razor and whetstone of the augur Nevius, had been deposited there ; others thought that lightning had once fallen upon the spot, and that it was a kind of bidental. But whatever was the cause, a portion of superstitious regard attached to it. In its immediate vicinity the Prætor sat for the dispatch of public business ; and round it were placed the tables of the money-changers,

* Literally, *puteal* is the cover of a well ; though the word was occasionally used for the well itself ; that is, whenever it was enclosed, or set apart for ceremonial purposes. The ancients bestowed great pains on these covers, many of which are still to be found in Greece, beautified with exquisite sculpture.

Then, wretch ! in vain the voice of praise you hear,
And drink the vulgar shout with greedy ear.

and perhaps those of other professions, notaries, &c. Thus the word was used for the tribunal of justice, for the resort of usurers, and generally, for the Forum itself. The line may be thus verbally rendered. If, secure yourself, you scourge the Forum with many stripes. Nothing can be more characteristic of the mad and mischievous disposition of Nero and the young nobility than this trait. In the notes to the third Satire of Juvenal, (vol. i. p. 133) a detailed narrative may be found of these midnight riots. In one of them, Nero was wounded, on which account he was afterward supported by a gang of desperate ruffians, and thus enabled to commit his outrages with impunity. His example was followed by the licentious youth, and Rome, as Tacitus says, resembled, at night, a city taken by storm. It appears that these “night brawlers” flew at high game: and, in the words of the historian, insulted men of rank, and women of the first condition.

That the sense of this disputed verse is such as is here given, I am well persuaded: indeed the passage in Tacitus would, of itself, lead to this explanation. “*Cautus*,” (here is the poet’s word) “*enim deinceps, et metuentius in posterum Nero, milites sibi et plerosque gladiatorum circumdederat.*” And he expressly mentions the Forum as the scene of those enormities.

But this, as has been already observed, was too plain and forthright a meaning for the commentators. The pseudo-Cornutus thus opens the mystick sense. “*Puteal vicus est apud Urbem ubi fœneratores debitoribus pecuniam credebant. Vibice, dixit cicatrices αλληγορικῶς, quod fœneratores debitoribus suis usuras innodantes, tanquam vulnerum in eis cicatrices aperiant. Flagellas dixit i. e. ad exigendum eos commoves.*” This is eagerly adopted by Ascensius, Britannicus, and all the commentators collected in the huge folio of Frobenius: but as they merely copy one another in succession, and add nothing to the happy

Hence, with your spurious claims ! Rejudge your
cause,

And fling the rabble back their vile applause :
To your own breast, in quest of worth, repair,
And blush to find how poor a stock is there !

thought of the old scholiast, it is sufficient to mention them ; unless it be worth noticing, that he is not chargeable with the gross absurdity into which they have all fallen. He attributes no part of this Satire to Nero—a remarkable circumstance—whereas they declare it to be expressly pointed at him, and, in particular, the passage—*At si unctus cesses*, &c.

Koenig, as might be expected, follows the Basle criticks ; as do some of our translators:—but it is time to draw to a close. “*Puteal*, then, means a usurer ; *vibex* a thong, and *flagello*, either to tie, or, by a trifling stretch of the sense, to take a bond of security !” or better still, according to Sheridan, “*puteal* may signify a chest, and *flagello* the act of cording it !” Thus, Nero turns out to be a careful money-lender, and thus—
all sense is confounded, and all consistency destroyed.

SATIRE V.

Argument.

The poetical and philosophical claims of Persius rest, in some measure, upon this Satire; and it is but justice to say that they are not ill supported by it. It consists of two parts; the first of which is appropriated to the expression of the poet's deep and grateful sense of the kindness of his friend and instructor, Cornutus, and a beautiful summary of the blessings which he has derived from his wisdom and goodness. The second part consists of a laboured and ostentatious display of his proficiency in the esoterick doctrine of the Stoick school, in which something must be forgiven to the ardour of youth, and the vehemency of inexperienced virtue. This division of the Satire is principally occupied with that celebrated paradox of his sect, that the wise man alone was essentially free, and that avarice, ambition, luxury, superstition, &c. exercised as despotick a control over their victims as the severest task-master over his slaves.

It cannot be supposed that much new matter should be produced under this head. In fact, both Persius and his preceptor came too late for such a purpose; and could only repeat, in other forms, what had been said a thousand times before. But there may be ingenuity where there is no novelty; and this is not wanting.

Some amusement may be found in contrasting the sober earnestness of Persius with the solemn irony of Horace. The language of both is much the same, and the conclusions do not greatly differ: but Stertinius, in spite of his inflexible gravity, must

have been heard αὐθεῖω γελῶν, while the youthful poet commands respect, and, though he may fail to convince, always secures attention.

A very pleasing part of Dryden's work, is the affectionate gratitude with which, in imitation of his author, he inscribes the translation of this Satire to his old master, Dr. Busby, "at the distance (he says) of forty-two years from the time when he departed from his tuition.

SATIRE V.
TO
ANNÆUS CORNUTUS.

VER. 1—6.

PERSIUS.

POETS are wont a hundred mouths to ask,
A hundred tongues,—whate'er the purposed task ;
Whether a Tragick tale of Pelops' line
For the sad actor, with deep-mouth, to whine ;
Or Epick lay ;—the Parthian wing'd with fear,
And wrenching from his groin the Roman spear.

VER. 1. *Poets are wont, &c.*] An allusion to Virgil—who, whenever he copies the hyperboles of Homer, is seldom satisfied without adding to their extravagance. The old bard was content with ten mouths and ten tongues : his moderation has been overlooked ; and, in spite of the ridicule of Persius, none of his followers, from Statius to Tasso inclusive, think of asking for less than a hundred of each :—

“ Non io se cento bocche, e lingue cento

“ Havessi, e ferrea lena e ferrea voce,” &c.

CORNUTUS.

Heavens ! to what purpose, (sure, I heard thee
wrong,)

Tend those huge gobbets of robustious song,
Which, struggling into day, distend thy lungs,
And need a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues ?

Let fustian bards to Helicon repair,
And suck the spungy fogs that hover there,
Bards, in whose fervid brains, while sense recoils,
The pot of Progne, or 'Thyestes boils,
Dull Glyco's feast !--But what canst thou propose ?
Puff'd by thy heaving lungs no metal glows ;

VER. 15. *Dull Glyco's feast !*] The theatrical taste of the Romans must have greatly degenerated, if the abominable banquets mentioned in the text were allowed to be openly served. Horace had long before reprobated such disgusting exhibitions ; and, indeed, it is pretty certain that nothing of the kind obtained in his time :

“ Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidat,

“ Aut humana palam coquet exta nefarius Atreus,

“ Aut in avem Progne vertatur,” &c.

It seems probable that the national theatre was, in some measure, abandoned to the populace ; and that the actors were held in little esteem. Their merits appear not to have been above their characters. From the parts played by Glyco (Thyestes and Pandion) he must have been *primo tragico* ; yet Persius calls him a simpleton ; and Juvenal, in his description of Cerinthus, another prime actor, is not more respectful in his language.

The pseudo-Cornutus tells us that this person was much ad-

Nor dost thou, mumbling o'er some close-pent strain,
 Croak the grave nothings of an idle brain ;
 Nor swell, until thy cheeks, with thundering sound
 Displode, and spirt their airy froth around.

Confined to common life, thy numbers flow,
 And neither soar too high, nor sink too low:

mired by Nero, who purchased his freedom at a considerable price. The approbation of so discerning a judge is greatly in Glyco's favour: but, adds the scholiast—*nescius jocari, propter quod eum insulsum dixit Persius*. It is to be hoped that the poet had a better reason; he scarcely expected a tragedian to joke, or looked for much facetiousness in the character of Thyestes. On, *sæpe cænanda Glyconi*, Casaubon observes, that *cænare* signifies to act, in order to procure a supper! and hence he accounts for the introduction of *sæpe*. This had been said before by Stelluti, and was not worth repeating. The satire is not directed against Glyco, but the audience, who could bear the frequent repetition of such unnatural exhibitions.

VER. 21. *Confin'd to common life,*] *Verba togæ sequeris, &c.* It is to the credit of Madan that he appears rather startled at this description of his manner, which, with some little strain to his modesty, Persius has put into the mouth of his preceptor. "Query," (he says) "if this be not going somewhat too far?"—In truth, it would be difficult to find in the whole of these Satires any specimen which, at first sight, seems more remote from our notions of the *verba togæ*, the vernacular language, than the very passage in which the author professes to have formed his style in strict conformity to the modes of speech established among the better educated portion of his contemporaries. Yet it is scarcely possible to believe, that a man possessed of the smallest portion of common sense, would expose himself by stumbling at the outset, and contradicting his own

There strength and ease in graceful union meet,
 Though polish'd, subtle, and though poignant,
 sweet ;

Yet powerful to abash the front of crime,
 And crimson error's cheek, with sportive rhyme.
 O still be this thy study, this thy care :
 Leave to Mycenæ's prince his horrid fare,
 His head and feet ; and seek, with Roman taste,
 For Roman food—a plain but pure repast.

PERSIUS.

Mistake me not. Far other thoughts engage
 My mind, Cornutus, than to swell my page
 With air-blown trifles, impotent and vain,
 And grace, with noisy pomp, an empty strain.
 Oh, no : the world shut out, 'tis my design,
 To open (prompted by the inspiring Nine)
 The close recesses of my breast, and bare
 To your keen eye, each thought, each feeling, there ;

pretensions by the very terms in which those pretensions were asserted—to say nothing of his making the person to whom his poem was addressed advance an opinion of which he did not know him to be fully persuaded. I am happily spared the labour of seeking to remove these difficulties, and reconcile these seeming contradictions, by the kindness of my friend Mr. Frere, whose ingenious and learned solution will be found in the Introduction to the Translation, and which the reader will consult with equal profit and pleasure.

Yes, best of friends ! 'tis now my wish to prove,
 How much you fill my heart, engross my love.
 Ring then—for, to your practised ear, the sound
 Will shew the solid, and where guile is found
 Beneath the varnish'd tongue : for THIS, in fine,
 I dared to wish an hundred voices mine ;
 Proud to declare, in language void of art,
 How deep your form is rooted in my heart,
 And paint, in words,—ah, could they paint the
 whole,—

The ineffable sensations of my soul.

When first I laid the purple by, and free,

Yet trembling at my new-felt liberty,

Approach'd the hearth, and on the Lares hung

The bulla, from my willing neck unstrung ;

VER. 49. *When first I laid the purple by, &c.*] The sons of the nobility, and of the privileged citizens, wore the *toga prætexta* (a gown richly bordered with purple) till they reached the age of seventeen, when they exchanged it for the *toga virilis*, or manly gown, and entered into a state of comparative independence and liberty. Persius gives the epithet of *custos* to the purple, to shew, Madan says, “ that it was a kind of sacred preservative of youth.” He certainly did not find this in his author. The *prætexta*, if we may trust those who well knew what they said, was any thing but a preservative, and the translator had but to turn back on his own work to discover that *mores prætextati* were synonymous with habits of no common profligacy. *Custos*, in fact, refers to the domestick restrictions which were taken off when the youth ranked with men,

When gay associates, sporting at my side,
And the white boss, display'd with conscious pride,

VRR. 51. ——— and on the Lares hung

The bulla, &c.] For the *bulla*, see vol. i. p. 194.

This was a private ceremony; as the putting on of the toga was a publick one; if the latter was performed at Rome, the youths repaired immediately afterwards to some temple (generally to the Capitol) to complete the ceremony by offering the customary sacrifices. On the word *succinctis*, here applied to the Lares, the commentators have trifled not a little. The fact seems to be, that gold which, as the poet tells us, had expelled the brass and earthen ware of Numa, and taken possession of the publick worship, had spared the family gods; who, it is probable, were still represented in the same homely garb which they wore before Rome became a city. In truth, these domestic deities were rather looked upon as palladiums, amulets, or preservatives, than as “gods of power;” and a kind of affectionate superstition forbad all attempts at innovation on their costume.—*Succinctus* is such another word as *cinctutus*, which Horace applies to the early republicans, the Cethegi, &c. and which refers to the age of ancient simplicity. Holyday says that “the Lares were called succinct, to signifie their readinesse in defence of the house;” and Madan describes them with all the warlike propensities of Juvenal’s *desperate pigmies*:—but they were a peaceable race.

VER. 54. *And the white boss, &c.*] *Candidus umbo*.—This Holyday translates:

“When now my white shield granted libertie

“Unto mine eies;”—

and he is followed by Dryden, and Sir W. Drummond:—

“When the white shield by youthful warriors worn

“Through all the streets of Rome by me was born.”—

That the Roman youth were presented with shields without

Gave me, uncheck'd, the haunts of vice to trace,
And throw my wandering eyes on every face, 56

any device, when they arrived at the military age, may possibly be true; that they paraded with them “through the streets of Rome,” is a random assertion, and directly in the face of all that we know of the Roman polity; the march (had such a thing been attempted in a moment of insanity) would have been speedily arrested by the proper magistrates.

But while the translators are quoting Ferrarius *de re vestiaria*, and Rubenius, and a multitude of others who decide nothing, they overlook the characteristick habits of the people. The couplet last quoted is followed by—

“When, too, the *martial* dress forbad reproof.”—

Yet the dress which immediately succeeded the *prætexta* was the *toga*, so decidedly the dress of *peace*, as to be used by the best writers as emblematick of that state, and even synonymous with it.

The *umbo*, in short, was the gathering of the folds of the *toga* on the left shoulder, where they formed a kind of circular protuberance, knot, or boss: from this the extremity of the lappet fell down before, and was tucked into the girdle, forming what they called the *sinus*, (an apology for a pocket,) in which papers, books, and other light articles were carried.

“Nardinus,” Sir W. Drummond says, “informs us, that in the *Suburra* (the poet’s walk) were the *lupanaria* :” and he adds, that we can be no longer at a loss for what attracted him thither. This observation (whether just or not) should have prevented him from translating *umbo* a shield; for unless Persius proposed to imitate ancient Pistol, and tear the poor w—s ruffs there, he scarcely presented himself in arms.

The epithet *white* (*candidus*) alludes both to the ordinary colour of the *toga*, and perhaps to the gloss of newness on this momentous occasion; the *blandi comites*, who accompany our poet

When life's perplexing maze before me lay,
 And error, heedless of the better way,
 To straggling paths, far from the route of truth,
 Woo'd, with blind confidence, my timorous youth,
 I fled to you, Cornutus, pleased to rest
 My hopes and fears on your Socratick breast,
 Nor did you, gentle Sage, the charge decline :
 Then, dextrous to beguile, your steady line
 Reclaim'd, I know not by what winning force,
 My morals, warp'd from virtue's straighter course ;
 While reason press'd incumbent on my soul,
 That struggled to receive the strong control,
 And took like wax, temper'd by plastick skill,
 The form your hand imposed ; and bears it still !

Can I forget, how many a summer's day,
 Spent in your converse, stole, unmark'd, away ?
 Or how, while listening with increas'd delight,
 I snatch'd from feasts, the earlier hours of night ?
 —One time (for to your bosom still I grew)
 One time of study, and of rest, we knew ;

through this confluence of vice and folly, the *Suburra*, were probably those who changed the toga at the same time with himself—*mutatæque simul togæ*. This, as has been elsewhere observed, was an act of great solemnity, and formed among the youths who assisted at it a band of fellowship which frequently subsisted unbroken through life.

One frugal board where, every care resign'd,
An hour of blameless mirth relax'd the mind.

And sure our lives, which thus accordant move,
(Indulge me here, Cornutus,) clearly prove,
That both are subject to the self-same law,
And from one horoscope their fortunes draw;
And whether Destiny's unerring doom,
In equal Libra, poised our days to come;
Or friendship's holy hour our fates combined,
And to the Twins, a sacred charge assign'd;
Or Jove, benignant, broke the gloomy spell
By angry Saturn wove;—I know not well—
But sure some star there is, whose bland controul,
Subdues, to yours, the temper of my soul!

Countless the various species of mankind,
Countless the shades which separate mind from
mind;

VER. 79. *And sure our lives, &c.*] The reader will probably be glad to escape from an astrological comment on this passage. It contained, beyond question, the most approved deductions from the Tuscan almanack of the year; and if Cornutus could overlook some want of novelty in the language and application, which, to say truth, are transcribed with too free a pen from Horace, he might find much to admire in the warmth and sincerity of his affectionate pupil. Dryden (though an adept) has very little on this subject, and that little is cautiously delivered: perhaps Dr. Busby was no *Philomath*.

No general object of desire is known ;
 Each has his will, and each pursues his own :
 With Latian wares, one roams the Eastern main,
 To purchase spice, and cummin's blanching grain ;
 Another, gorged with dainties, swill'd with wine,
 Fattens in sloth, and snores out life, supine ;
 This loves the Campus ; that, destructive play ;
 And those, in wanton dalliance, melt away :—
 But when the knotty gout their strength has broke,
 And their dry joints crack like some wither'd oak,

VER. 96. ——— and cummin's blanching grain]—*pallentis grana cumini*. This plant, a mere dwarf in our gardens, “ grows (Sir W. Drummond says) to the height of eight or nine feet in hot countries. It is much cultivated by the Maltese, with whom it forms an article of commerce.” It seems to have served, in some measure, as a succedaneum for pepper, which was too expensive a spice for common tables, being, as Pliny tells us, purchased by weight, *ut aurum vel argentum*. Persius calls it *pallens*, from its property of producing paleness when used as a decoction : whence those who affected the appearance of hard and laborious students, without being so, swallowed *potations of it, pottle-deep*, and drank themselves pale, as the students of the Temple eat themselves learned. Horace says, that if he happened, by any chance, to look pale, his imitators betook themselves to their cummin immediately : and Pliny mentions one Porcius Latro, who set numbers agog to catch by this mode the cadaverous appearance of his bloodless cheeks : *Cuminum pallorem bibentibus gignit. Ita certe ferunt Porcii Latronis clari inter magistros dicendi affectatores similitudinem coloris studiis contracti imitatos, &c. lib. xx. c. 14.*

Then they look back, confounded and aghast,
 On the gross days in fogs and vapours past ;
 With late regret the waste of life deplore,
 No purpose gain'd, and time, alas ! no more.

But you, my friend, whom nobler views delight,
 To pallid vigils give the studious night ;

VER. 105. *With late regret, &c.*]

Tunc crassos transisse dies, lucemque palustrem,
 Et sibi jam seri vitam ingemuere relictam.

They groan over that portion of life spent in gross sensuality and a fenny or misty atmosphere : *i. e.* in mental ignorance. But what is the meaning of the last line : “ They not only,” says Madan, “ bemoan the past ; but the portion of life which still remains, being imbittered by remorse, becomes a grief and a burden to them.” If this be the sense, the translation should run something in this manner ;

Then they look back with unavailing tears,
 On the gross darkness of their mispent years ;
 Nor, with less anguish, gaze at what remains
 Of wretched life—an age of griefs and pains !

But *vita relictæ* can scarcely bear this meaning : *relictæ* seems used here as in that fine passage of the third Satire, *Magne Pater, &c.* for the main end and object of their past life, wholly thrown away and abandoned by them. In this sense Holyday evidently understood the passage, and his version of it, though the most tuneless, is yet, I believe, the most faithful that has hitherto appeared :

“ Anger and griefe doe then begin a strife
 Within them, for their base and durtie life
 Now spent : when now, but now too late, they looke
 Upon the life they wretchedly forsooke.”

Cleanse youthful breasts from every noxious weed,
 And sow the tilth with Cleanthean seed.
 There seek, ye young, ye old, secure to find
 That certain end, which stays the wavering mind;
 Stores, which endure, when other means decay,
 Through life's last stage, a sad and cheerless way.

“ Right ; and to-morrow this shall be our care.”
 Alas ! to-morrow, like to-day, will fare.

VER. 112. ——— *with Cleanthean seed.*] i. e. with Stoick philosophy. Cleanthes was one of the most distinguished followers of Zeno, the founder of the school. The mention of this name brings Persius, without much violence, to the main object of his Satire, the discussion of that grand paradox of the sect *a Cynicis tunica distantia*, namely, that “ the wise man alone is free ;” and he plunges into it with a zeal not altogether borne out by his knowledge ; but with much spirit, acuteness, and ingenuity. Something, on this head, has been already delivered in the introductory pages ; to these, the reader may be referred, for the topick claims not to be treated anew.

VER. 117. *Right ; and to-morrow this shall be our care, &c.*] One of Martial's neatest epigrams turns on this thought. It deserves a better translation than Cowley's, though this is the best that I can find :—

“ Cras te victurum,” &c.

“ To-morrow you will live, you always cry ;
 In what far country does this Morrow lie,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive ?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?
 'Tis so far-fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.

“What! is one day, forsooth, so great a boon?”
 But when it comes, (and come it will too soon,)
 Reflect, that yesterday’s to-morrow’s o’er.—
 Thus “one to-morrow! one to-morrow! more,”
 Have seen long years before them fade away;
 And still appear no nearer than to-day!
 So while the wheels on different axles roll,
 In vain, (though govern’d by the self-same pole,)
 The hindmost to o’ertake the foremost tries;
 Fast as the one pursues, the other flies!

FREEDOM, in truth, it steads us much to have:
 Not that, by which each manumitted slave,
 Each Publius, with his tally, may obtain
 A casual dole of coarse and damaged grain.

To-morrow I will live, the Fool does say;
 ‘To-day itself’s too late; the Wise liv’d yesterday!’

Lib. v. 48.

VER. 129. *Each Publius, with his tally, &c.*] When a slave was manumitted, and enrolled among the tribes into which the citizens were divided, he received, together with a name, a tally, (a square bit of wood properly marked and numbered,) on the shewing of which he was entitled to share in the distributions of grain, &c. which occasionally took place in favour of the poor. The grotesque hyperbolies of Persius, in which much of his peculiar humour consists, cannot be exhibited to the English reader without a degree of circumlocution that would weaken their effect. Here the new citizen has not a *tessera*, but a *tesserula*, a little paltry ticket; the corn which he receives is *scabiosum*, smutty: and he is thrust into the *tribus*

—O souls ! involv'd in Error's thickest shade,
 Who think a Roman with one turn is made !
 Look on this paltry groom, this Dama here,
 Who, at three farthings, would be prized too dear ;

Velina, the meanest of the whole. All this has a good effect in the original.

In a duodecimo edition of Persius, printed at Berne, in 1765, the anonymous editor (supposed to be J. R. Sinner,) has subjoined the following note to this passage, transcribed, as he says, from a MS. of the twelfth century : “ *Velina tribus genus servorum, sed propter strenuitatem suam Romani fecere eos liberos : sed tamen non dignati sunt eos eodem honore sed cum accipiebant frumentum dabatur illis siligo, et ideo dicitur scabiosum far ; sed cum accipiebant aurum, dabatur illis argentum.*” If this be so, it is well ; but I know of no other authority for it.

VER. 132. *Who think a Roman with one turn is made* !] “The ceremony of making a slave free” (I use the words of Sir W. Drummond) “was very short. The prætor turned him round, laid his wand upon his head, and said, *hunc esse liberum volo*. Forthwith the *new man* strutted out of the prætor's house with the cap of liberty on his head : and giving himself a *prænomen*, was saluted by this new appellation as he passed through the streets.” There is much pleasantry in the frequent repetition of Marcus, and the studied exclusion of all reference to the former name. Marcus was the *prænomen* of several of the first men of the state, and probably that of Dama's late master ; he could not therefore but be highly flattered by it ; for, as Horace well observes :

“ ——— gaudent prænomine molles
 Auriculæ.”

But the satire is less directed at Dama than at the degenerate Romans, who pressed forward with such eagerness to pay their interested court to the new citizen, and sooth his ears with an unwearied repetition of the proud appellation.

This blear-eyed scoundrel, who your husks would
steal,

And outface truth to hide the starving meal ;

Yet—let his master twirl this knave about,

And MARCUS DAMA, in a trice, steps out !

Amazing ! MARCUS surety ?—yet distrust !

MARCUS your judge ?—yet fear a doom unjust !

MARCUS avouch it ?—then the fact is clear.

The writings !—set your hand, good MARCUS, here.”

This is mere liberty,—a name, alone :

Yet this is all the cap can make our own.

“ Sure, there’s no other. All mankind agree,

That those who live without controul, are free :

I live without controul ; and *therefore* hold

Myself more free, than Brutus was, of old.

VER. 143. *This is mere liberty, &c.] Hæc est mera libertas.*
i. e. abstract, as opposed to a state of slavery ; taken in the
strict and literal sense, of manumission from foreign controul,
in which sense only you can be said to be free. The reply of
Marcus, considering his view of the subject, is sufficiently
pertinent.

I cannot conceive why all our translators suppose this pas-
sage to be ironical, and set it out with notes of admiration. It
is surely serious ; and much to the purpose ; but they were
probably misled by Holyday :

————— “ Oh, here’s
Brave liberty and true, which our cap weares
As well as wee !”

Absurdly put ; a Stoick cries, whose ear,
 Rins'd with sharp vinegar, is quick to hear :
 True ;—all who live without controul are free ;
 But that you live so, I can ne'er agree.

“ No ? From the Prætor's wand when I with-
 drew,
 Lord of myself, why, might I not pursue
 My pleasure unrestrain'd, respect still had,
 To what the rubrick of the law forbad ?”

VER. 156. ——— the rubrick of the law] See Juvenal, Sat. xiv. v. 266. The old scholiast says—*Hic Masurius Sabinus legis consultus fuit, cujus rubricam vocat minium, quo tituli legum annotabantur.* It would seem from this, that he had drawn up a Digest of the Civil Law, which passed under his name. Besides the title, it is probable that the penal part of the law, was also written in red letters—a practice not without its advantages in a state where the laws and municipal regulations were promulgated by fixing them up in porticos, and places of publick resort :

“ ——— Dicant cur condita sit lex
 Bis sex in tabulis, et cur rubrica minetur ?”

Prudent. lib. v.
 Masurius flourished under Tiberius, by whom he was raised to the dignity of a knight ; a fact which proves (says M. Monier) that “ in those days honours were more easily acquired than riches ;” for Masurius fell into poverty, in his old age, and was supported by the liberality of his pupils. As Masurius was a very eminent lawyer, it would be somewhat difficult to account for his distress, but for a trait in his character incidentally furnished by Athenæus. He was passionately devoted to musick—*musicæ assiduam operam navavit*—and apparently fiddled away his clients.

Listen,—but first your brows from anger clear,
 And bid your nose dismiss that rising sneer ;
 Listen, while I the genuine truth impart,
 And root those old-wives' fables from your heart.

It was not, is not in the " Prætor's wand,"
 To gift a fool with power, to understand
 The nicer shades of duty, and educe,
 From short and rapid life, its end and use :
 The labouring hind shall sooner seize the quill,
 And strike the lyre with all a master's skill.
 Reason condemns the thought, with mien severe,
 And drops this maxim in the secret ear,
 " Forbear to venture, with preposterous toil,
 On what, in venturing, you are sure to spoil."
 In this plain sense of what is just and right,
 The laws of nature and of man unite ;
 That Inexperience should some caution show,
 And spare to reach, at what she does not know.

Prescribe you hellebore ! without the skill,
 To weigh the ingredients, or compound the pill ?—
 Physick, alarm'd, the rash attempt withstands,
 And wrests the dangerous mixture from your hands.

Should the rude clown, skill'd in no star to guide
 His dubious course, rush on the trackless tide,
 Would not Palemon at the fact exclaim,
 And swear the world had lost all sense of shame !

Say, is it your's, by wisdom's steady rays,
 To walk secure, through life's entangled maze?
 Your's, to discern the specious from the true,
 And where the gilt conceals the brass from view?
 Speak, can you mark, with some appropriate sign,
 What to pursue, and what, in turn, decline?
 Does moderation all your wishes guide,
 And temperance at your cheerful board preside?
 Do friends your love experience? are your stores,
 Now dealt with closed and now with open doors,
 As fit occasion calls? Can you restrain
 The eager appetite of sordid gain;
 Nor feel, when, in the mire, a doit you note,
 Mercurial spittle gurgles in your throat?

VER. 181. *Would not Palemon, &c.*] Persius calls him Melicerta; this was his earthly name; but I have given him, *honoris ergo*, the name which he bore among the marine deities. He was the child of Ino, who, to save him from the fury of her husband Athamas, leaped with him into the sea; where Neptune, at the solicitation of Venus, took them both into his suit.

“ ————— abstulit illis

Quod mortale fuit, majestatemque verendam
 Imposuit.” Met. lib. iv. v. 538.

VER. 197. *Nor feel, when in the mire, &c.*] “An allusion” (Holyday says) “to the sport that children used; who tying a piece of money to the end of a string, would cover the string with dirt, and let the money be seen, which, when any greedy fellow passing by would stoop to take up, they would plucke

If you can say, and truly, "THESE ARE MINE,
And THIS I CAN:"—suffice it. I decline
All further question; you are Wise and Free,
No less by Jove's, than by the Law's decree.

But if, good Marcus, you, who form'd so late,
One of our batch, of our enslaved estate,
Beneath a specious outside, still retain
The foul contagion of your ancient strain;
If the sly fox still burrow in some part,
Some secret corner, of your tainted heart;
I straight retract the freedom which I gave,
And hold you Dama still, and still a slave!

the string, and so delude him." The thought, as usual, is from Horace:

"In triviis fixum cum se dimittit ob assem, &c."

but our poet has given strength to the expression:

"Nec gluto sorbere salivam Mercurialem."

Saliva has nothing to do, here, with what some of the criticks term flavour or relish, (as in the next Satire,) but is simply put for that secretion generated by excessive desire of any object in contemplation. Can you, in short, pass by a piece of money without feeling your mouth water at it? Dryden, who translates the passage,

"——— Can you gifts despise,

"And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?"

has missed the poet's drift, which was to point out the base and sordid nature of avarice.

VER. 207. *I straight retract, &c.*] It seems hardly possible to stumble in this place, yet Sheridan and Burton have managed

Reason concedes you nothing. Let us try.
Thrust forth your finger. "See." O, heavens,
awry!

to do it. According to the former, the passage refers to "a favourite play of the boys of Athens, who used to put a rope through a hole in a post, and then tugg at each end of it;" while the latter explains it of "tying the slave again to the whipping post"! This, however, Persius could not do, even though he had called in Cornutus to assist him; for Dama was legally, (though not morally,) free. What the poet means to say, or rather what he actually does say, is to this effect: "I allowed you to be free (*Stoicè*) on such and such assumptions: but if these be not admitted, I recal my grant:" alluding to letting out the string with which animals were held, and which, if they made an ill use of their liberty, and attempted to get away, was drawn in again. Juliet is worth a hundred commentators here:

"I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again."

VER. 211. *Reason concedes you nothing.*] "*Nihil permisit ratio arbitrio tuo;*" Koenig says: but is not *ratio* rather used here in opposition to *vindicta*? The prætor indeed has set you free; but what has wisdom (*ratio*) done for you? nothing: the conclusion follows—you are therefore still ignorant, and still enthralled. In the succeeding lines Persius plunges into the depths of stoicism. He does his best to elucidate the matter; but his success is not very great: nor has he the merit of producing any thing new. What is worse, Horace had long before laughed at the transcendental philosophy here doled out with so much gravity; and it is quite wearisome to find lines, and half lines, which, having been already employed

Yet what so trifling?—But, though altars smoke,
 Though clouds of incense every god invoke,
 In vain you sue, one drachm of RIGHT to find,
 One scruple, lurking in the foolish mind.
 Nature abhors the mixture: the rude clown,
 As well may lay his spade and mattock down,
 And with light foot, and agile limbs prepare
 To dance three steps with soft Bathyllus' air!

by the former with exquisite irony, can, with difficulty, be endured in a formal argument on the same subject. There is bad taste in it, too; and (some perhaps may think) a little want of modesty. Enough has been said in the Introduction, on the paradox here advanced:—briefly, Persius labours to prove that there is no medium between absolute wisdom and absolute folly; and that, as Dryden has it,

“Virtue and vice are never in one soul,

A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool:”

from which notable position, it follows, among other consequences, that the latter cannot perform the most trivial act without blundering egregiously, and encouraging the whole *Porch* to set up a cry of “*Peccas! peccas!*”

VER. 220. *To dance three steps with soft Bathyllus' air.*] Burton tells us that he was a young pantomime in Nero's time. In this, he is followed by Madan, who adds that, for his great agility, he was surnamed the Satyr. If the reader turns to vol. i. p. 207, he will find that Bathyllus could not well be a young man in the time of Nero, since he died, at a good old age, about half a century before Nero was born. Nor was he ever surnamed Satyr, unless by Madan, in his version of the text. What he construes the Satyr Bathyllus, should be translated the Satyr of Bathyllus; a character in some pantomime,

“ Still I am free.” You ! subject to the sway
 Of countless masters, FREE ! What *datum*, pray,
 Supports your claim ? Is there no other yoke,
 Than that which, from your neck, the Prætor broke!--
 “ Go, bear these scrapers to the bath with speed ;
 What ! loitering, knave ?” — Here’s servitude,
 indeed !

Yet you unmov’d the angry sounds would hear ;
 You owe no duty, and can know no fear.
 But if, within, you feel the strong controul—
 If stormy passions lord it o’er your soul,
 Are you more free, than he whom threat’nings urge,
 To bear the strigils, and escape the scourge ?

’Tis morn ; yet sunk in sloth, you snoring lie.
 “ Up ! up !” cries Avarice, “ and to business hie ;
 Nay, stir.” I will not. Still she presses, “ Rise !”
 I cannot. “ But you must and shall,” she cries.
 And to what purpose ? “ This a question ! Go,
 Bear fish to Pontus, and bring wines from Co ;

(probably the Cyclops of Euripides,) in which he was peculiarly
 excellent. The Bathyllus of Nero’s time was Paris.

VER. 232. *The strigils,*] See vol. i. p. 130.

VER. 237. *Bear fish to Pontus. &c.] Saperdas advehe Ponto.*
 The ancients who speak of the *saperda*, do not agree among
 themselves ; perhaps—and this is by no means unlikely—the
 fish differed in quality, according to the place in which it was
 found. Archestratus (Athenæus, lib. iii.) speaks of it as a
 coarse fish ; Ainsworth, who repeats the words, tells us in ano-

Bring ebon, flax, whate'er the East supplies,
Musk for perfumes, and gums for sacrifice:

ther place, that it was the same fish as the *coracinus*: but we learn from the book just quoted, that the *coracinus* was a very delicate fish. Add to this, that the *coracinus* was peculiar to the Nile, whereas the *saperda* was found in the Black Sea, on the coast of Græcia Minor, and in many other places. Pollux, who calls it a Lesbian fish, appears to confound it with the tunny, undoubtedly a coarse fish; and Festus, if his text be correct, terms it *genus piscis vilissimi*.—But, whatever it was, it was used at Rome as a pickle, or seasoning for other dishes; which accounts for an expression of Varo, preserved by Festus. “*Videmur belli festivi saperdæ, cum simus omnes capri*.” We fancy ourselves pleasant fellows, when we are little better than so many boobies. The word, therefore, was proverbial for something smart and agreeable: this must have altogether escaped M. Achaintre, or we should not have been favoured with his exquisite version of it. In some MSS., he says, he found the line thus written:

“En. Quid agam? Rogitas? En *saperdam*! Advehe Ponto.”

i. e. *Me voici! Que ferai-je? Vous le demandez? O le pauvre hère! l'imbecille!*—“This is not,” (he adds) “the way in which it is usually rendered, but it gives spirit to the dialogue”!

There is yet a difficulty—whether the fish was carried to Pontus, or brought from that country to Italy. Sir W. Drummond understands it in the former sense; and I have followed him; though I have many doubts whether the analogy of language will bear either of us out. After all, what Avarice appears to recommend is a kind of trading voyage, an exchange of commodities from port to port.

Persius has found many imitators; but as none of them possessed his peculiar talent of strong and grotesque humour, it is not a matter of surprise that he still remains unrivalled.

Prevent the mart, and the first pepper take
 From the tired camel, ere his thirst he slake.
 Traffick, forswear, if interest intervene"—
 But Jove will over-hear me.—“ Hold, my spleen !
 O dolt ! but, mark—that thumb will bore and bore
 The empty salt, (scraped to the quick before,)
 For one poor grain, a vapid meal to mend,
 If you aspire to thrive with Jove your friend !”

You rouse, (for who can truths like these with-
 stand ?)

Victual your slaves, and urge them to the strand.
 Prepared, in haste, to follow ; and, ere now,
 Had to the Ægean turn'd your vent'rous prow,
 But that sly Luxury the process eyed,
 Waylaid your desperate steps, and, taunting, cried,

Boileau has introduced the arguments of both the speakers into his eighth Satire ; but in a manner that shews how ill he understood the original. The best lines (though all are good) are these :

“ Que faire ? Il faut partir ; les matelots sont prêts.
 Ou, si pour l'estrainer l'argent manque d'attraits,
 Bientôt l'Ambition, et toute son escorte,
 Dans le sein du repos vient le prendre à main forte,
 L'envoie en furieux au milieu des hasards,
 Se faire estropier sur les pas des Cæsars.”—

Si l'argent manque d'attraits, is directly in the face of the poet's position ; it is not the weakness of any particular passion, but the equal influence of all, which proves the Damas of the text to be still in a state of slavery.

“ Ho, madman ! whither, in this hasty plight ?
What passion drives you forth ? what furies fright ?
Whole urns of hellebore might hope, in vain,
To cool this high-wrought fever of the brain.
What ! quit your peaceful couch, renounce your
ease,
To rush on hardships, and to dare the seas !
And, while a broken plank supports your meat,
And a coil'd cable proves your softest seat,
Suck from squab jugs that pitchy scents exhale,
The seaman's beverage, sour at once and stale !
And all, for what ? that sums, which now are lent
At modest five, may sweat out twelve per cent. !—

O rather cultivate the joys of sense,
And crop the sweets which youth and health dis-
pense ;
Give the light hours to banquets, love, and wine :
THESE are the zest of life, and **THESE** are mine !
Dust, and a shade are all you soon must be :
Live, then, while yet you may. Time presses.—See !
Even while I speak, the present is become
The past, and lessens still life's little sum.”

Now, sir, decide ; shall this, or that, command ?
Alas ! the bait, display'd on either hand,
Distracts your choice :—but, ponder as you may,
Of this be sure ; both, with alternate sway,

Will lord it o'er you, while, with slavish fears,
From side to side your doubtful duty veers.

Nor must you, though in some auspicious hour,
You spurn their mandate, and resist their power,
At once conclude their future influence vain :—
With struggling hard the dog may snap his chain ;
Yet little freedom from the effort find,
If, as he flies, he trails its length behind.
“ Yes, I am fix'd ; to Love a long adieu !—
Nay, smile not, Davus ; you will find it true.”

VER. 282. ——— *the dog may snap his chain ; &c.*] This, as Brewster observes, is pleasantly applied in Hudibras :

“ For though the dame has been my bail
To free me from enchanted jail,
Yet as a dog committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his clog, but all in vain,
He still drags after him his chain ;
So, though my ancle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed.”

VER. 285. “ *Yes, I am fix'd, &c.*” “ Persius” (Owen says) “ takes this from Menander himself, but Horace took the same character from Terence’s imitation.” The names perhaps are from Menander, but the application is surely from Horace. Let not Persius, however, be deprived of his due praise. This lively little dialogue may be confidently opposed to any similar scene of equal length in the dramattick and satirick writers, whose works have reached us. Marcilius supposes that in the words—*udas Ebrius ante fores*, the poet alludes to a beautiful passage in Lucretius :

So, while his nails, gnawn to the quick, yet bled,
 The sage Chærestratus, deep-musing, said.—
 “ Shall I my virtuous ancestry defame,
 Consume my fortune, and disgrace my name,
 While, at a harlot’s wanton threshold laid,
 Darkling, I whine my drunken serenade !”

’Tis nobly spoken :—Let a lamb be brought
 To the Twin Powers that this deliv’rance wrought.

“ But—if I quit her, will she not complain ?
 Will she not grieve ? Good Davus, think again.”

Fond trifler ! you will find her “ grief” too late ;
 When the red slipper rattles round your pate,
 Vindictive of the mad attempt to foil
 Her potent spell, and all-involving toil.
 Dismiss’d you storm and bluster : hark ! she calls,
 And, at the word, your boasted manhood falls.

“ Mark, Davus ; of her own accord, she sues !
 Mark, she invites me ! Can I now refuse ?

“ At lacrumans exclusus amator, limina sæpe
 Floribus et sertis operit, postesque superbos
 Ungit amaracino, et foribus miser oscula figit.”

But he seems rather to have had Ovid in view :

“ Ebrius ad durum formosæ limen amicæ
 Cantat, habent unctæ mollia sarta comæ.”

VER. 294. *To the Twin Powers, &c.] Diis depellentibus*—the
 averters of evil. These (the Scholiast says) were Castor and
 Pollux, and I have taken them on his word, not having any
 better gods at hand, for this purpose.

Yes Now, and Ever. If you left her door,
Whole and intire, you must return no more.

Right. This is He, the man whom I demand ;
This, Davus ; not the creature of a wand
Waved by some foolish lictor.—

And is he,
This master of himself, this truly free,
Who marks the dazzling lure Ambition spreads,
And headlong follows where the meteor leads ?
“ Watch the nice hour, and, on the scrambling tribes,
Pour, without stint, your mercenary bribes,
Vetches and pulse ; that, many a year gone by,
Greybeards, as basking in the sun they lie,
May boast how much your Floral Games surpast,
In cost and splendor, those they witness'd last !”

VER. 313. “ *Watch the nice hour, &c.*] This is the advice of “ Chaulkie Ambition,” as Holyday calls her, from the white gown (*cretata*), in which candidates for publick favour canvassed the citizens. A full account of the Floral Games (v. 317) will be found in vol. i. p. 233. It was on these festivals that the ambitious contended for popularity by throwing a number of tallies, entitling the possessors of them to a specifick quantity of grain, pulse, &c. among the scrambling multitude, *rixanti populo*. The sums expended in these largesses, while the Republick existed, surpassed the most lavish cost of our contested elections—*Quanto delphinis balæna Britannica major* :—and frequently brought ruin with them, even when the emperors had possessed themselves of the whole power of the state ; and the only subject of contention was to be a slave with the title of an office, or without it.

A glorious motive !

And on Herod's day,
When every room is deck'd in meet array,

VER. 319. ——— *And on Herod's day, &c.*] After dismissing the passions of avarice, luxury, love, and ambition, the poet turns to the different modifications of superstition, that is, of the slavish and visionary dread of supernatural agency. He appears to have nearly wearied himself, and, therefore, hurries over this part of his subject, in seeming eagerness to reach the close of his labours.

Of the Herod here mentioned, the pseudo-Cornutus says, "*Hic Herodes apud Judæos regnavit temporibus Augusti imperatoris in partibus Syriæ. Herodis ergo diem natalem Herodianⁱ observant ut etiam sabbathi.*" He refers the name, therefore, and correctly, as I am inclined to think, to Herod the Great. Casaubon, who adopts his opinion, adds that this sect (the *Herodians*) looked upon Herod as the Messiah. In that case, they must have read their sacred writings very ill. Nothing is more clearly pointed out in the prophetical parts of Scripture than the gradual extension of the kingdom of the Messiah till it finally embraced the uttermost ends of the earth; whereas that of Herod declined almost as rapidly as it had risen, and about the time that this Satire was written, was swallowed up and lost. But although none of the Jews could possibly take Herod for Him to whom all eyes were directed, there was still something in his character to attach a part, at least, of so factious, so turbulent, and so selfish a people. Under this monarch the government attained a pitch of power which it had not reached since the Captivity. Herod himself was greatly favoured by Dolabella and Antony, and, subsequently, by Augustus, who, like the former two, extended his empire, and, at his request, conferred privileges and immunities upon the Jews then resident in Rome: to this must be added, that he built,

And lamps along the greasy windows spread,
Profuse of flowers, gross, oily vapours shed ;

or restored the Temple (the idol of Jewish vanity) with surpassing magnificence. On these, and other accounts, many of them honoured his memory, (execrable as it was,) and kept his birth-day as a festival. More than this, it is lost labour to seek in Persius : like all the writers of his time, he speaks of the Jews with equal ignorance and contempt ; and, in this place, confounds a simple festival with their solemn sabbaths.

I cannot account for the difference between the text and the note of Sir W. Drummond on this passage. Throughout the whole of it (he says, with great truth,) it is evident, Persius means to expose the meanness and poverty of the Jews : the *rubrum catinum*, the *alba fidelia*, the *cauda thynni*, all mark the *wretchedness of the feast*, at which the superstitious man assists."—Yet he finds it necessary "to elucidate the sense" by this elegant perversion of the original :

"The fatted calf, the milk-white heifer slay,
And feasts prepare for Herod's natal day.
Let coloured lamps from every window beam,
Fat clouds of incense rise in oily steam,
Bright censers burn with flowery garlands crown'd,
And blooming violets breathe odours round.
Let hungry Jews at your rich banquets sup,
And wines luxuriant sparkle in your cup."—

This seems wholly from the purpose. The Romans neither feasted themselves, nor invited the hungry Jews to feast, on this day. The superstitious man, the enemy of true philosophy, (stoicism,) trembled at every rite of every strange deity. Ignorant, as the poet insinuates, of the nature of the gods, he was oppressed with slavish fears, and shuddered at the imaginary menaces of beings whom he despised, or disbelieved :—he probably exclaimed with Didius, at the contemplation of the

When the vast tunny's tail in pickle swims,
And the crude must foams o'er the pitcher's brims ;
You mutter secret prayers, by fear devised,
And dread the sabbaths of the circumcised !

Then, a crack'd egg-shell fills you with affright,
And ghosts and goblins haunt your sleepless night.

Last, the blind priestess, with her sistrum shrill,
And Galli, huge and high, a dread instill
Of gods, prepared to vex the human frame
With dropsies, palsies, ills of every name,
Unless the trembling victim champ, in bed,
Thrice every morn, on a charm'd garlick-head,

Druidical ceremonies—" I scorn them, yet they awe me !" and, in fact, history is full of the terrors of atheists, and the credulity of unbelievers. Whether the discipline of the Porch was capable of dispelling these mental alarms need not be disputed here ; but this was the position of Persius, who attributes not only every vice, but every inconsistency, to its neglect. He puts, as is usual with him, an extreme case. The Roman (citizen Marcus, if the reader pleases) could not witness the miserable festival of the poor Herodians without an impression of dread, and a secret prayer to the unknown object of their veneration for exemption from some imaginary evil. In the instances of Isis and Cybele which follow, his terrors are yet more abject, and he is therefore dismissed by the poet with ineffable contempt and ridicule. For the *grandes Galli*, and *lusca sacerdos*, see the sixth and tenth Satires of Juvenal. Owen applies the epithets to the mind, " as indicative of folly, stupidity." He is wrong in both instances.

Preach to the martial throng these lofty strains,
 And lo ! some chief more famed for bulk than brains,
 Some vast Vulfenius, bless'd with lungs of brass,
 Laughs loud and long at the scholastick ass ;
 And, for a clipt cent-piece, sets, by the tale,
 A hundred Greek philosophers to sale !

VER. 335. *Preach to the martial throng, &c.*] “ I could have wished,” Sir W. Drummond says, “ the absence of the three concluding lines.” And it is impossible not to agree with him in his observations on the subject. Assuredly Persius has chosen his audience with little judgment. The Camp is the worst Lyceum imaginable ; and the coarse ridicule bestowed on his beautiful morality in the third Satire, should have banished every thought of hazarding his Stoical paradoxes in such society. Persons much better instructed, and with somewhat more leisure for study on their hands, than Vulfenius, might reasonably be startled at more than one axiom here set down as indisputable. These dogmas, if advanced at all, should be confined to the schools ; to the busy scenes of life they are not extremely applicable, and least of all, to those of warfare : but Persius seems to bear a rooted dislike to the soldiery, and whenever he has occasion for a more worthless character than ordinary, he commonly repairs to the camp for him. His conduct, in this instance, will perhaps remind the reader of Fielding and Smollet, who, in compliance with the cant of their times, manifested a patriotic abhorrence of the military, and seldom went further for a blockhead, a parasite, or an adept in low villainy, than the Army List. We have outlived this stupid piece of injustice ; and a “ led-captain” is no longer considered as the indispensable *Vice* of every novel.

SATIRE VI.

Argument.

This is one of the most pleasing and original of our author's Satires. Its primary object is to point out the proper use of riches : and the author exhibits (after a beautiful exordium, in which the genius and learning of his friend Bassus, are complimented with all the warmth of friendship,) his own conduct in the regulation of his desires, as explanatory of his views. A kind and liberal attention to the necessities of others is then recommended ; and the various artifices of avarice to disguise its sordid and selfish feelings under the specious names of prudence, ancient simplicity, a regard for the welfare of successors, &c. are detected and exposed with marked severity. The poem concludes with some sarcastick reproof of the greediness of heirs in expectation, and a striking description of the nature of cupidity, which strengthens with indulgence, and becomes more craving in proportion as it is more abundantly supplied.

But this Satire is not only the most agreeable and original, but the most interesting of our author's works. It was evidently written by him, while yet in the flower of youth, possessed of an independent fortune, of estimable friends, of dear connections, and of a cultivated mind, under the consciousness of irrecoverable disease ; — a situation in itself sufficiently affecting, and which is rendered still more so, by the tranquil, placid, and even cheerful spirit by which every part of it is pervaded.

SATIRE VI.

Argument.

This is one of the most pleasing and original of our author's Satires. Its primary object is to point out the proper use of riches; and the author exhibits (under a beautiful garb) in which the elegant and learning of his friend Horace are complemented with all the simplicity of friendship, his own conduct in the regulation of his fortune as a representation of his views. A kind and liberal attention to the necessities of others is then recommended; and the various instances of attempts to disguise its selfish and selfish feelings under the specious names of piety, justice, and simplicity, are pointed out for the reader's instruction. We are delighted and surprised with marked propriety. The poem compares with some antient works of the same kind of hero in a repetition, and a striking description of the language of simplicity, which strengthens our indignation and becomes more strongly in opposition as it is more abundantly supplied. But this Satire is not only the most agreeable and original, but the most interesting of our author's works. It was evidently written by him while yet in the flower of youth, possessed with the enthusiasm of amiable friends, of dear connections, and of a cultivated mind, under the influence of a generous disinterestedness. The subject itself, especially affecting, and which is rendered still more so by the tranquil, placid, and even cheerful spirit by which every part of it is pervaded, is well adapted to our taste.

SATIRE VI.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

VER. 1—2.

SAY, have the wintry storms, which round us beat,
Chased thee, my Bassus, to thy Sabine seat?

VER. 2. *Chased thee, my Bassus, &c.*] There are so many eminent writers of this name that it becomes a matter of hazard to fix upon the individual here meant. Fortunately, as M. Sélis observes, the matter is of no very material import; though Stelluti, with the national vanity of his countrymen, prosecutes the inquiry through several pages. Baptista, who has not many followers, supposes it to be Saleius Bassus, who is celebrated in more than one place, by Tacitus, as a most excellent poet: but he was poor;—

—————“Sarrano, tenuique Saleio,

“Gloria quantalibet, quid erit, si gloria tantum?”

whereas the person to whom this Satire is addressed, appears to be a man of considerable property; he has a villa in the territory of the Sabines, and, if we may trust the next authority, another in Campania. According to the pseudo-Cornutus, the friend of Persius was a distinguished lyric poet, who was destroyed, together with his country residence, in that great

Does musick there thy sacred leisure fill,
 While the strings quicken to thy manly quill?—
 O skill'd, in matchless numbers, to disclose
 How first from Night this fair creation rose;
 And kindling, as the lofty themes inspire,
 To smite, with daring hand, the Latian lyre!
 Anon, with youth and youth's delights to toy,
 And give the dancing chords to love and joy;
 Or wake, with moral touch, to accents sage,
 And hymn the heroes of a nobler age!

eruption of Vesuvius, in which, as some say, Pliny the elder also perished. Bassus (apparently the person before us) is noticed by Quintilian as the only lyric poet whose odes could be borne immediately after those of Horace. He wrote, it seems, on many subjects: on the origin of things; on the gods; on the stars; on the various kinds of metres, &c. To some of these our author elegantly and poetically refers in the introductory lines of his Satire.

VER. 2. ——— *to thy Sabine seat.*] Persius had left his friend at Rome when he withdrew, for the winter months, to the coasts of Liguria; and he commences with inquiring whether the cold had driven him to follow his example, and shelter himself at his country seat. Had the weather alone been in question, Bassus would have found it quite as favourable at Rome as among the Sabine hills; but the fact was, that men of studious and retired habits, like our poets, were glad of any pretence to escape from the riotous excesses, and the anarchy of the Saturnalia. Campania offered a more genial climate; but the neighbourhood of Naples was not less disturbed by the liberty of December than that of the capital; and Vesuvius with its treacherous luxuriance, was preferred, in evil hour, to the rugged security of Mons Tetricus.

To me, while tempests howl and billows rise,
Liguria's coast a warm retreat supplies,
Where the huge cliffs an ample front display,
And, deep within, recedes the sheltering bay.

The Port of Luna, friends, is worth your note—
So, in his sober moments, Ennius wrote,

VER. 14. *Liguria's coast, &c.*] Persius was fortunate in his retreat. Luna, where his villa stood, was one of the many convenient and beautiful situations in which the Gulf of Spezia abounded. The town itself has lain in ruins for ages; what now occupies a part of its site is called Larice. It was frequently visited by the officers of our fleet, while occupied in the blockade of Genoa, and always with new delight. Strabo makes particular mention of the capaciousness of its port, which, he says, would afford shelter to all the navies of Europe. Silius Italicus is equally warm in its praise:—

“Tunc quos à niveis exegit Luna metallis,

“Insignis portu, quo non spatiosior alter,

“Innumereis cepisse rates, et claudere pontum.”

VER. 18. *So, in his sober moments, Ennius, &c.*] The line is

“Lunai portum est operæ cognoscere, cives.” “This”
(it is Holiday who speaks)

“This said wise Ennius aft’r h’ had dreamed he was

“Homer, the fift form’d by Pythagoras

“His peacockes soul”—

When Warburton produced his dulcet “emendation” of Shakspeare, *i’ th’ presence ’t’s death*, Edwards observed that it must have been intended for the use of Cadmus, in his serpent state; but neither in that, nor in any other transformation, could he have enunciated Holiday’s opening line:—In a long

When, all his dreams of transmigration past,
He found himself plain Quintus, at the last !

Here to repose I give the cheerful day,
Careless of what the vulgar think or say ;

and learned note, however, (which those who are desirous of falling into the dream out of which Ennius awoke, may consult with advantage,) he labours exceedingly hard to ascertain the succession of bodies into which the soul of Pythagoras migrated on its way to Ennius : the true station of the peacock perplexes him above measure, and he cannot decide, after all, whether this bird should take the first or the third place among the *five* ; for “ that *Quintus* (he says) does not here signify a name but a number, is probable from the received tradition of the Pythagoreans, mentioned by St. Jerome.”

Holiday's innoxious gravity may raise a smile ; but we must contemplate with other feelings, the obliquity of those who extol this insane doctrine, at which Persius justly laughs, as containing in itself the germs of profound science, sublime philosophy, and a system of ethicks worthy of all the gods.

The plain sense of the words *Cor jubet hoc*, &c. seems to be, Such was the description given of this port by Ennius, when he had recovered his senses, and ceased to dream (see page 1) that he was Quintus Homer, instead of Quintus Ennius. “ Concerning this man (Holyday says) I may yet add somewhat remarkable. He writ the 12th book of his Annals when he was 67 years of age. It is also related of him that he lived to great age and poverty, which he did bear with a brave spirit, and that he was buried in the monument of Scipio Africanus, whose wars he writ.”

It will not occupy much space to subjoin that Ennius must have known the port of Luna well, It was there that the Romans usually took shipping for Corsica and Sardinia, the latter of which the poet often visited in company with the elder Cato.

Or what the South, from Africk's burning air,
 Unfriendly to the fold, may haply bear :
 And careless still, though richer herbage crown
 My neighbours' fields, or heavier crops embrown.
 —Nor, Bassus, though capricious Fortune grace,
 Thus, with her smiles, a low-bred, low-born race,
 Will e'er thy friend, for that, let Envy plough
 One careful furrow on his open brow ;
 Give crooked age upon his youth to steal,
 Defraud his table of one generous meal ;
 Or, stooping o'er the dregs of motherly wine,
 Touch, with suspicious nose, the sacred sign.

VER. 33. *Or stooping o'er the dregs, &c.]*

“ Et signum in vapida naso tetigisse lagena.

“ This (as Sir W. Drummond well observes) is to draw from the life. Horace himself could hardly have given a more striking picture of avarice.” Yet Sir W. Drummond thus copies the drawing :

“ Yet purest wine still sparkles in my bowl.”

Dryden has rather translated *Stelluti* than *Persius*, and both have widely wandered from the sense.

“ Nè fia ch' estingua con quel vin la sete

“ Ch' io senta al naso esser corrotto, e guasto.”——

“ Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine, that stink

“ O' th' cask, nor in a nasty flaggon drink,” &c.

Picturesque expression constitutes not the least of the poet's excellencies, and should not therefore be versified away. It was

But inclinations vary :—and the Power
That beams, ascendant, on the natal hour,
Even Twins produces of discordant souls,
And tempers, wide asunder as the poles.

The One, on birth-days, and on those alone,
Prepares (but with a forecast all his own)
On tunny-pickle, from the shops, to dine,
And dips his wither'd pot-herbs in the brine ;
Trembles the pepper from his hands to trust,
And sprinkles, grain by grain, the sacred dust.
The Other, large of soul, exhausts his hoard,
While yet a stripling, at the festive board.

To USE my fortune, Bassus, I intend :
Nor, therefore, deem me so profuse, my friend,
So prodigally vain, as to afford,
The costly turbot, for my freedmen's board ;
Or so expert in flavours, as to show
How, by the relish, thrush from thrush I know.

the custom of the Romans to pour melted pitch over the mouth of their wine vessels, on which, when sufficiently cooled for the purpose, they impressed their signets. Suspicious of his slaves, the miser is ludicrously represented as bending over the jar, and prying so narrowly into the state of the seal (*signum*) as to touch it with his nose : the wine, too, for which all this solicitude is manifested, is not unworthy of the rest of the picture, it is good for nothing.

VER. 51. So “ *expert in flavours,*” &c.] I learn from Stelluti,

“Live to your means”—’tis wisdom’s voice you
hear—

And freely grind the produce of the year :

What scruples check you ? Ply the hoe and spade,
And lo ! another crop is in the blade.

True ; but the claims of duty caution crave.

A friend, scarce rescued from the Ionian wave,

that the delicate gourmands of Italy “*sapevano dire gustando li tordi s'erano domestici ò pur selvaggi, e se maschi ò pur femine.*” These birds (supposed to be our thrush) were accounted great dainties by the Romans, who had particular buildings attached to their houses (*turderia*) for breeding them for the table.

VER. 57. *True ; but the claims of duty, &c.*] This passage appeared to Dryden so pre-eminently poetical, that he wished to transfer the merit of it to Lucan ; “because” (as he adds) “except these, and the last two lines of the second Satire, Persius has written nothing elegantly.” It was then the more cruel to deprive him of this. But could Dryden think as he wrote ? Though he studied his author in the French and Italian commentators and criticks ; yet he was sufficiently familiar with the text, to render his candour or his sincerity in this assertion, very questionable. “*Comment,*” says M. Sélis “*Dryden s’est-il mépris si grossièrement sur le talent de Perse, et comment a-t-il daigné traduire un écrivain qu’il estimoit si peu ?*” Addison, who, in his Dialogue on Medals, expresses his astonishment at Dryden’s opinion, declares, in opposition to it, that Persius is the better poet of the two. Brewster seems to agree with Addison : and Sir W. Drummond, with his usual elegance, and with much good taste, has pointed out a number of passages in our poet equal, to say the least of them, to either those which Dryden thought so exclusively beautiful.

Grasps a projecting rock, while, in the deep,
 His treasures, with his prayers, unheeded sleep :
 I see him stretch'd, desponding, on the ground,
 His tutelary gods all wreck'd around,
 His bark dispers'd in fragments o'er the tide,
 And sea-mews sporting on the ruins wide.

Sell, then, a pittance ('tis my prompt advice,)
 Of this your land, and send your friend the price ;

VER. 65. *Sell, then, a pittance, &c.*]

“ ——— nunc et de cespite vivo,

Frangere aliquid.”—

Thus explained by the old Scholiast. “*De patrimonio tuo minue aliquid quod tribuas naufrago ;*” and, indeed, I should have thought it somewhat difficult to take it in any other sense. The version of Brewster is :

“ Sell, sell some land, and so support thy friend.”

Upon which Sir W. Drummond observes that he can “ the more readily forgive his mistaking the author here, as all the commentators seem to have misunderstood the passage.”

“ Persius does not literally mean (he continues) that the avaricious man should sell any part of his land.—The private sacrifices to the Lares were made upon a turf:—thus Juvenal:

“ *Qua festus promissa Deis animalia cespes*

Expectat,” &c.

But what had the Lares to do with this turf? It was not prepared for them, but for Jupiter and Juno. What renders the quotation the more extraordinary, is Juvenal's express declaration, that, after setting all things in order for these sacrifices, he will repair home and offer to his little waxen deities, *laribus paternis*, as he calls them, the customary incense and flowers.

The second example of “sacrificing to the Lares upon a turf,” is not more apposite. “Horace says, in one of his odes :

Lest, with a pictured storm, forlorn and poor,
He ask cheap charity, from door to door.

“Hic vivum mihi cespitem, hic
Verbenas, pueri ponite, thuraque.”

The Lares are not so much as hinted at; the whole of the ode is directed to Venus, to propitiate whom the altar is raised, and the victim prepared:

“Mactata veniat lenior hostia!”

The last instance is of a piece with the rest:

“—— positusque carbo in
Cespite vivo.”

Here, too, the Lares are entirely out of the question: the turf was raised, as the poet tells his friend, for the sacrifice of a goat to Bacchus, who had preserved him from being crushed to death by the fall of a tree. The deduction from all this is, “that, as the sacrifices to the Lares were always in proportion to the expenditure of the family, the person who lessened his household expenses, might be said *frangere aliquid de cespite vivo*.” The meaning of Persius, therefore, follows, “contract your own expenses, and bestow some of your wealth on your friend.”

To have done with this turf at once—the Lares had it not. Their altar was the hearth; and on this, where a fire was always ready, a small part of what was set on the table, was duly sacrificed.—But without this, a slight attention to the text will shew that the explanation here given is wide of the poet’s argument altogether. Expend the produce of the year, he says: what have you to dread? another crop is at hand. But, replies the miser, if I do so, I shall possess no means of relieving a shipwrecked friend. Aware that this is a mere pretext for indulging his avaricious propensities, Persius sharply answers; in that case sell a little of your land. Had his words borne the meaning attributed to them by Sir W.

“ But then, my angry heir, displeased to find
 His prospects lessen’d by an act so kind,
 May slight my obsequies ; and, in return,
 Give my cold ashes to a scentless urn ;
 Reckless what vapid drugs he flings thereon,
 Adulterate cassia, or dead cinnamon !—
 Can I (bethink in time) my means impair,
 And, with impunity, provoke my heir ?
 —Here Bestius rails—“ A plague on Greece,” he
 cries,

“ And all her pedants !—there the evil lies ;

Drummond, they would contradict the whole tenour of his
 satire ; and the poet would fall into the snare which the cove-
 tous man had so artfully laid for him. If it be worth while to
 add another word on a plain passage on which too much has
 already been said, it may be urged that the relief was to be
 immediate : *Nunc et, &c.* Even now, &c. How could the
 shipwrecked man be rescued from the instant necessity of
 begging, if he were compelled to wait for the slow accumu-
 lations “ of a contracted expenditure in the article of pro-
 visions” ?

VER. 87. *Lest, with a pictured storm, &c.]* For the allusion
 in this, and a preceding passage, p. 26, see Juvenal, Sat. xiv.
 v. 413.

VER. 97. *Here Bestius rails, &c.—]*

“ — Sed Bestius urget
 Doctores Graios.”

The poet has shewn no great adroitness here : he suffers a
 third speaker to break in rudely upon the dialogue, when he
 might, with better effect, have put all that was about to be said

For since their mawkish, their enervate lore,
With dates and pepper, curs'd our luckless shore,

into the mouth of his opponent. The passage, however, has turned out quite a *deodand* to the criticks, who have with inexpressible delight heaped mountains of learned lumber upon it, to the utter confusion of themselves and their readers.

The words of Bestius are:—

“ ——— Ita fit, postquam sapere urbi
Cum pipere et palmis venit nostrum hoc maris expers,
Fœnise cæ crasso vitiantur unguine pultes ;”

which, if we would take Lorenzo's advice to young Master Gobbo, and *understand a plain man in his plain meaning*, might be rendered ; Thus 'tis !—since this emasculate wisdom of our's came to Rome with dates and spices, our very hay-makers have learned to vitiate their homely pottage with “gross unguents.” But how, say the criticks, can *hoc nostrum* be made to agree with *venit cum pipere et palmis* ? if it was *our own*, it could not come from Greece. It needs no very intimate acquaintance with the language to discover, that *hoc nostrum sapere* is contemptuously used by the angry Bestius for, *this our modish philosophy*. —i. e. not of the growth of this country, but adopted, and made our own with other pernicious exoticks.

Sir W. Drummond thus understands the passage. “So it is, that since the Grecian philosophers have come among us, this our taste, not versant in foreign flavours, afterwards came to the city with pepper and dates, the hay-cutters have vitiated their puddings with thick oil.” The poet (he continues) speaks figuratively, and borrows his metaphors from the taste.” It is not, however, the poet who speaks, but Bestius, an illiterate rustick, who seems not to delight much in rhetorick, and whose language is as gross as his understanding.

The criticks create their own “difficulties,” as they call them ; if they could also overcome them as the great Thumb

Luxury has tainted all ; and ploughmen spoil
Their wholesome barley-broth with luscious oil."

Heavens ! can you stretch (to fears like these a
slave)

Your fond solicitude beyond the grave ?

Away !—

But thou, my heir, whoe'er thou art,
Step from the crowd, and let us talk apart.
Hear'st thou the news ? Cæsar has won the day,
(So, from the camp, his laurell'd missives say,)

did the giants that he made, it would be well : but this is by no means the case. It is, indeed, settled, after a fierce conflict, that the *maris expers* of our poet is taken from the *maris expers* of Horace, and is used in the same sense : but on turning to the latter, the contest is renewed with greater fury than before, and no two of them can agree as to what that *sense* is !

Holyday (who bears no part in this unprofitable warfare,) thus gives the passage :

"Thus 'tis, since your fond liberalitie,

Rather emasculate soft luxurie, &c."

and he subjoins the following judicious note to *emasculate*.

"Thus, with the most accurate interpreters, I render *maris expers*, taking *maris* for the genitive case of *mas*, not of *mare* ; for then there were a manifest contradiction in the sense, because presently after, he sayes, it came from Greece, and so by consequence over the sea."

It only remains to observe, that Bestius is dismissed without ceremony : the poet deigns not to notice his impertinent interruption ; but, after hastily concluding the speech which had been broken off, drops the subject, and turns to a new speaker.

And Germany is ours ! The city wakes,
 And from her altars the cold ashes shakes.—
 Lo ! from the imperial spoils, Cæsonia brings
 Arms, and the martial robes of conquer'd kings,
 To deck the temples ; while, on either hand,
 Chariots of war, and bulky captives stand,

VER. 88. (*So, from the camp, his laurell'd missives say,*)] It has been already observed, that the letters which announced a victory to the Senate and Roman people, were decorated with laurels. See on this subject, vol. i. p. 169.

VER. 91. *Lo ! from the imperial spoils, Cæsonia brings, &c.*] The same happy thought had struck Caligula himself. The following extract from Suetonius is worth notice, as tending to illustrate the passage before us. “*Conversus hinc Caligula ad curam triumphi, præter captivos et transfugas barbaros, Galliarum quoque procerissimum quemque, et ut ipse dicebat, ἀξιόδγμαβέβλον, ac nonnullos ex principibus legit ac seposuit ad pompam : coegitque non tantum rutilare, et submittere comam, et sermonem Germanicum addiscere,*” &c. Calig. 48. It appears from the same authority, that this deplorable maniaek was extremely anxious to render his publick entrance as splendid as possible (*quantus nunquam alius fuisset*: *ibid.*) Cæsonia, therefore, in thus labouring to swell his triumph, was taking the surest means (not excepting even the famous love-potion) to secure his attachment, and govern in his name.

Persius was about seven years old when this triumph, or rather ovation (for it was a poor thing, after all), took place ; it might therefore have dwelt upon his memory ; especially as the times in which he lived were not very fertile in raree-shows of this kind : a circumstance which might, perhaps, be in his contemplation, as there appears something of a sarcastick turn in the *frigidus cinis*.

In long array. I, too, my joy to prove,
 Will to the emperor's Genius, and to Jove,
 Devote, in gratitude, for deeds so rare,
 Two hundred well-match'd fencers, pair by pair.
 Who blames—who ventures to forbid me? You?
 Woe to your future prospects! if you do.
 —And, sir, not this alone; for I have vow'd
 A supplemental largess, to the crowd,
 Of corn and oil. What! muttering still? draw
 near,
 And speak aloud, for once, that I may hear.
 “My means are not so low, that I should care
 For that poor pittance, your may leave your heir.”

VER. 100. *Two hundred fencers, &c.*] The poet grows quite magnificent in his gratitude. Such a number of fencers would have strained even the imperial treasury; but he is evidently playing upon the terrors of his immediate heir.

VER. 107. “*My means are not so low, &c.*] Holyday, surely manifested more wit than wisdom, when he observed that the difficulty in Juvenal was to choose a meaning, in Persius to find one: for the line before us has been interpreted a hundred different ways.

——— “An prohibes? dic clare: non adeo, inquis,
 “Exossatus ager juxta est. Age,” &c.

“These, (says the pseudo-Cornutus) are the words of the heir; and amount to this: I dare not attempt to hinder you from doing what you please with your property, since there is a field not far from us full of stones, with which you may knock my

Just as you please : but were I, sir, bereft
Of all my kin ; no aunt, no uncle left ;

brains out !” This interpretation bears the bell, I think ; though that of Ascensius must be allowed to come very near it : “ *Si clare dixero, ita ut si turba audiat me negare victimam Cæsari, statim lapidibus qui jacent parati me obruat !* ”—But enough, and more than enough, of such hopeless imbecility.

Burton tells us that *exossatus ager* means “ an estate clear of all *liens* upon it : ” this is very well for a lawyer ; while Sheridan (which is very ill for a schoolmaster) affirms that it means “ land well cultivated.” It means, however, exhausted, worn out, and (whatever lexicographers, and commentators may urge to the contrary) can by no possibility bear any other meaning.

Sir W. Drummond rejects this sense of the word, which he found in Madan, and thus “ interprets the passage.” Do you object to this expense ? asks the rich man. *Dic clare. Non adeo, inquis* : not so truly, say you ; but you add, *exossatus ager juxta est* : a rich field is hard by :—“ insinuating, that the money would be more wisely laid out in the purchase of an estate.” This appears to me more ingenious than “ satisfactory : ”—but why should we thus persist in seeking knots in a bulrush ?—I read

————— “ non adeo, inquis,
“ *Exossatus ager—Juxta est : age,* ” &c.

i. e. “ You will say, perhaps, that your own property is not so reduced.”—Here Persius, a little pettishly, it must be confessed, interrupts the supposed speaker, and cuts short his conclusion. Just as you please for that, I want to hear no further.

There is yet another explanation. Marsilius takes *adeo* for a verb, and understands it in the forensick sense, of entering on an heritage, (*adeo hæreditatem*). This deserves consideration. It will not, however, affect the meaning here given to the rest of this disputed passage.” I renounce your estate ; it is exhausted.” Just as you please, &c.

No nephew, niece ; were all my cousins gone,
 And all my cousins' cousins, every one,
 Aricia soon some Manius would supply,
 Well pleased to take that "pittance," when I die.

"Manius ! a beggar of the first degree,
 A son of earth, your heir !" Nay, question me,
 Ask who my grandsire's sire ? I know not well,
 And yet, on recollection, I might tell ;
 But urge me one step further—I am mute :
 A son of earth, like Manius, past dispute.

VER. 113. *Aricia soon some Manius would supply,*]

———"Accedo Bovillas

"Clivumque ad Virbî—præsto est mihi Manius."

These places lay in the Appian Way, on the road to Aricia, the favourite resort of beggars, (see vol. i. p. 163,) on account of the facility which the rugged ascent afforded them of following the traveller's wheels, who could not readily escape from their clamorous importunity. Manius stands here as the representative or head of this worshipful fraternity ; but I know not on what account he was advanced to this supremacy in wretchedness. The term (which is evidently from the Greek) had long been proverbial for the most abject state of beggary and want. Festus, after some trifling of his own, and absurdly deducing Manius from a respectable origin ; adds, *Asinius Capito longe aliter sensit, ait enim turpes, et deformes significari, quia Maniæ dicuntur deformes personæ : Alla qual' opinione* (says Silvestri,) *par che piuttosto aderisca Persio :* but surely Persius did not take Manius for an hobgoblin to frighten children.

Thus, his descent and mine are equal prov'd,
And we at last are cousins, though remov'd.

But why should you, who still before me run,
Require my torch, ere yet the race be won?

VER. 123. *But why should you, who still before me run,*]

“ Qui prior es, cur me in decursu lampada poscas ?

This is almost the only line in these Satires in which I have found much real difficulty, and this, not from any inherent obscurity in the words, but from ignorance of the precise nature of the game to which they allude. Had it been the fortune of our author, to find an annotator among his contemporaries, this uncertainty would have been removed; but Cornutus, the nearest to his own age who has reached us, is a very indifferent scholiast, and his explanations, generally speaking, either explain nothing, or leave the meaning more obscure than they found it. I will, however, give the reader what he says. “ *Apud Athænas ludi celeberrantur, in quibus cursu juvenes certabant; et qui victor primus erat, facem tollebat; deinde sequenti se tradebat, et secundus tertio, similiter omnes faciebant, et sibi invicem tradebant, donec currentium numerus compleretur.*”

None of the commentators or translators notice any difficulty in this place. They give, in succession, what they are pleased to term a description of a torch-race, without appearing to suspect that it bears, in no one instance, the least analogy to that in the text. Holyday (whom Dryden has closely copied, both text and note) briefly observes that “ this is an allusion to the race celebrated in honour of Prometheus, when the first, running with a torch in his hand, when he was wearie, gave it to the next after him.” Madan (for the intermediate translators have nothing more to the purpose) observes that it is “ an allusion to a festival instituted in honour of Vulcan, where young men ran with lighted torches, and strove each who could first

Think me your Mercury : Lo ! here I stand,
As painters represent him, purse in hand :

arrive at the goal without extinguishing his own. If the foremost tired as he was running, he gave up the race, and delivered his torch to the second ; the second, if he tired, delivered it to the third, and so on till the race was over. The victor was his who carried the torch lighted to the end of the race."

Our criticks would make a poor figure at Newmarket ; and would not have made a much better one, it may be thought, at Athens, where the frequenters of the Ceramicus were sufficiently *knowing* in the science of *give-and-take*.—If the second in the race had encumbered himself with the torch of the first, he would have run at a fearful disadvantage. The truth is, that there was a great variety of torch races among the Greeks ; and it has, I believe, unfortunately happened, that the particular one to which Persius alludes, has escaped the notice of the ancient writers, or their description of it has not reached us. In this state of uncertainty, all that can be affirmed with safety is, that he who gave up his torch, resigned the chance of winning.—The allusion is probably personal, and relates to the poet's own feelings ; in this light, it is not without interest : he seems to say to his heir, (who, from his indifference was, perhaps, remotely allied,) you are in full health ; and have every prospect of outstripping me in the career of life : do not, then, prematurely take from me the chance of extending my days a little—do not call for my torch before I have given up the race, and snatch (in the beautiful language of Shakspeare) *at half an hour of my frail life*. Such appears to be the purport of our author's pathetick expostulation ; which conveys the conviction of his own mind, that the fatal termination of the contest was inevitable, and close at hand.

The commentators from Casaubon downwards, maintain that *Qui prior es* is not referable to *decursu*, but to the heir ; because,

Will you, or not, the proffer'd boon receive,
And take, with thankfulness, whate'er I leave?

Something, you murmur, of the heap is spent.
True : as occasion call'd, it freely went ;
In life 'twas mine : but death your chance secures,
And what remains, or more, or less, is yours.
Of Tadius' legacy no questions raise,
Nor turn upon me with a grandsire-phrase,
“ Live on the interest of your fortune, boy ;
To touch the principal, is to destroy.”

“ What, after all, may I expect to have ?”
Expect!—Pour oil upon my viands, slave,
Pour with unsparing hand ! shall my best cheer,
On high and solemn days, be the singed ear
Of some tough, smoke-dried hog, with nettles drest ;
That your descendant, while in earth I rest,
May gorge on dainties, and, when lust excites,
Give, to patrician beds, his wasteful nights ?

Shall I, a napless figure, pale and thin,
Glide by, transparent, in a parchment skin,

say they, “ it would otherwise be *contrary* to the ceremony.”
But this, whatever be the “ ceremony,” as it is termed, is precisely what the poet says ; and upon this contrariety alone, the severity of the reproof depends.

VER. 125. *Think me your Mercury, &c.*] i. e. Look not on my estate as necessarily devolving upon you, but rather regard me as the god of gain, as the Mercury of poets and painters, holding out to you unlooked for and fortuitous advantages.

That he may strut with more than priestly pride,
And swag his portly paunch from side to side?

Go, truck your soul for gain! buy, sell, exchange;
From pole to pole, in quest of profit range.

Let none more shrewdly play the factor's part;

None bring his slaves more timely to the mart;

VER. 153. *None bring his slaves &c.*]

————— “ Ne sit præstantior alter
“ Cappadocas rigida pingues plausisse catasta.”

The Roman slave-market was principally furnished from Cappadocia, the inhabitants of which seem to have *agnized a natural and prompt alacrity* in servitude: if they have not been much injured by those who knew them well, they were fitted for it, by the most degrading vices. See vol. i. p. 288. The *catasta* was a kind of moveable machine, in which the slaves were ranged on different platforms, according to their age or stature. It is mentioned by Martial, from whom it would appear to have been appropriated to the more select and valuable ones.

“ Inspexit molles pueros, oculisque comedit

“ Non hos quos primæ prostituere casæ,

“ Sed quos arcanae servant tabulata catastæ,

“ Et quos non populus, nec mea turba videt.”

Lib. ix. epig. 60.

This is said of Mamurra; and the reader may be confident from what is related of this most amusing boaster, (Juv. Sat. vii.) that he would not condescend to look at common ware. From the *rigida* of Persius, and the *arcana* of Martial, it may be surmised that the *catasta* was secured by some kind of fence, or lattice-work.

Puff them with happier skill, as caged they stand,
Or clap their well-fed sides with nicer hand.

Double your fortune—treble it—yet more—
'Tis four, six, ten-fold what it was before :

O bound the heap—You, who could yours confine,
Tell me, Chrysippus, how to limit mine !

VER. 155. *O bound the heap—Chrysippus, &c.*] The conclusion of this Satire, like that of the last, appears abrupt, and hurried, but it may be observed, at the same time, that Persius had previously enlarged on the subject of avarice, and therefore had the less need to dwell on it here. Chrysippus, on whom he calls for assistance, was, like Cleanthes, a disciple of Zeno, and celebrated above them both, for the subtlety of his dialecticks; which, say the old grammarians, the gods, if they had ever been disposed to talk logically, would have adopted for their own.* The gods are infinitely obliged to this favourable opinion of their judgment.—But Chrysippus is best known to us as the inventor of that notable species of argument the Sorites, (*Σωρος*) or Heap, which is made up of an indefinite number of propositions, the one rising out of the other, so that the progression is infinite, unless a conclusion is formed by adroitly connecting the predicate with the first subject. Cicero, who has more than one reference to it in his *Academicks*, calls it, "*Captiosum genus interrogationis quod minimè in Philosophia probari solet, cum aliquod minutatim et gradatim additur aut demitur.*" This he illustrates, elsewhere, by the well-known instance.—What precise number of grains constitute a heap? Do three? four? five?

* Perhaps however they took the hint, and transported the whole System to Olympus; for of the seven hundred and fifty books which this doctor subtilissimus excogitated, not one has been seen on earth for many ages.

&c. Again : At what precise point does a heap cease to be so ? When one?—two?—three? four, &c. grains are taken from it ? But enough of this idle sophism ; *vitiosum sane et captiosum genus* ; it is more than time to follow the example of Holyday, and conclude once for all. “ Wherefore not to trouble the reader further with these roundabouts, I come to the poet :

“ And now, where likewise I may rest, design,

“ Chrysippus, thou that didst thy heap confine.”

“ The End of Persius,” he subjoins ; but he has yet a few last words ; and those who are acquainted with the real character of his version of Juvenal, which he was now meditating, will smile at the energy with which he threatens to apply each *corporal faculty* to that great work :

“ This lash has but **SIXE** knots : but see thou mend ;

“ Or peradventure else, I shall intend

“ To come *in fury* ; and thee naked strip,

“ And scourge thee with a **SIXTEENE** knotted whip.”

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Persius Flaccus, Aulus, 34-62 / Iuvenalis, Decimus Iunius, / Persius
Flaccus, Aulus,

The Satires of Decimus I. Iuvenalis and of Aulus Persius Flaccus in two
volumes

Bd.: 2

London (1817)

A.lat.a. 690-2

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10241758-8